

Marjorie Bowen, M^{rs} Baillie Reynolds,
H. Mortimer Batten F.Z.S.

contribute to this Number

The Quiver

Sept.
1925

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net



Per 1419 d. 95

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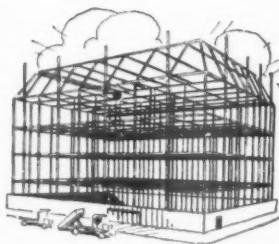
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for full-size
wash;
smaller
carton for
ordinary wash.

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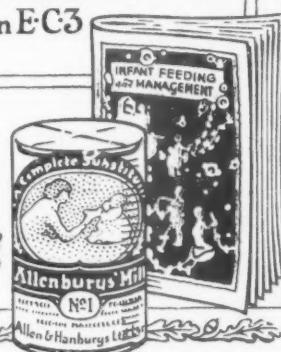
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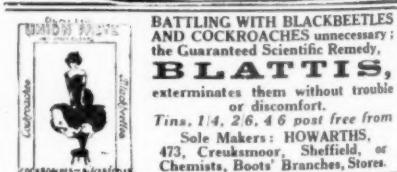
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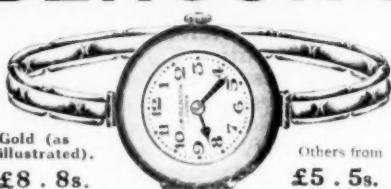
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3 (P)

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Beecham's Pills

The Quiver

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September 1925

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The Editor's Announcement Page

The Best Time for Women?

What was the best period for women? Is chivalry dead, and has women's suffrage spoilt the romance of life? Marjorie Bowen deals with these topics in a fine article she has written for my October Number.

A very different kind of article is that by Harold J. Shepstone, entitled "Can Solomon's Temple be Rebuilt?" It narrates a marvellous scheme for bringing back the glory of the Holy City.

"In a Bank Manager's Office" will reveal the secrets of that little room behind the counter marked "Private"; whilst "The Good in the Worst of Us," by Sir Basil Thomson, gives reminiscences of some criminals who yet have a streak of good in them.

The Editor



Baby Winstone of Bristol.

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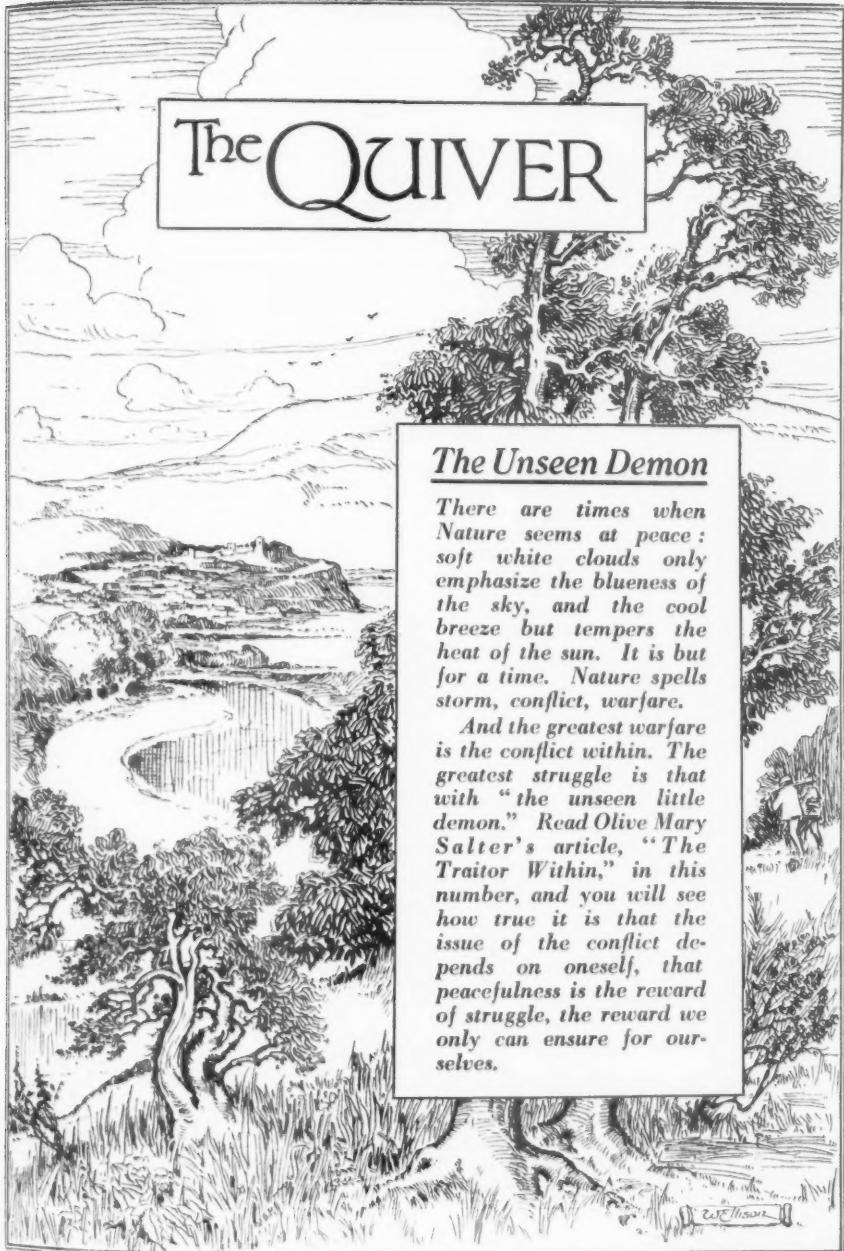
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The QUIVER

The Unseen Demon

There are times when Nature seems at peace: soft white clouds only emphasize the blueness of the sky, and the cool breeze but tempers the heat of the sun. It is but for a time. Nature spells storm, conflict, warfare.

And the greatest warfare is the conflict within. The greatest struggle is that with "the unseen little demon." Read Olive Mary Salter's article, "The Traitor Within," in this number, and you will see how true it is that the issue of the conflict depends on oneself, that peacefulness is the reward of struggle, the reward we only can ensure for ourselves.



"Neither of them saw that her father stood and
watched them from the shadow of some trees"—p. 1010

Drawn by
H. Coller

The Duel

by
AUSTIN PHILIPS

CERTAIN members of families are so accustomed to reading each other's thoughts that speech is often scarcely necessary between them. Even as her father had signed to the well-trained appu to turn off the electric fan for a moment, that the flame from which he should light his cigar might be steadier; John Stevenson's only daughter had divined the imminent crisis, and had braced herself to endure it.

"Monica!" came the cold, hard opening, a couple of minutes later.

"Yes, father?"

"You still write to Murray!"

"Yes, father."

"In spite of the fact that I very definitely forbade you any longer to correspond with him!"

"Yes, but——"

"But what, Monica?"

"Why, father, I really don't see how—and with what justice—you can object to our friendship. It is not as if I were a child—and there is nothing whatever against him."

"Except the very vital fact that by continuing any intimacy in a direction so wholly ineligible you are spoiling your chances in other quarters and behaving foolishly and badly to Captain Chambers. You have been peculiarly unwise, Monica. I warned you, and you ought to have known me better. As you may, or may not, be aware, I have taken action. I have struck—and when I do strike, it is hard and finally."

John Stevenson rose now and left the dining-room, vigour and determinedness in the very walk of him; and in his features and all his movements that great and overflowing confidence which comes alone from great success and long autocracy. Thirty years ago he had come out to Colombo as a bank clerk, and, breaking free a year or two later, he had steadily built together the finest shipping agency in the island. His wife—now dead—had worshipped him. His

daughter, Monica (brought up in the same tradition), had come home at eighteen from Cheltenham, and had given up an excellent future as a singer simply on account of filial duty. To-day he was rewarding her for this sacrifice by striking at the man she so loved.



Ten minutes later Monica had found refuge on the veranda outside her bedroom, and was sitting in a big, low wicker chair, leaning forward and motionless and with hands clasped very tightly, looking out upon Colombo Harbour across the crescent-shaped lawn of this large bungalow in Cinnamon Gardens, where dwell the fortunate and wealthy of the island.

But, in truth, her eyes saw nothing. Fear had completely got hold of her—that fear which is great love's dread companion—for she loved this man, Lancelot Murray, as woman only loves in her first passion; that is to say, with an uncounting and inevitable intensity which (whatever happened to disunite them) she could never feel again in quite the same manner for any other human being. He, too, was a singer; and together they had played leading parts in recent productions of light operas produced by a local society. Murray had a really fine voice and a genuine gift for acting, and was far more experienced than she was. Before coming out to Ceylon—driven into business by the duty of supporting his mother, who had only died a few months ago—he had actually had a couple of years of touring on the professional light operatic stage.

And to-day, having relinquished acting for commerce, he was ruined surely, unmistakably, by this terrible strong man, her father, who, though capable of extraordinary generosity, never struck twice and never needed to. Truly the situation was a cruel one . . . for by loving and not relinquishing she had brought stark misfortune on her lover.

The hours passed, and not once, but again

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and yet again, she asked herself why no direct news of his disaster had come to her from the victim; and then she guessed well that a serious scene had taken place, and that Lancelot Murray had not written lest her father should intercept the letter and then scold and bully her. Presently they would fix up a meeting. Presently (tragic thought, for though the daughter of a very rich man she had not one farthing of her own, and was therefore utterly impotent) they would have to take a final sad farewell.



About tea-time she had a visitor. This was Winifred Cardinham, a Cheltenham schoolfellow, who taught in a Colombo college, and was therefore self-supporting and independent.

For a time Monica spoke on general topics, fearful to ask the frightful question to which she guessed the still more frightful answer. Then, seeing that her friend regarded her strangely, thought had at last to find spoken expression.

"Well, Winnie," she managed to say. "Have you got any very special news for me?"

"No, nothing particular, except the surprising happening that all Colombo is talking about."

"That father has dismissed Lance!" put in Monica.

"Yes, and that he has closed his branch at Galle altogether and handed over his agency work to the Andersons. The decision was made suddenly, three days ago; and all the staff got a month's pay in lieu of notice."

Monica gasped and sat silent, staggered by John Stevenson's extraordinary cleverness. The small branch he had long maintained at Galle (a few hours' journey from Colombo), though it had just paid its way, had always been rather a vanity; and now he had got rid of his employees, saved several hundred pounds yearly by placing his work in the hands of a friendly firm there, and at the same time had discharged Lancelot Murray legitimately, so that no one could say with certainty that personal reasons in any way entered into things. It was clever—diabolically clever—a stroke worthy of this island Napoleon.

"Haven't you heard all about it from Mr. Murray?" the school-mistress went on surprisedly, a moment later, looking at her friend, full of sympathy.

"No, not a word so far."

"Oh, well, I suppose he'll explain to you in person."

"If I ever see him again."

"If you ever see him again?"

"Yes, father has forbidden me to correspond with him . . . and this has all been done just to separate us."

"And you are going to let it."

"What can I do to prevent it, Winnie? I would go to the world's end for him if he asked me, but he's lost his job, and has next to nothing saved; and as for me, I haven't a copper. I am absolutely dependent on my father, and not, like you, a wage-earner. You are free, self-supporting, self-respecting. In these days of women's liberty I am nothing except my father's housekeeper and slave!"



That same night after dinner Monica got into her father's big car and drove with him to the Public Hall, where a D'Oyly Carte Company was playing *The Yeomen of the Guard*, the particular opera in which she and Lance Murray had performed so successfully a few months ago.

With them was Captain Chambers, an A.D.C. to the Governor. The soldier was an able man and an ambitious one, and came of a successful business family, and he felt himself shut in, relatively, in the army. He loved Monica. He had already spoken to John Stevenson, who approved his suit greatly, and who had offered to take him into the business on the very day of the wedding. It was Monica who was the obstacle—because of Murray—and for this reason John Stevenson (who in his own peculiar way idolized his daughter and meant never to lose her) had determined that Murray must be destroyed.

The hall was nine-tenths crowded, and still filling, and the great building hummed everywhere with a sense of zest and expectancy; and Monica looked round instinctively, but vainly, to see if the man she so loved was in the audience. John Stevenson—from his chair engaged specially under one of the huge fans which made pretence of cooling the tropical atmosphere—leaned forward and spoke to an acquaintance.

"It's the real thing," he asserted. "I saw it, long ago, five times in one fortnight in London. No amateur business this time. Eh, Monica?"

He laughed, delighted secretly with his covert hit at Lance Murray, who had played "Jack Point" to his daughter's "Elsie"; and then, amid hushed excitement, the local

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orchestra, reinforced by musicians of the travelling company, entered and tuned up their instruments. But the overture did not come immediately, and the conductor seemed to be waiting for something. Then at last the manager stepped before the curtain and flung this bombshell at the audience :

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to have to inform you that owing to a serious indisposition Mr. Hayes Robinson will be unable to appear this evening. The part of 'Jack Point' will be played by the well-known island singer, Mr. Lancelot Murray."

He was back in the wings again almost before the immense gasp of astonishment had ended in applause that was perfunctory. The comments nearly drowned the overture. Everywhere was grievous disappointment. Hayes Robinson was an artist, and famous, though not quite in London "star" class.

The curtain rose now. Monica's cheeks were one sole colour—crimson; and as for her father, his jaw was shut tightly and his lips were primmed together as though he had been personally injured. Captain Chambers sat absolutely impassive, and whatever he was feeling he showed nothing.

The opera went gloriously from the outset. "Phoebe Merryl" had to repeat the initial verse of the initial solo; "Dame Carters" was encored with her Tower song; "Fairfax" twice sang his whole ballad. Then "Jack Point" ran on with "Elsie Maynard," pursued by the chorus of citizens; and Monica's heart leaped and throbbed.

John Stevenson's discharged manager was welcomed generously; for annoyance had now passed off, and curiosity had ousted it—curiosity and the innate sporting instinct to give a hand to a really good fellow. Murray had many friends present. Members of the Colombo "Operatic" saw themselves honoured personally by his selection to replace the sick actor. The story of the loss of his Galle billet was now known throughout the whole house.

At first he seemed tragically nervous. Then he warmed, and his jokes came most crisply. His voice and articulation were especially delightful; as a critic said afterwards, "so untired." He held his own fully; and when the curtain fell and all the principals passed before it the applause for "Jack Point" was vociferous.

During the interval a girl friend, some few seats away, called out quite audibly :

"How perfectly splendid he is, my dear. And you ought to be playing 'Elsie'!"

"Not I. I'm not strong enough; I haven't had a tenth of the experience," Monica's answer came decisively and instantly. "But he! You're quite right. He's wonderful, and right in the class of these professionals!"

John Stevenson heard, and looked daggers, and Monica saw that he was furious; as a man well might be who would destroy someone and sees him rise successful through adversity. Captain Chambers, on the contrary, bent forward to speak eulogistically and generously of his rival. Then the curtain went up upon the second part of *The Yeomen*, in which comes "Jack Point's" greatest chance.

Lancelot Murray really made the utmost of it. And he was helped to triumph, very certainly, by the fact that the part in its essence marched with his own sorry fortune.

All the audience was now aware of this. As he spoke of himself as "poor, heart-broken Jack Point" the whole house looked at John Stevenson; it thrilled with sympathy when he lamented, "While he liveth she is dead to me and I to her!" It knew a positively personal emotion when with sad face and hand upon his heart—ere the luckless Merryman fell prostrate at the feet of "Fairfax" and "Elsie"—he was singing :

"Heighdy! Heighdy!
Misery me, lack-a-daydee!
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a lady!"

The curtain came down—and went up many times—and while all Colombo society rose at Murray with enthusiasm the members of the local "Operatic" applauded him like mad folk. They had, indeed, some cause for satisfaction. In a really class D'Oyly Carte Company one of their own members had made good.

Monica could hardly keep from crying, and her eyes were shining ecstatically. John Stevenson—his glance bent now upon her frowningly and now upon the happy, smiling face of his ex-employee—was applauding vigorously though mechanically. Once more Captain Chambers spoke generously... and then, held up by eager friends at every yard or two, Monica passed with her father to their car.

In it—and at the bungalow—not a syllable passed between them with regard to the sensation of the evening; and at the first possible moment Monica escaped to her bedroom. The night was hot; sleep was difficult; and, indeed, till early morning she did not seek it. She sat long before her win-

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dow, looking seaward, filled with happy pride, and—though Fate sundered them—rejoicing in the triumph of her man.



In the morning she remained in bed designedly, to avoid the half-dozen girl friends whom she guessed would—and who actually did—call in order to discuss last night's excitement; and in especial that not one of them should fix her to any definite appointment for the same afternoon or the next day or two.

And just before eleven the note that she had been hungering for was brought 'o her.

"I shall be at the Garden Club at five, and shall hope to see you and talk to you. If you can't come, let me know through the Jamiesons where you can meet me some time to-morrow morning. I am at the Colombo Club; but don't write there, as your father might easily notice the letter if he looked at the rack while I was absent. Yours always—and more than ever.—L."

Monica kissed the signature like any schoolgirl—and like many another grown-up man and woman. Lying dreaming awhile, and then dressing, she went downstairs to lunch.

Her father had come in already and was reading the *Times of Ceylon*, which had just been delivered at the bungalow. He glanced at Monica very shrewdly, and as even with a certain anxiety; looked several times (so it seemed to her) as if he were going to say something serious; but contented himself with general conversation, and returned to the office in due season.

It was then that Monica picked up the newspaper. On the centre page she found two paragraphs, which left her shaken and breathless.

"LOCAL AMATEUR JOINS THE D'OVY CARTE COMPANY.

"We learn on the best authority that Mr. Lancelot Murray (late manager of Messrs. Stevenson and Co.'s branch at Galle), who replaced Mr. Hayes Robinson so successfully last night in *The Yeomen*, has been engaged to play that gentleman's parts for the remainder of the tour. The company leaves here on Thursday for Singapore, Australia and Capetown.

"We take this opportunity of extending our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Hayes Robinson, who is unfortunately down with typhoid; and at the same time we must heartily congratulate Mr. Murray on his

thoroughly well-earned opportunity of passing from amateur to professional."

Monica read the paragraphs a dozen times, thrilled with passionate, happy pride in her lover. It was wholly unselfish pride also; for she was under no sort of illusion as to what would follow. Lancelot Murray must go away, must strike out new paths, must stay unhampered . . . and she would scarcely lose sight of him for years to come. They might never, indeed, meet again on this earth after he left Colombo on Thursday. But at least she could always think with pride of him, as of one who had triumphed through defeat.

At five she sent for a rickshaw, and was borne swiftly to the Garden Club. But there she knew instant disappointment. Lancelot Murray was there . . . but not alone.

For half Colombo seemed with him, and he and she met amid a pushing, thrusting crowd of kindly people. He looked hard into her eyes, and she knew what he was feeling. He held her hand as long as he dared to . . . and the pressure of his fingers spoke emotion. After that he remained surrounded by admiring acquaintances of both sexes—handsome, feted, debonair.

Just before it grew dark Monica got a glance from him, and her heart leaped with glad understanding. At once she strolled away from the central lawn where she had been sitting, and went into the club building, to the library.

Murray joined her a little later, and without uttering one word (for the room was full of curious women) they walked to the outer main entrance. There he ordered rickshaws, and told the "boys" to follow slowly; so that he and Monica, walking forward, were at last alone and unhampered. Neither of them saw—how should they?—that her father (who had driven up some time back) stood and watched them from the shadow of some trees.

"Lance, darling, I congratulate you," she said ardently, with all the splendid passion of a great and generous affection. "It was a very great triumph. You will go right straight forward; and in a few years' time you will play in London. Nothing can stop your stage career now."

"Yes, it can."

"What can?"

"I."

"You, Lance?"

"Yes, Monica, darling. It is true that the field looks clear for me, but it is all very chance-like and precarious, and an actor's



"Haven't you heard all about it from Mr. Murray?"
the school-mistress went on surprisedly"—p. 1008

Drawn by
H. Coller

THE QUIVER

life is not for married happiness. I am taking this job only temporarily, and largely as a means of getting to Singapore, to see my uncle there. He has long wanted me to join him on his rubber plantation, and I have only refused hitherto because I wanted to stay near you, though it was really against my own best interests. We sail in the *Asunga* on Thursday, and I am going to take you with me."

"Take me with you!"

"Yes, Monica. You must come with me. I am ready to give you all . . . and all I ask in return is that you should dare to dare bigly. All great rewards are always at the price of great daring, especially spiritual freedom. And you are nothing but your father's slave at present!"

He ended very ardently, very passionately. Monica, infinitely happy, felt utterly swept off her feet by him. But a woman's lingering fear—and perhaps a woman's instinct for the *se fair valoir*—made her still non-committal.

"Darling, you're very, very good to me," she said lovingly, pressing the arm within which hers was resting, and coming still yet closer to him. "But it's a tremendous choice, Lance. You must let me think it over thoroughly . . . and I will send you my decision to-morrow morning."



Those who most know how to love, almost always hate to hurt others; and Monica—though in this her first real passion she loved Lance Murray with all her being—was in terror now of badly hurting her father. John Stevenson, indeed, was deeply fond of her, despite all his tyranny, which was largely a matter of habit, to which her dead mother had contributed. Her going would upset him dreadfully, and strike at his pride most cruelly. And yet, with all her real filial tenderness, because she greatly loved she could not lose.

And, indeed, it was her father's life or her life. All the long night she trod the floor or sat before the window, and in the morning she lay abed, sleepless. Then at last, after early breakfast, she took pen and wrote her fateful message:

"DARLING LANCE,—I will come to you. Whether it is right or wrong I must do it. The *Asunga* sails at six on Thursday morning, you said. On Wednesday night I will slip out when all the house is quiet . . . and you must meet me outside with rickshaws."

She gave this note to a servant, to be

delivered to Murray personally at the Public Hall, where she knew he would be rehearsing. In due course, at luncheon, she faced John Stevenson, and she noticed that he looked at her tired eyes and pale cheeks searchingly.

"By the way, Monica," he said at the end of the meal, and when once more, as was his daily habit, he had signed to the appu to turn off the fan while he lighted his cigar properly, "I shall be away on Wednesday night."

"Really!" His daughter's heart leaped delightedly, but she kept the happiness from her voice somehow. "You are running up to Nuwara Eliya?"

"Oh, no. I am not leaving Colombo. But there is a boat in the harbour—the *Asunga*—and the skipper, Captain Thomas, is an old friend of mine; and I have arranged to dine with him and to stay aboard until she sails at daybreak."

John Stevenson's tone had been quite careless. But his lips were compressed now, and he considered his daughter closely with keen eyes, whose lids were narrowed greatly. As for Monica, she dared not look back at him; she was trembling all over, and had only one desire—to reveal nothing. But she knew that her father had guessed everything—guessed it with that touch of real genius which had made him the richest white man in the island.

When he left for the office Monica rushed despairingly to her writing-table. She detailed all the facts; she pointed out the hopeless situation. "Darling," she ended, "it is impossible. You have done your very utmost for me, and I love you. But the forces against us are too heavy. We are beaten through no fault of our own."

Having dispatched this note she sought her bedroom, locked the door and threw herself upon her bed, face downwards, striving hard to keep back tears and bursts of sobbing. Long hours she lay there. Then at last a card was brought to her. To her amazement it bore the name of Irene Elphwell, the soprano who played the leading parts in the touring D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

Hastily Monica tried to remove the more noticeable outward signs of her suffering, and went down into the drawing-room.

There a charming and truly pretty woman, whose speaking voice was as musical as her singing one, came forward and put out both hands to her.

"My dear," she said, "Murray has told

THE DUEL

me everything. I am on the side of the angels—meaning the blessed pair of you—and I am going to help you to victory."



About ten o'clock on Wednesday night two rickshaws—each containing a woman—reached the quay, where luggage was waiting for one of them, while the other had brought with her a small suitcase.

"The *Asunga*," said the elder of them, who was Miss Elphwell, to some native boatmen.

The little craft was rowed out laboriously. As it drew near to the liner, which was moored in the middle of the harbour, the actress turned to her companion.

"Lance is aboard already, my dear," she said in a whisper, and encouragingly.

"And father, too!"

"Surely, surely. But keep cool, Monica. Are those things horribly uncomfortable?"

"The wig isn't, but it's big rather; and he shoes are detestably tight, and the coat pinches dreadfully at the shoulders. I look awful, don't I?"

"Yes. Frankly hideous. But cheer up. You'll have heaps of time to change in my cabin. And Lance won't come near you till we've started!"

The boat reached the side of the *Asunga*, which was still brilliantly lighted, for the men members of the company had been dining with the captain—and John Stevenson.

Monica followed the actress up the stairway, feeling hopelessly cramped in feet and body. She reached the deck, and recoiled nearly; for past the half-shielding Miss Elphwell she could see her father in a low deck-chair directly opposite, smoking and chatting with the captain.

The soprano walked forward boldly and went straight up to the shipping agent.

"Good evening, Mr. Stevenson," she said gaily.

"Why, it's Miss Elphwell!" Monica's father, who had met the actress at a friend's the previous evening, jumped up immediately. "What, you haven't dined yet! We must have something brought up here for you."

"Thank you. That will be jolly. But I must first take my maid to my cabin."

The actress beckoned to Monica, who had to glance at her father. Unless she was gravely mistaken, he devoured her with his eyes and looked at her curiously and searchingly; and for a moment or two she abso-

lutely trembled lest her odd garments and grey wig, and make-up generally, should not hide her from his jealous intuition.

But all was well, apparently; for she was allowed to go below without question, and to accompany Miss Elphwell to her cabin. There she opened her suitcase and speedily resumed her own appearance.

"Now lie down and rest, my dear," said the actress very, very kindly. "Think of nothing but the future and the morning; and then, when we've really weighed anchor and your father's gone ashore safely, I'll take you up on deck to your man."



Monica took the lower berth contentedly, thinking of Lance, her true lover; resting her face upon the pillow, as though against his dear one, and putting out arms as though to meet other arms, which in a few hours now would be round her.

Then she fell asleep, dreaming most happily . . . till, perhaps a couple of hours later, the dream changed to a most afflicting one.

It was that, after all, her father had penetrated her disguise, and that he was challenging Murray at this moment, and was just about to come below now and to carry her back ashore to Cinnamon Gardens.

The illusion grew vivid, most horribly. She believed, even, that she saw John Stevenson actually standing in the cabin. She sat up, half-awake; then, coming back to fullest consciousness, she knew that two men were present in the flesh.

One of them was her lover. The other—dreadful knowledge—was her father. Then the words which John Stevenson spoke now mended everything; and amazingly the autocrat parent put Lance's hand within hers.

"Monica," he said forthrightly, and with that genuine touch of big-mindedness which, despite all his autocracy, was really an essential part of his strong nature. "You mustn't think I didn't spot your disguise as you came aboard. I'm not at all that dashed foolish! But if there's one thing I respect in this world more than any other it is pluck, persistence and high courage; and as you and Murray so clearly want each other, and have risked everything to be together, I give my full consent to your engagement. You're a true daughter of mine, and I'm proud of you. I only make one trifling condition now. It is that Lance should chuck this risky game of acting . . . and come back to be my partner in the firm."



"A breath of breeze may bring it down in
a grey shroud, to hide the course ahead"

Drawn by
Frank Gilliat

FOG—the Curse of the Sea

by
ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL

NAVIGATION in a fog. Practically since the days of Noah seamen have discussed that question. Some authorities have declared for higher speed, because it means passing quickly through the fog; others have been just as firm for lower speed, because it may mean less damage in case of collision. Not even the International Rules of the Road have been able to settle this point.

The rules merely prescribe that a vessel shall use "moderate" speed and "maneuuvre with caution"—terms which leave a pretty wide margin for judgment. But sailor men and rules alike agree that, of all experiences of the sea, fog is the trickiest, the most to be dreaded, the worst.

Unexpected—and Dreaded

Caused by temperature and pressure changes and general atmospheric conditions, it is often so unexpected. A breath of breeze may bring it down in a grey shroud, to hide the course ahead, the sea room on both sides, perhaps even the bow of the captain's own ship as he stands on the bridge and peers forward.

Especially in inland waters, where ships are many, the captain is like a man who, when driving a taxicab through traffic, is suddenly stricken blind. He knows that dangers menace him; what he cannot do more than guess at is the direction and the distance of those dangers.

That rapid pounding of a ship's bell means a vessel at anchor—but just where does she lie? That single whistle blast, at intervals of a minute, is a ship under way—how is she heading? That long blast followed by two short ones means a tow—which way is she bound and where does the towline stretch?

The captain must consider all these problems at once, guess the answers to them, and guess correctly or come to almost certain grief. He cannot afford to be taken by surprise—and yet he often is.

Modern devices have reduced, perhaps by half, the dangers of running in a fog. For instance, the fact that sound travels under water has been used in the devising of the submarine bell. This bell, mounted on the skin of a cruising ship, a light-ship, or a buoy, is fitted to ring out a given signal; its vibration is transmitted to the diaphragm in the microphones of ships in the vicinity, and the signal is repeated in headpieces on the ships' bridges.

Also, lights and signals in general are better and soundings can be more accurately measured and plotted on more exactly drawn charts; running along a coast or in inland waters is somewhat safer.

Avoiding the Main Lines

At sea another help is the knowledge that the larger Transatlantic liners run on courses that do not vary much except at the different seasons. Smaller steamers and sailing ships, therefore, as far as possible, avoid these liner "lanes," crossing them quickly if they must, otherwise passing below or above the latitudes in which a big steamer is most apt to be met.

Finally, there is the help given by radio bearings. There is no doubt that this method of determining a ship's position in fog will, when it has really been perfected, be of the greatest service; already it has been credited with saving many a ship.

Essentially, the method consists in the puzzled ship sending a signal to a shore station equipped with an instrument that shows the direction from which the radio waves emanate. The station replies: "At such and such a time you bore so and so from us." Then the navigator lays down upon his chart, through the marked station, the given line of bearing; somewhere on that line his ship lies.

Now, if he can get a second line from another such station that has caught his signal at the same instant, he has, obviously, an intersection or "fix." Thus, for enter-

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ing New York Harbour, Fire Island and Sandy Hook could be so used, and a series of these fixes, taken at intervals of, say, fifteen minutes, will show whether the ship is "making good her course"—that is, whether she is running where she wants to run.

But there have been mistakes in these bearings. Sometimes two or more of them seem to check nicely, only to have the next, due to one error or another, place the ship at a point miles away in any direction. Navigators would be more than human if they did not remember these errors and so remain still a little sceptical of the instruments.

A Miscalculation

Take that column of United States destroyers, slipping southward through a dense fog on the west coast of California, looking for port. They were making twenty knots, doubtless on the theory of "get it over with," and they were depending upon "dead reckoning," that course-steered-and-distance-run method on which the navigator must rely when he cannot get observations.

They knew their engines, and they knew their compasses. When a radio bearing was sent out to them—only one bearing, because there was only one station—they thought, on the leading destroyer, that there was good reason to mistrust that bearing and take instead the dead reckoning which put them considerably to the southward.

The squadron commander and his navigator decided that they had passed the dangerous reefs; it was time to change course to the eastward. They blew their whistle and swung their helm, with the whole column tailing obediently in behind them. A short run on the new course and the roar of breakers thundered into their ears.

Some stopped, some sheered to starboard or to port, and most of them backed furiously—too late.

One by one, as if it were a tactical evolution, seven of them flung themselves crashing and pounding upon the long, ragged teeth of the very reef they had planned to escape; all seven were totally wrecked and nothing but discipline and heroism prevented an appalling loss of lives.

A bearing from a second station might have given a "fix" which would have prevented that disaster, and such a station is, or soon will be, in operation on Catalina

Island. But this will not bring back the ships and men who perished behind that cold, wet, grey curtain of fog.

No man can tell where a fog will be, or what shape it will take—not even those famous "barking dog" navigators who claimed they knew when they passed a certain headland, even without seeing it, because they recognized the voice of old Widow Green's Newfoundland!

Fog may be on both sides and overhead—"soupy" everywhere; it may be in a bank thicker to starboard than it is to port; it may be too low to see under yet not high enough to blot out other mastheads. Again, it may be relatively dry or fairly saturated with rain; it may have open "holes" in it or be practically solid. But whatever its particular peculiarities at the moment, it is still fog, to be greeted with one curse and dismissed at last with another.

Odd Effects

Low banks—or strips—sometimes bring about odd events.

One morning during the war a British patrol vessel was on her beat, her captain "grousing" because the fog, lying low instead of high, would keep him from seeing his lawful prey—the submarine. Slowly he steamed on, and suddenly his look-outs saw above the fog the topmasts of a sailing vessel apparently not making any headway. Now why, thought the captain, should she be stopped in mid-ocean?

He headed in that direction, edging foot by foot through the fog. When he poked his nose into the hole where the sailing-ship lay, there—most comfortably tied up under the bow, with officers smoking unconcernedly in the open hatch and crew looting away at their leisure—was the U-boat, the very enemy for which the patrol vessel had been vainly searching. Too late for a crash dive then, too late even to bring the submarine's gun to bear; the Britisher's ram was right on top of her and the under-seas craft and her crew were an easy and a handsome prize.

Occasionally the fog is the "ill wind" of the proverb, but in the vast majority of cases fog profits nobody.

Fog holds up the international mails; it comes down, cold and hideous, to hide the lurking iceberg with the biggest of its bulk under shadowy water; it deadens sound in one direction, only to amplify it in another, making fog signals deceptive to straining ears on ships' bridges; it upsets business by

FOG—THE CURSE OF THE SEA



"Instantly neighbouring dory crews hail one another in hoarse but muffled voices"—p. 1018

Drawn by
Frank Gillett

delaying passengers; and it makes one light appear where another is expected.

Within a few hours of the end of 1918 a splendid ship was making her swift way westward, bound for New York. She was the *Northern Pacific*, built as a merchantman but at that time a transport with a record for quick "turn around" in Brest and a reputation as the best ship in which to come home from the war.

Four thousand troops were aboard, some seventeen hundred of them either stumbling about on crutches or stretched in narrow iron bunks below. To every man on board had come the high hope of reaching port by

New Year's Day—perhaps of arriving in time for that big dinner with the family and that glorious yarn of "how we did it over there."

The Cemetery of the Sea

The captain and the crew shared the general spirit of the occasion. Under that impulse the ship "cracked" on a knot or two, thrust her stem through each succeeding sea, and drew ever nearer to harbour.

"Home for New Year's!" was the word that passed up one deck and down another, from flying bridge to fire-room floor plates. And then—down fell the fog.

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On came the *Northern Pacific*. The officers knew, or thought they knew, just where she was upon the chart. There, in the dim distance, lay Fire Island—called that, it is said, because of the beacon fires that were set flaming upon it to guide the westbound sailor in the days when lighthouses were primitive—a spot which shares with the Goodwin Sands of Kent the title “Cemetery of the Sea.” And that dull light close at hand to the northward was the lightship, of course.

Guesswork it is—and this time it was a bad guess. With her safe port and her comfortable dock only a few hours away, with her crew and passengers filled with dreams of home, the *Northern Pacific*, in the middle of that last night out, drove hard upon the shoal. What she had taken for the light vessel was the light on the island; she was inside the bad water, not outside it, where she belonged.

Caught!

Useless to try to back off, her engines only ground her deeper, thrusting her into the sand until she brought up “all standing”—ten thousand tons of beautiful ship and four thousand men whose hearts went down like the sounding leads flung over to find any water there might be under her, to locate the treacherous reef about to rip the bottom out of her.

The air filled with radio calls. Tugs, destroyers, and all other craft in the vicinity headed for the spot. Along the beach a score of fires leaped up; a hundred men of the coastguard rushed to their posts; Red Cross nurses within call flung their capes over their heads and plunged into the night.

Then down swept the wind, to tear away the fog after the damage was done and show the anxious searchers where the ship lay, a close prisoner in all her slim five hundred feet.

There was no panic. Both aboard ship and ashore, countless brave bits of work were recorded that night. Lifeboats were launched, only to be turned back by the mounting surf, lashed by the growing gale; half a dozen efforts to run the breeches buoy failed before one at last succeeded.

For three days of foul weather the destroyers and tugs stood by, watching for a chance to get alongside the ship, now fortunately swung a little so as not to be broadside to the wind and sea, but driving always deeper into the shoal, her drain-

pipes choked with drifting sand to make her sanitary conditions hourly worse, her fresh food running low, and her wounded longing for port.

Not a man was lost. At the end of the fight all the troops had come ashore over the buoy lines or, with the wounded, had been taken off in small craft which finally battered their way alongside and held on long enough to get a human load. In the end the ship herself was hauled off, but her record was gone—spoiled forever by the fog.

Lost in the Fog

History is full of accounts of the offshore fishermen, those salty, hardened fellows who literally drag out a bare living from the foggy, dismal Grand Banks.

Instantly the schooner's horn begins its raucous bellow; instantly neighbouring dory crews hail one another in hoarse but muffled voices; instantly, perhaps at the very moment when a good catch was almost in hand, the drag must be abandoned, while men snatch at their oars and try to guess where the ship was lying when they last looked at her.

It is but a few months since the big liner *France* happened upon two such dorymen. For six days they had not seen their ship, in which, as it chanced, their whole savings had been invested on shares. For six days they had been pulling now this way, now that, in frenzied effort to cross the bow of some ship, the lights of which had been made out after the fog lifted, only to disappear unconcernedly over the horizon because the look-outs had not seen the tiny dory on the wide waste of sea.

Four of those days had been spent with nothing to eat or drink, with only brine for water and the gnawed edge of the gunwale for food; with nothing but the torn shreds of a last hard-held hope to keep the two men alive until the *France* happened to sight them. Then, for this pair, trouble was over, but they serve as an illustration of scores of their brothers who disappear in the fog and never come out.

Fog ashore is not necessarily unpleasant; even in London it need not be menacing.

But fog at sea is lonely and ugly; it is a clammy hand laid upon the heart of the sailor, to bring a shiver of recollection, recalling past horrors; it is a foul mask before the faces of the smiling sun or the kindly stars; and too often, for ships and men, it is a final winding shroud.

What shall we do with our Daughters? *By a Father of Five*

THE question "what to do with our boys" exercised many minds and occupied much printed paper in the 'seventies and the 'eighties, but the question "what to do with our girls" did not at that period trouble anyone (except, perhaps, some of the girls) because parents considered that the only thing to do with their girls was to bring them up in as sheltered a fashion as possible and teach them all the essential and inessential domestic arts, from cookery to croquet, so that in due course they could marry and live happily—or unhappily—ever after.

Changed Times

But times have changed. The emancipation of woman is now more or less complete; the "business girl" is almost an old-established fact, and the latch-key girl is more frequently encountered than the girl with unshorn locks. Also marriage is no longer regarded as the be-all and end-all of a woman's existence. For one thing it is impossible for all girls to marry—males are in the minority; and for another thing many girls, rejoicing in their freedom, are nowadays less anxious to marry than to earn their own living. Consequently the question "what to do with our girls" has become a very important one indeed to modern parents, and especially to modern parents who have more girls than boys.

A Matter of Concern

As the father of five girls, three of whom are in their twenties and (as yet) unmarried and two of whom are not, as yet, in their teens, the question is one which has given me and continues to give me concern. And though I make no foolish claim to complete wisdom on the subject, I do think that perhaps some account of what I have done and what I am going to do with my own girls may be of service to other perplexed parents.

For the days when we could regard all occupations for girls as purely temporary affairs, destined to fill that little awkward space between school and marriage, are dead and done with. To-day we have to

equip our girls for the battle of existence as thoroughly as we have to equip our boys—and not so very differently.

Of course there are quite a number of occupations into which almost any girl can step straight from school without any special preparation; but these are all of a commonplace character and lacking in scope. There are the teashop, the workshop, the other side of the counter, the factory. But parents who possess intelligent daughters do not want them to become waitresses, millinery hands, shop assistants, or factory girls. The wages are low, the opportunities few, and in the factory particularly the work is almost invariably monotonous because the girls become so many human attachments to so many ingenious machines.

"Genteel" Work

It is still considered more "genteel" for a girl to work in an office than at a bench or counter, but actually the lady clerk's job, nine times out of ten, is almost as tedious and monotonous as the factory girl's job and the shop assistant's job, and not so very much better paid. It calls for more intelligence, perhaps, and certainly for a little better education, but too often it leads nowhere in particular. A bare living wage is all that the average girl can hope to obtain from office work unless she goes in for book-keeping and has a real faculty for figures, or finds her way into some unusual kind of office where she can really shine.

Naturally some girls will do astonishingly well in an office; but then some girls will do astonishingly well anywhere. One girl, starting out in life at a glue-board in a box factory, will finish up as a director of the firm; another girl, after spoiling reams of notepaper in a shipbroker's office and acquiring efficiency at the expense of her employers, will marry the junior partner. But these girls are outstanding exceptions, and it isn't for us to assume that our daughters will be just as exceptional and that consequently we need not bother too much on their behalf. The real truth is that we *cannot* bother too much on their

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behalf; it is our duty to equip them, to the best of our ability, with the means of making the most of their ability. We must not leave anything to chance of which chance can be cheated. We must not push our daughters, like so many square pegs, into holes of quite a different shape. Indeed, it is not for us to decide what our daughters shall become, but fit them for the job that will best fit them.

To do this we must use our brains and our eyes, for the existing educational system, even at its best, is not very helpful. Broadly speaking, it offers much the same equipment to the future blouse hand as to the future lady M.P. What we really want for our girls—and for our boys as well—is not general education but *differential education*; but since it is infinitely more convenient for teachers to congregate pupils than to segregate them, to put the meanest intelligence into the same class as the infant prodigy, and to teach them all the same things at the same pace, we parents must make up for the deficiencies of general education by making it a mere preliminary to special education.

Nature Study—of a Human Kind

When my three daughters who are now in their twenties were at school they seemed, so far as I could gather, to be plunged daily into "nature study," to the deploitable exclusion of infinitely more useful subjects. When I went to school "nature study" had no part whatever in the curriculum, and as there is no money to be made out of botany, and most of the botanists I have met (as a journalist) have been penurious old fogeys, I fail to understand this craze for cluttering the brains of the young with sheer waste knowledge. But when my daughters were at school I didn't worry too much about their nature study: instead, I studied *their* natures, watched unobtrusively but persistently for indications of their natural bent. For if only the natural bent in all of us were suitably encouraged during our youth we should all do very well indeed at the job for which nature gave us an aptitude.

Occasionally, too, I asked them, "What would you like to do when you grow up?"

Grace, at the age of six, decided that she would like to be a mother; but almost any little girl, busy with her dolls, will tell you that. Unfortunately a long and severe illness played such havoc with her constitution and her growth that she has never since shown any decided initiative, save for

a brief period during the war when she insisted upon becoming a "land girl," and found the work beyond her strength. To-day she is expert only in domestic affairs, despite all my efforts to find her some profitable and congenial career. And I am afraid that all parents are liable to have a Grace or two—girls who are happiest helping their mothers; who are quite modern in spirit and thoroughly enjoy jazz dances, theatres, and so forth; who have their hair shingled or "bingled," and who instinctively keep abreast of the times, but whose ambitions are all limited to the four walls of home. Grace has never earned her own living; I would never drive a daughter of mine out into the world against her will; but one of these days she will make an excellent wife and mother, thus fulfilling the sentence she passed upon herself at six!

A Tendency to Draw

Both Edith and Dorothy showed a decided tendency to draw before they were five. The "pictures" they produced were crudities, of course, and to many parents might have suggested nothing, because nearly all children "draw" before they can write—a characteristic derived, no doubt, from the picture-writing habits of our early ancestors. But to me there seemed to be just that something different in the youngsters' "drawings" which indicated possibilities.

Now too often parents ignore, or even deliberately discourage, artistic tendencies in their children. They want them to take up something "useful." But believe me, art is very "useful" indeed when applied to illustration, and the expense involved in the development of real talent is more than justified in the long run. Edith to-day is earning her living very pleasantly as a black-and-white artist, working at home as and when she thinks she will, yet earning at least five pounds a week on the average, year in year out—and she is twenty-three.

I sent all three of these girls to a "high school" for some four or five years after they had been "grounded" at a perfectly ordinary school. And there they learned all sorts of useless things, many semi-useful things, and some essential things. Also they developed their limbs and muscles at hockey, net-ball and swimming. And Edith developed her ability to draw far beyond the ability of the "art mistress" to teach. Dorothy, on the other hand, failed to keep pace with her pencil, but developed

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originality at "composition" and wrote quaint little things for the school magazine. So I encouraged Dorothy to write fairy stories and Edith to illustrate them. Also I asked them, from time to time, what they really wanted to do, and discussed patiently with them their every whim.

Becoming an Artist

Edith stuck to her ambition to become an artist, and when I felt that she could learn nothing much more at the "high school" that could be of real service to her, I arranged for her to go to one of the London County Council art schools for a start. There she progressed by leaps and bounds, and began to earn an occasional guinea by drawing for children's annuals and so forth. Then an art editor began to take a fatherly interest in her, and talked to her in a practical way, with the result that she went to the private School of Art several evenings a week—and benefited enormously. Edith will probably marry some day, but meanwhile she has embraced a profitable career with which even marriage need not seriously interfere.

Dorothy, less certain of herself, but essentially practical, decided that she would like to finish up with a business training in case she should "make a hash of literary work." In my view daughters should always be given the right to decide these things for themselves, and so it came about that Dorothy went to a Commercial College for eighteen months, there to learn shorthand, typing and other commercial subjects. And when she considered her education sufficiently complete in a scholastic sense (for one's education is never really complete in any other sense), she went out into the world as an ordinary girl clerk—but in the office of a big publishing concern.

The Literary Atmosphere

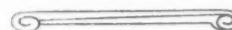
If a girl aspires to earn her living as a journalist, a literary atmosphere is wonderfully helpful. Dorothy started out as an ordinary shorthand typist, but gradually she crept on to editorial work of a modest character—and now she is no longer thrilled by the novelty of seeing her name in print. She is not making a lot of money at present, but she is in a very congenial job, she adds frequently to her income by writing stories and verse, and the world is her oyster.

My two younger daughters are ten and six years of age respectively, and so far their education has—in the conventional sense—been rather neglected. Deliberately! For I do not believe in cramming very young brains with cut-and-dried knowledge. Children should have time to use their powers of observation and to lay the foundations of their character before they are packed into classes and stuffed with made-to-measure lessons. Then the "round peg" treatment will have less harmful effect upon them. Compulsory education begins too early in a child's life and ends too soon. My little daughters will go to one sort of school or another for just so long as they need any sort of schooling, and then they will take up the work for which, in the meanwhile, they will have displayed a natural inclination and for which they will have received special instruction.

Too Soon to Guess

At present Betty (the youngest) draws better and more eagerly than she forms her capital letters, but as she is only six it is too soon to guess at her future. Joan (at ten) wants to be a "dancer or an actress," and certainly she is a born dancer. But heaven forbid that she should become either a dancer or an actress, for I have seen too much of stage life to look upon a theatrical career as an ideal one for a girl. Yet if, in the course of the next four years or so, Joan exhibits real histrionic capacity, or continues to foster terpsichorean tendencies to the exclusion of other possible pursuits, who am I that I should stand in her way? I must do my duty as her father without regard to my own prejudices, and if all her natural inclinations tend towards the footlights it would be mean and despicable of me to drive her into an office. I will have no "mute inglorious Miltons" in my family if I can help it, and if any daughter of mine might, with encouragement and proper training, become an Ellen Terry, a Pavlova, or an Elenora Duse, I have no right to laugh at the possibility, or to try to make a book-keeper of her.

It is not for us to choose our daughters' careers—ours is the privilege to fit them in every possible way for the careers they think they have chosen for themselves, but which really have been indicated by nature for them.





"'Does the hakim think,' demanded the sheik,
'that I want a wife with only nine fingers?'" —p. 1026

Drawn by
Stanley Lloyd

In the Day of Resurrection

By
Alice Hegan Rice

THE big Mediterranean cruiser was anchored in St. George's Bay, and everybody had gone ashore but old Doctor Butler and myself. He was too old to do the strenuous trip up to Ba'albeck and Damascus, and I had a sprained ankle. So we hung over the rail together and watched the lights twinkle into being in Beyrouth, and caught the last of the afterglow as it died over the cedar-crowned hills of Lebanon.

The old doctor was mellowed with age and seasoned by experience. His small blue eyes, almost lost in folds of encroaching fat, were wells of humour and wisdom. He had spent his life on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and knew the customs and often the language of the people from Stamboul to Alexandria. I had good reason to be grateful to him during those tedious days while my companions were ashore. He had a story for every port, and enjoyed telling them as much as I enjoyed listening.

"The hills of Lebanon," he said with a reminiscent smile. "It was fifty—no, fifty-five years ago that I first sailed out of this harbour. But I remember it as if it were yesterday."

There was an unmistakable timbre of romance in his voice, and I asked hopefully if there was a girl in the case.

He chuckled softly. "There's always a girl in the case for me. I was twenty-five then, and in love, as I am this minute at eighty!"

I smiled my acknowledgments.

"Let's have the story," I begged. "What happened?"

"It's a longish tale," he said. "Suppose we have the deck steward put our steamer chairs on the hurricane deck."

By the time we were comfortably established, with rugs drawn up as a protection against the cool night air, the big white stars of Syria had dawned out of the tender purple of the sky.

"All set?" asked the doctor.

"All set," said I with a sigh of contentment.

The doctor lit his cigar and commenced his story.



As I told you, I came out here in 1868 as a medical missionary. I was going to reform the East, abolish Islam, and establish Christianity. I don't think I allowed quite enough time for the job. At the end of two years I gave up the missionary end of it and became a general practitioner. That was what brought me down the coast here; I was to meet a friend at a little village called Rasheiya, over there in the direction of Damascus. He and I were to take ship here at Beyrouth for Cairo, where we planned to open an office together. For some reason he was delayed, and I had knocked about that desolate old town for three days until I was desperate from loneliness and boredom. It was anything but pleasant in those days to be the only foreigner in an Arab village. Of course I had picked up a few phrases, and I could manage to make my wants known, but I was conscious of furtive surveillance, and knew that I was the subject of much of the conversation that went on about me.

One night as I sat in the deserted garden and sipped my thick Turkish coffee, a small Arab in a yellow robe and a red fez appeared at my side, and bowing solemnly said in fairly good English:

"The Sheik Abdallah Assan desires speech with you."

"With me?" I asked in surprise. "What does he know about me?"

"He desires speech with you."

I rose reluctantly and followed the man to the entrance of the Khan. The matter probably had something to do with my passport, which had been worn into tatters with much handling.

At the doorway stood a tall man of about

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fifty in a burnous of rich red lamb's-wool. He had a high-bridged nose, grey restless eyes, a sensual mouth, and a general expression of weakness and cruelty. He looked me over critically and somewhat superciliously, then said something to the man who had summoned me.

"Abdallah Assan says, 'God give you peace,'" translated the man, who was evidently a professional interpreter. "He wishes to know if you are a hakim."

"Yes, I am a doctor," I said. "What can I do for him?"

"It is not for himself. There is one among his household. He desires you should send a potion to exorcize a demon."

"Is the patient old or young?" I asked.

"The person of whom he speaks is young."

"His son perhaps?"

"Not his son." The interpreter's eyes caught mine, and for the first time I noticed their bright intelligence, and the quizzical lift of one of his eyebrows. That glance was the most friendly expression I had received in Rasheiya.

I explained the impossibility of prescribing for a patient whom I had not seen, and my words were duly passed on to the sheik. They upset him mightily. After much conversation it was explained to me that the patient was no other than Zobeidah, his favourite wife, the very mention of whom to a strange man was indelicate. She was in the seclusion of the harem, and none but a son or a brother could be admitted. If the foreign doctor would send a powder he should be well rewarded.

For half an hour we argued the matter, and when I remained firm it was decided that I should be taken out to the sheik's house and allowed to view the patient from a distance.

As we passed out into the narrow street, Massaoud, the interpreter, touched my arm.

"It is well that you take me with you," he whispered. "You will have need of me."

I suspected that the rascal's sole idea was to extort some money from me, but I liked his smile, so I bade him come.

The sheik and I mounted two blooded horses which were waiting for us, Massaoud followed on a donkey, and two servants brought up the procession on foot. We made our way through the crowded bazaar, with its shops of leather and foodstuffs, and perfumes, through the great gate in the wall, across a dry ditch, and so out into the twilight.

I had no idea whether the journey was to be long or short, and was relieved when at the end of half an hour we turned into a grove of date palms, passed under an arched doorway into a long dark passage, and emerged in a spacious courtyard. Its floor was of marble, and in the centre was a marble basin where a fountain played. Back of the flowering shrubs and evergreens an arcade ran around the quadrangle.

Abdallah Assan conducted me with great pomp to the raised platform at the end of the courtyard, and having taken off our shoes we disposed ourselves on the cushioned divan, and notwithstanding the fact that I had dined, we were served with thin cakes of bread, camel's meat, and pilau, with many cups of thick, black coffee. When we had finished the meal we washed our hands in water and ashes, and then perfumed them with burning incense which was passed around in a covered censer.

All this time my professional conscience, not to mention my lively curiosity, was uneasy about my prospective patient. If she was ill and suffering, all this ceremonial should be dispensed with. I had not lived long enough in the East to know that even death must wait upon the customs of the country.

It was not until we had smoked our narghiles for an interminable time that the sheik dispatched a servant on an errand. A few moments later the blackest man I have ever seen entered from the arcade, and making his obeisance to the sheik, eyed me with instant suspicion. He was very tall and extraordinarily thin, and moved with the undulating motion of a snake.

"It is Habib, the eunuch," whispered Massaoud at my elbow. "He is in high favour with Abdallah Assan."

I waited while the sheik and the eunuch discussed me at length.

"Habib says," translated Massaoud, "that he is not willing for you to gaze upon the sick one. He believes you to be possessed of the evil eye."

"But tell them to look at my teeth," I insisted. "Doesn't the evil eye always go with parted front teeth?"

The three men solemnly inspected my mouth and seemed reassured. Then the sheik asked me through Massaoud how long I should have to look upon his wife in order to cure her.

I returned his inquiry by many of my own. How long had she been ill? Had she any pain? Could she eat her food?

IN THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

These questions were grudgingly answered, but sufficiently to convince me that the woman was really ill. When I said so the sheik rose, and pushing aside the detaining hand of Habib, led the way to the women's quarters.

The harem was on the second floor, with latticed windows that looked down into the courtyard, and a wide door that opened on to the flat-topped house-roof.

I followed the sheik across the apartment, dimly lit by swinging lanterns, passed around a tall, latticed screen, and found myself at last in the presence of my patient.

She lay on a low couch, propped up with silken cushions. She wore a robe of shimmering silver stuff that closely followed the lines of a form, slender yet luxurious. On her feet were sandals heavy with gold embroidery, and over her face was a thin veil of white.

I stood uncertain for a moment, waiting for the sheik and Habib to get through their endless colloquy, then I impatiently got out my thermometer and told Massaoud to have them lift her veil.

There was immediate protest from the eunuch.

"What is it? Something to eat?" he asked.

"No; it is an instrument she must hold in her mouth for a few minutes."

"What will it do to her?"

"Nothing. But it will let me know what her temperature is."

There was further consultation, and it was decided that my whim should be gratified. A maid knelt by the couch and loosened the gauze that covered the face of my patient.

Now I know I am a sentimental old codger, but when I tell you that after fifty-five years I can still thrill to the memory of that girl's face, you will know how much I was impressed. When the veil dropped my eyes did likewise. You see, I couldn't quite trust them to be discreet before such provocation.

Abdallah Assan's fifth and favourite wife was of a fairness that was disturbing. Her auburn hair, darkened to red in the shadows, flowed over her pillow. Her skin was like mother-of-pearl, and she had a mouth you often see in the East, a thin, delicate upper lip, and a small full under lip, like that of a pouting child. But it was her eyes that were my undoing. They were long and narrow and luminous with fever under their heavy lashes, tinged with kohl.

While I was making these observations

the taking of her temperature was being watched by the bystanders with tense anxiety. Twice the sheik asked her how she felt, and whether it gave her pain. A sigh of relief went around when the glass tube was removed and safely put away in my pocket.

"Have you done?" demanded the eunuch, eager to get rid of me.

"No," I said. "I must listen to the beat of her heart. I must place my head upon her chest."

"What!" cried the sheik. "Should an infidel touch my wife?"

"There is no other way," I answered.

At this an indignation meeting was held between the men, and I seized the chance to explain the situation, through the interpreter, to Zobeidah. She was very weak and evidently in great pain, but she listened attentively, and when I had finished, spoke appealingly to the angry men beside her.

"She is saying," interpreted Massaoud, "that the foreign hakim has wisdom greater than theirs. She prays her lord and master to let you heal her."

The sheik turned to me suspiciously. "If it be permitted that you lay your head upon her chest, what will it do to her?"

"Nothing," said I. "It will only tell me how fast her heart beats."

"But," protested the eunuch haughtily, "you who are a hakim should know these things already."

I shrugged my shoulders impatiently. I was getting very tired of their ignorance and suspicion, but the girl's temperature was alarming and her eyes held a mute appeal.

When at last I was grudgingly permitted to examine her heart I found it very irregular, and the beat much too strong. So far my examination had gotten me nowhere, and it was not until I put my hand on her wrist that I had a possible clue to her malady. The little finger on her left hand was badly swollen, and I noticed an ugly mottling of purple across the back of the slender hand.

When I asked what was the matter with her finger she said it was nothing. A scorpion had bitten her. It would soon be healed. But when I examined it I knew it was not the bite of the harmless Syrian scorpion, but the sting of the "Aboo hanakein," the poisonous spider that is more often found farther down the coast. I saw at once that it was a serious case of infection, and that if the finger was not removed at once there would be small chance of saving the girl's life.

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Knowing the superstitious horror with which the Arabs regard dissection, I dreaded to make known the result of my diagnosis. And my dread was justified by the fury of protest that followed my verdict.

"Does the hakim think," demanded the sheik, "that I want a wife with only nine fingers?"

"If the finger is not taken off the poison will go through her body," I repeated again and again.

"But she is descended from Fatma, the daughter of the Prophet," almost wailed the sheik. "What will she do at the resurrection, on the final day of judgment? She cannot present herself to Allah unless she has a whole body. No, by the Prophet! It cannot be. At fedjeur we will go to the mosque and pray towards Mecca. Allah is great. He will restore her!"

Although my own faith was strong at that time, I knew that a human instrument was necessary to perform even God's will. I used every argument in my power to make the old man consent, but he only beat his face with his hands and called out:

"Oh! My sorrow! I am made desolate! Allah hides his face!"

I might have persuaded him but for the eunuch. The black man's features were distorted with rage, and with passionate gestures he poured out his protest.

"The infidel's knife shall not touch her!" he hissed. "He is a dog of an unbeliever, he belongs to a people who eat pork and drink wine. A foreign hakim will give the same poison to cure that we give to kill, he will cut off a man's limbs to save his life! Do not trust him, master. If it is a poison in the blood as he says, I can cure it. I will ride out in the desert for a herb I know. The remedy that cured her ancestors shall cure her. Give me but four hours, Abdallah Assan, and I will cure her."

"And if you do not?"

"Then shall the foreign hakim have his way, and Zobeidah, descended of Fatma, will be dishonoured in the sight of Allah!"

While this controversy was raging Zobeidah had risen to a sitting posture, and was leaning forward in her eagerness to understand what was taking place. Each time I spoke she turned to Massaoud and demanded a translation. She alone of all those present seemed to have an intelligent understanding of the situation, and I could see that she trusted me and was ready to follow my advice. As we turned to leave the apartment she put out a furtive hand

and touched my sleeve. Never had I seen such an appeal in a human face!

When we got out in the courtyard the moon was shining brightly. Abdallah Assan clapped his hands, gave an order to a slave, then motioned me to be seated beside him in the alcove on a pile of cushions. When the slave returned with two queer-shaped pipes and a small brazier my heart sank. It was the paraphernalia for the smoking of kif, the Arab's opium, and I knew that once he was under the influence of those insidious fumes my cause was lost.

I redoubled my arguments, trying to make him see the gravity of the situation. He was terribly perturbed, but unwilling to take the responsibility. It all came back to the day of resurrection. It was his duty as one of the faithful to see that his wife presented a whole body to Allah.

When I saw that I could not move him, I rose with dignity. If my advice as a doctor was not to be accepted, then I would no longer remain his guest.

"Be we not all the guests of Allah?" he asked piously. "Not every roof is a heaven, but I beg of you to share mine until morning when we go to the mosque for sunrise devotions and to pray for the health of the afflicted one."

Remembering the look in the girl's eyes, and feeling that I might yet be of some service to her, I reluctantly consented to remain.

Abdallah Assan cooked his little ball of drug and dropped it into his pipe. With grave courtesy he proffered me the first puff, and on my refusing he placed it between his own lips, and drawing a chaplet from his burnous, settled back among his cushions, counting his beads and repeating with every bead the ninety-nine virtues of Allah.

It was but a short time before his regular breathing told me that he slept, and I rose to find my own sleeping quarters.

At my first movement a slave appeared at my elbow, and with a deep salaam conducted me to a room over the kahwok, where simple arrangements had been made for my comfort. But I made no attempt to sleep. The fact that a beautiful young creature was dying under the same roof for the lack of surgical aid which I alone could give her tortured me into wakefulness.

For hours I sat in the window trying to find a solution to the difficulty. The romance of the situation, the danger for the girl, and the chance that still remained



Stanley Lloyd

"'Master,' whispered a terrified voice, 'by the sacred camel of the Prophet, where go you ?'" —p. 1028

Drawn by
Stanley Lloyd

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to save her life stirred all that was chivalrous in my nature.

As I sat there revolving the matter in my mind I saw something moving stealthily among the trees below. It was the figure of a woman, and she slipped noiselessly across the moon-lit spaces from one tree to another until she came under my window. There she stood for a moment, and I distinctly saw her lift her arm and beckon to me before she fell back again among the shadows.

I had removed my shoes on entering the house, so it took but a moment to slip out into the corridor and feel my way down into the lower arcade. Making sure that the sheik was still fast asleep on his *deewan*, I crept behind the slender columns until I reached the outer door, where I all but stumbled over a slave who lay stretched across the threshold.

By this time I was rather excited, for I guessed that the woman was an emissary from the harem, and I scented danger.

In the shadows she was waiting for me, and I saw by her eyes and her trembling hands that she was badly frightened. She whispered something which I could not understand, and pointed distractedly to the light in the latticed windows of the women's quarters.

"Zobeidah?" I asked.

She nodded and pulled her veil closer about her face.

I knew the sheer insanity of thus invading the sanctity of the harem at midnight, but nevertheless I followed her. With infinite caution she crept to the back of the house, and I followed as noiselessly as I could. Just as we reached the steps leading to the roof-top, I felt my arm seized from behind.

"Master," whispered a terrified voice, "by the sacred camel of the Prophet, where go you?"

Turning, I saw Massaoud, his face livid in the moonlight.

"She has sent for me," I whispered, pointing upward.

"But no!" urged Massaoud, trying to force me down the steps. "It is not permitted. It will be your death. You do not understand."

"Ask the woman if Zobeidah is worse!" I commanded.

"She says her pain is increased tenfold. That she would disobey the orders of the great sheik and do the bidding of the foreign *hakim*, else she will die."

"Where is the eunuch?" I asked.

"He has gone into the desert for the herb he spoke of. He cannot return before sunrise."

"Then call the sheik!" I commanded. "It is useless. He will sleep for hours. It is his custom. He cannot awake."

"Then," cried I, jerking my arm free and mounting the steps, "I'll go to her and take the consequences."

Even before I reached the dimly lit room I could hear half-suppressed groans of agony. Two women moved from the couch as I approached and eyed me fearfully.

I lay my hand on the girl's burning forehead, and called her by name. The moment she recognized me she began to speak rapidly, disjointedly, in tones of evident supplication.

"She implores you to save her," said Massaoud, who had reluctantly followed me. "She says Arabian women are very courageous. That if you will take the finger off she will not scream or tremble. But you cannot do so, master. Your life is in jeopardy."

I explained to her that I could put her to sleep and she would know nothing until the operation was over.

"Do not wait!" she implored. "Do it now before they come. Let my finger die that I may live."

My personal safety was forgotten in the professional emergency. I was far more concerned at the moment over my lack of proper surgical equipment than I was over the fact that my head was in danger. It would be absolutely necessary to send to Rasheiya to the English chemist for sulphuric ether and alcohol and a couple of instruments, and even then I doubted if there was time to save her.

Again I demanded that Abdallah Assan must be wakened, but the waiting woman who was dispatched on the errand came back with the word that he was in a deep stupor and all efforts to rouse him were in vain.

"Then bring me writing materials," I cried, "and bring them quickly."

It was some moments before one of the women found a rose-tree switch which she whittled to a point, and another poured water on some sheep's-wool ashes which served as ink. I dashed off my prescription and beckoned to Massaoud.

"There is one chance to save the wife of Abdallah Assan," I said impressively. "If we succeed he will reward us handsomely.

IN THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

Take the swiftest horse on the place and fetch me these things from the English chemist. If you do not return the lady will die. Do you understand?"

Massaoud looked at me and caught the excitement in my voice.

"I will do your bidding," he said. "I will ride like the sirocco, but do not expect me too soon. The chemist's home is far from his shop. It will take time."

When he was gone I began the fight with Zobeidah for her life. She was suffering torture, but she showed a marvellous courage, enduring the paroxysms of pain in silence, except when she implored me not to leave her. By giving her small hypodermics of morphia I was able in some measure to relieve her, but the moment the effects of the drug wore off her limbs began to cramp and her head to draw back, giving every indication of convulsions.

It was not until the first streaks of dawn appeared that she sank into a stupor, and I had time to think of myself and my serious predicament. I crept out on the roof-top, taking care that my head did not appear above the balustrade, and faced the situation squarely.

The offence of visiting the harem at night while the sheik slept was sufficiently grave, but to disobey his commands and operate upon his fair young wife without his consent would indubitably be punished by death. I knew the code of honour in these primitive lands, and I knew the swift course of justice. Two lives hung in the balance, the girl's and mine. I must choose between them.

The cold sweat broke out on my forehead. What were these fanatical Arabs with their idiotic superstitions to me? I cursed myself for having gotten into this hazardous position. There was not a moment to lose. I must escape at once. I could easily get away before the household awoke, make my way to the coast without returning to Rasheiya, and take the first boat that sailed from the port. Trembling in every limb, I began to crawl cautiously towards the stairway, but I never reached it.

As I put my hand on the railing I caught a faint odour of musk left upon it by Zobeidah's clinging fingers. Instantly the girl's face was before me. That luminous oval face, with its great appealing eyes that had looked on me as a saviour. No, I couldn't go! She was too young and beautiful to die if I could save her.

Never will I forget that dawn! We who

are used to the denser air of Europe can scarcely form an idea of the ethereal subtlety and transparency of the Syrian atmosphere. Away in the east I could see a string of camels winding their way to Damascus; far off in the west rose the snow-capped peaks of Lebanon, and down below in the courtyard a fountain played in a marble basin and an old sheik stirred among his cushions and muttered in his sleep.

I crouched behind the railing and waited in a fever of impatience and anxiety. Every second was fraught with danger, for Zobeidah and for me. If Massaoud could only get back before the arrival of the eunuch there was one chance in a hundred that she, at least, might be saved.

A sound in the distance made me instantly alert. It was the unmistakable beat of a galloping horse. I crawled to the end of the roof and scanned the horizon. Straining my eyes, I could see two silhouettes racing across the desert. One was tall and thin and stood high in the stirrups, the other was short and bent low over the horse's head. I watched them with my heart in my mouth as they raced neck and neck. Gradually the tall thin figure drew ahead. I could see his lifted arm as he lashed his horse. It was the eunuch, and I knew the game was up.

Just as I was ready to plunge for the steps a cry came out of the distance which brought both horsemen and myself to a halt. It came from a distant minaret, visible only as a golden circle of light. High and sweet through the clear air came the muezzin's call to morning prayer:

"La ilaha illa Allah, Mohammed re sul Allah!"

I saw the two riders fling themselves from their steeds, spread their rugs, and kneel and bow and prostrate themselves with their faces towards Mecca. Then, as I watched, I saw the short one leap to his feet, seize the bridle of one horse, mount the other, and leave the tall thin figure still kneeling in the sand.

Ten minutes later Massaoud, bearing his precious package, presented himself, breathless, on the house-top. We were ready for him. Zobeidah lay on a table under the swinging lamp, and hot water and bandages were close at hand.

You may imagine what a nerve-racking business it was, with crude instruments, inadequate light, and the necessity of utmost speed. When Zobeidah succumbed to the

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ether both waiting women thought I had killed her, and wailed forth their anguish throughout the ordeal.

But little Massaoud with his close-set, observant eyes and his willing hands was a good assistant. Together we managed to finish the job before the hubbub in the courtyard below told us that the eunuch had arrived and aroused the household.

"You must flee, master!" implored Massaoud. "It is your last chance. Go! Go by the roof-top; I will follow!"

Again my instinct for self-preservation fought with my sense of professional duty. The only possible chance of the operation proving successful lay in careful medical attention for days to come.

If I could only outwit the sheik, meet his superstition with another—for once adopt homeopathy, and let like cure like! As I stood irresolute an idea occurred to me. It was such an absurd expedient that I had little hope of it succeeding, but in my desperation I seized it. Turning to the operating table, I gave a hasty order to Massaoud, and had only time to see it properly executed before Abdallah Assan, followed by the eunuch and several servants, burst into the room.

The sheik's eyes were bloodshot and he was trembling with fury. When he saw Zobeidah, lying unconscious with her bandaged hand across her breast, he started towards me with murder in his face.

I confess I was terribly frightened, for I was unarmed and there was no longer a way of escape. But the superiority of my race helped me. Before the fury of his rage could break, I stepped boldly forward, and flinging up my arm with a gesture of authority, I said in a voice of tremulous solemnity:

"Tell him, Massaoud, that Allah has provided a way!" I reached behind me and picked up a bottle.

"See, in this flask of alcohol is the finger of Zobeidah, the descendant of Fatma, wife of the Prophet. Here, preserved, it shall remain until the Day of Resurrection, when she shall present herself to Allah with a whole body, and the honour of your household shall be preserved. Now say, Abdallah Assan, whether I have done well?"

I folded my shaking arms as I finished and looked him sternly in the eye.

Amazed, he took the bottle and studied its contents, but the next instant he looked at Zobeidah and cried frantically:

"But she is dead! You have killed her!"

"I can restore her," I said haughtily, conscious even in my peril of the absurdity of the whole affair. Seeing that she was returning to consciousness, I made the most of it. With mysterious passes over her face, I muttered some high-sounding medical terms.

The effect on the sheik was instantaneous.

"See!" he cried, bending over her. "She breathes. Will she live?"

"She will live," I announced with arrogant assurance.

"El-hamdo Allah!" he cried, with a sudden change of mood. "Thou art indeed a great hakim. Thou art my son, my own soul; by the head of my father you have done well."

"And did she live?" I asked breathlessly, as old Dr. Butler's voice ceased.

"Yes," he said, "she lived. It was a desperate fight, but she was game and we won out. I stayed on for a fortnight watching the wound and getting the poison out of her system. I was the honoured guest, the great hakim whose word was law. For hours at a time I was permitted to remain on the house-top with my patient and her attendants. As she got out of danger I got in it. Oh, my young friend, never was I in such danger! Waking and sleeping, I was conscious of a golden halo around a pale oval face, of a luminous pair of too grateful eyes, and a voice that in itself was a caress. There was no doubt in my mind this time about the necessity for immediate flight!"

The first night Zobeidah was able to sit up there was a great feast prepared for the occasion, and after it was over, and I was assisting her back to her apartment, she gently lifted my hand, and under cover of the darkness pressed it to her lips.

"Redona!" she whispered, "to-morrow—"

"To-morrow," I repeated and smiled.

But to-morrow found me practising the better part of valour. At dawn I departed for Rasheiya to pick up my long-suffering friend, and together we set sail from this very port, and I've never heard of her since.



I drew a long breath. "So that's the reason you are still a bachelor?" I asked impertinently.

"Well," the old doctor chuckled, "I suppose it is one of them."

Historic Middle-Aged Romances by MARJORIE BOWEN

THE number of celebrated love stories which have middle-aged heroes and heroines is greater than might be at first supposed, for imagination is apt to clothe lovers with eternal youth and perpetual graces, and when we hear of a love story or episode, even if this be of commonplace people in ordinary settings, we like at once to picture them as young and well favoured.

Small wonder, then, that the protagonists of the great passions of the past, particularly those bearing famous names, have been glorified with fabulous beauty and the exquisite freshness of life's opening May; and yet, to speak sober truth, we cannot even be sure of the age of Romeo; we know how young Juliet was, but Romeo might have been, for all we know, himself middle-aged.

Leaving poetry and fiction, a rich and tempting field for these romantic gleanings, and turning to those great lovers whom we know to have actually lived and to have been, no doubt, more or less commonplace people like ourselves, we find that a vast number were long past the bloom of their youth, and even, in some cases, the heyday of their prime.

Intensity and Depth

We find also that the intensity, sincerity and depth of these middle-aged lovers' emotions were not one whit less than those of eager youth—indeed, these passions in most cases exceeded the more transient juvenile attachments; in the most powerful infatuations, and what used to be called the "grande passion," one at least of the couple was usually well into the prime of life.

One of the most curious of love affairs, and one which had an unbounded effect on the history of Europe, was that of Louis XIV and the widow Scarron.

When Louis was young, agreeable and handsome, he made a triumphal entry into Paris on the occasion of his marriage in

1660, cavorting on a splendid horse wearing silver tissue with "carnation-coloured" ribbons and plumes and massed with diamonds and pearls; besides his wife, Marie Thérèse, there were present among the spectators Madame Beauvais, his first love, Madame Scarron, his last, and, in the train of the Queen, Marie Mancini, the niece of Mayain, with whom the King was at that moment romantically enamoured and for whose sake he had been willing to tear up the Treaty of the Pyrenees and marry a commoner.

Twenty-five years later, shortly after the death of his ignored and ineffective Queen, Louis privately married the widow of the humble, hunchbacked scribbler Scarron, who maintained a complete ascendancy over him for the remaining thirty years of his life.

A Fascinating Tyrant

Louis at that time was forty-seven years old and Madame de Maintenon two years his senior; beautiful, ariful, fascinating as she was, it was probably through her bigotry more than through her charms that she held her long empire over the King, for Louis, like so many tyrants, was a religious fanatic; be that as it may, she must have been a most remarkable woman to have achieved such a marriage and kept such a husband, and though there can be little doubt of either her ambition or her evil influence on the unhappy policies of France, there is nothing to show that she did not truly love the King, and there must have been some singular attraction both sides to keep this singular couple so faithful and so inseparable for so long.

The next century was pre-eminently that of "grandes passions"; this was perhaps rather an artificial and cultivated emotion, yet in some instances real and devastating enough.

D'Alembert, the celebrated encyclopaedist, was at the age of fifty to sixty deeply and tenderly in love with Julie de Lespinasse, herself, at forty years of age, engaged to

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the Comte de Mora, the object of her tender affection, and consumed by an overwhelming passion for the Comte de Guibert, the fashionable favourite of the hour.

Both Jean le Rond D'Alembert and Julie de Lespinasse were plain, sickly and poor, clouded by the most painful personal history, but sensitive, intelligent and refined, he a man of genius and she a woman of considerable talent; whether she ever returned, or even realized his passionate love for her, is not certain; what is clear is her desperate infatuation for De Guibert, her death on his marriage, and the heart-break of D'Alembert when he, after her funeral, found the papers that showed who had possessed her heart; there can be no more terrible and anguished story in all the annals of love.

It was Julie de Lespinasse who wrote the most famous of all love letters:

"I love you, I suffer, and I await you."

And it was she who, in a sort of triumphant agony, said:

"It is nothing to be loved when one is young, lovely, rich, courted—it is something indeed to be loved when one is old, plain and despised."

A Union of Noble Minds

The genuine and lasting attachment of Voltaire for Madame de Châtelet, again a union of noble minds, took place when both were of middle age. Voltaire was well over forty when he first fled to the delicious retreat of Cirey, and his affection for his brilliant, accomplished and enthusiastic friend endured till her death many years later.

Madame de Châtelet was not endowed with any particular beauty, and Voltaire, as we know, was meagre and even repulsive in appearance, but both were attractive by reason of the force and fire of their personalities, their graceful learning and their courageous temperaments.

Another Frenchwoman of genius was the heroine of a middle-aged love affair; Georges Sand Amantine Aurore Dudevant was no longer young when she first met Chopin and inspired him with the devotion that endured till his death in his fortieth year; it was her grown-up daughter, Solange, who was responsible for the parting of the lovers, which has been too often attributed to the caprice and cruelty of "Georges Sand" herself; this peculiar woman wrote some excellent novels full of passion, romance and limpid beauty of de-

scription and language, the most delightful being perhaps "Mauprat," "Pauline," and "Les Maitres Mosaïstes," all now too little read; Madame Dudevant was a beautiful woman who preserved her powers of personal fascination until late in her life, but more potent was the charm of her warm, affectionate nature, her wit, her quick intelligence.

Nelson's Famous Love Affair

When Lord Nelson first met Emma Hamilton he was forty years old and she probably (for she kept the date of her birth uncertain) only a few years younger, and their mutual attachment endured to Nelson's death when he was fifty-seven, and always, it would seem, on the same high romantiical note.

Emma Hamilton, besides her resplendent loveliness, immortalized by George Romney, another of her passionate admirers, possessed great natural gifts, and was of a bold and generous temperament well suited to be the adored of a hero.

The end was as bitter as her beginning, she became "blowzy" and fat and died in miserable poverty, neglected and forsaken, shortly after the triumph of Trafalgar.

A Pitiful Romance

Another romance with an ending as pitiful, if slightly less grotesque, was that of Honoré de Balzac.

In 1835, when he was in his thirty-seventh year, a letter from a Polish lady, Madame Hanska, congratulating him on his "Medicin de Campagne," led to a long, sentimental correspondence that changed into love letters. The lady was married, but for thirteen years was the idol and guiding star of the great Frenchman's life, the object of his entire devotion and exalted passion.

When her husband died the Countess de Hanska accepted Balzac's fervent offer of marriage with painful results.

The union proved an utter disappointment, the mutual passion vanished like a mirage on close inspection, and the shock of the delusion hastened Balzac's death, which occurred two years later; it is true that he was suffering from a long-standing heart disease, but a keener pang than this was the loss of his love of thirteen years.

A feeling of grotesqueness also touches the love of Alexander Pope for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the thin, livid and deformed genius, who had to be sewn into canvas stays before he could hold himself

HISTORIC MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCES



"Besides his wife there were present among the spectators his first love—and his last."

upright, and who had such a brilliant glance to discover and such a sharp tongue to proclaim the follies of his fellows, was himself guilty of the folly of becoming enamoured of the dashing, handsome, eccentric aristocrat, daughter of a duke and wife of a Montagu; the lady was in her thirtieth year and he five years older, but appearing elderly by reason of his maladies and deformities.

It was probably with cruelty, either thoughtless or premeditated, that she rejected the poet's advances, for Pope's love turned to fury, and he castigated Lady Mary furiously and spitefully in his satires, to which attacks she was not slow to respond,

the literary battle becoming one of the famous feuds of the day.

"Hell hath no fury like love to hatred turned."

Painfully Ridiculous

If this affair was amusingly fantastic that of Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand was painfully ridiculous—owing to the priggish self-consciousness of Walpole and the extreme cringing affection of the brilliant marquise.

There is no doubt that this cynical, witty, worldly, melancholy woman, blind, never leaving her hooded chair or her bed, nearly

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seventy years of age, cherished a profound passion for the witty and fastidious Englishman, who was both cold and peevish, and had himself passed his fiftieth year.

If he secretly returned this peculiar love he was too acutely sensitive to the ridiculous side of the situation, and his main anxiety seems to have been to hush up the infatuation of the marquise for fear of the sneers of their mutual acquaintances, while privately enjoying the flattery so constantly bestowed on him by such a clever and famous woman.

He seems to have treated her with considerable harshness and petulance, and it was as well for her that they had generally the Channel between them; her letters, so submissive, bent and adoring, are not very pleasant reading, and one feels that she was well punished for her temerity in venturing to indulge in an "*affaire du cœur*" so late in the day and despite such personal disadvantages.

In the story of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle," and the Duc de Lauzun, it is again the lady who suffers; the Gascon adventurer attracted the attention of the great lady in 1660 when he was twenty-eight and she was forty-two; her passion for him was as lasting as it was violent, and she did her best to outwit the King's commands not to marry the upstart adventurer; it is still obscure whether Louis XIV did permit his cousin to marry the Gascon, but some assert that such a union was privately contracted when the bride was fifty; in any case, the lovers were separated, and mademoiselle was extremely unhappy and resorted to religious consolations; she died in the "odour of sanctity," 1693, leaving Lauzun to continue his surprising career for many years to come.

Vain, Eccentric, Wilful

She was vain, eccentric, wilful, but very ill-used and unfortunate, and most sincerely devoted and faithful to her lover or husband, whichever Lauzun in reality was.

She had nearly been Queen of France, almost Queen of Spain, and all but Queen of England, but the loss of these three dazzling crowns did not trouble her so much as the veering affections of the volatile adventurer to whom she had given her heart.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was of a bold, handsome, Amazon type of beauty, and Lauzun, typical "hero of romance" as

he is, was ugly, dwarfish and even slightly deformed.

An Exquisite Love Story

The two greatest painters of Italy, which is to say of the world, each figured in a beautiful moving and exquisite love story of later life.

Michael Angelo was already an ageing man when he met the lovely Vittoria Colonna, wife of the Marchese de Pescaro, who exercised such a powerful influence over this marvellous titanic genius.

This love was tranquil, platonic, touched by sunset melancholy, but none the less deep and enduring.

Vittoria Colonna was not herself young and was of a pious, gentle, modest disposition, graceful, learned and intelligent; she could have been no common creature who was loved and honoured by Michael Angelo. Vittoria Colonna was more than his friend and his love; she was his consolation and his inspiration.

Mona Lisa

Even more delicate, mystical and obscure is the love of that strange being Leonardo da Vinci for the woman he painted in that most curious of portraits and whom we know as Mona Lisa.

He was past middle age when he met this lady and she no longer young; in the picture she wears a widow's dress, and some accounts say that it was painted from an earlier likeness, as she did not wish Leonardo to immortalize a beauty already withered.

Her name was Lisa Ghevardini del Giocondo, and she was the wife of a merchant of Florentine; we know nothing else of her at all, but her ethereal love story has been garnered by a poet's hand and kept for ever for our intense delight in the pages of that magnificent book "The Forerunner," by Merejkowski.

A very different romance was that of the extraordinary Christine, Queen of Sweden, and the Marquis Monaldeschi, her master of the horse; the details of the story are obscure, but it seems that the marquis was the object of the Queen's affections, that she betrayed them, and that he was executed in her presence at Fontainebleau.

A pleasant and admirable example with which to conclude is that of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, who made such a triumphant and beautiful thing of middle-aged love.

Modest Means and Marriage Settlements

A Legal Article
By
A Barrister-at-Law

If a man and a woman contemplate marriage, and either or both of them possess any capital or any expectations of inheriting capital at a future date, the question must invariably arise as to whether or not a marriage settlement should be executed.

But inasmuch as many people have the haziest ideas of what a marriage settlement really is, it may be as well to start by explaining that point before passing on to consider when a marriage settlement is a wise provision.

Let us assume that John Smith is about to marry Mary Jones. John Smith is the proud possessor of £5,000, which he received as a legacy on the death of an uncle. Mary Jones has not a penny in the world, and it is all her family can do to get her trou-seau together.

Alternatives

Now John Smith can do one of two things with his £5,000. He can retain absolute control over it, and no explanation is needed to make that clear. Or he can "settle it on Mary," which means to say that he will actually transfer all the stocks and shares representing his £5,000 to two or three trustees, and at the same time he will sign, seal and deliver a rather formidable-looking document called a marriage settlement, wherein he will give the fullest instructions to his trustees as to what they are to do with the money through all the changes of fate and fortune that may arrive from his marriage with Mary.

The usual sort of directions that John Smith will give in respect of such a sum as £5,000 would be as follows: He would instruct his trustees to pay the income of the £5,000 (let us be generous and give him five per cent. and abolish the income tax), i.e. £250, to him, John Smith, during his lifetime; and then, if he dies before Mary, the income will go to her during her life; so that, so long as either John or Mary are alive, one or other of them is entitled to the whole of the £250 income, and no one else can touch it.

But John has to look farther ahead than that. He knows that death will come to

him and to Mary some day, and that they may leave a child or children behind them. He realizes that he and Mary might both die before the children had come to years of discretion. On the other hand, he hopes that he and she may be spared to see their children's children. He has to try, with the aid of his lawyer, to make plans to meet all these contingencies, and to give instructions in this wonderful deed to his trustees to guide them whate'er betide. Perhaps really the deed is not quite so wonderful as it sounds—for lawyers have been making them for many, many years, and watching out for all the odd chances that may follow a simple marriage, and there are books full of forms and precedents calculated to checkmate the unforeseen with uncanny cunning.

Anyway, John will probably provide that after his own death and the death of Mary the £5,000 shall be divided up between the children, if there are any, of the marriage. He may very likely say that the £5,000 shall be divided in such proportions among the children as he shall indicate later on by a deed or by his will—or that, if Mary survives him and he has not expressed his wishes, then she shall have the right of dividing it up, and that if neither he nor Mary give any intimations as to their wishes, then the £5,000 is to go equally between all the children, and each would get his or her share of capital and the trust would be at an end.

Trustees

Of course that does not mean that if there were five young children left on the death of John and Mary that they would each be given £1,000 to play with in the nursery. The trustees would use the income of the fund for the benefit of the children during infancy, and no boy would come into his actual £1,000 until he attained the age of twenty-one, and no girl until she attained twenty-one or married under that age.

Now undoubtedly there is a great deal to be said for the marriage settlement that John may execute. It means that, come fine weather (financially) or foul, there is always £250 a year between the family and

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the workhouse. John may take to speculating wildly on the Stock Exchange, with the usual sad results; he may suddenly become grossly extravagant and start buying mines, motors, or mezzotints; he may take to strong waters or even become insane—but that £5,000 remains unapproachable and inviolate. It is not John's to touch or tamper with; it belongs to the trustees, and if they were so foolish as to part with any of the capital to John, in answer to his entreaties, they would personally be liable to Mary and the children to replace anything that was lost. However much John gets into debt—even if he becomes bankrupt—his creditors cannot touch that £5,000—it is sealed with a trust for the wife and the children.

And if a girl was about to marry a man who was likely to develop any of these undesirable characteristics, I should advise her without any hesitation to insist on a marriage settlement. Two hundred and fifty a year does not provide many luxuries for a family of five in these days, but it is better than the workhouse.

The Other Side of the Picture

But take the other side of the picture. Suppose John Smith is a hard-working, level-headed young man who is driving his way upwards and onwards by his integrity and his brains, is it well for him to drop his £5,000 into a locked box of which death alone holds the key?

The possession of capital which can be used as capital and not merely as the creator of income is an incalculable blessing in all walks of life. It may mean all the difference between plodding on for ever as someone else's employé and rising to the position of the master man who gives orders instead of receiving them.

And more than that, no one can foresee all the ups and downs that await us. There may be periods of trial, sickness, illness, any sudden emergency. One has but to look back to the house shortage of the past

ten years to realize what an inestimable advantage the possession of capital has conferred on those who have been able to buy their houses instead of having to rent them under the everlasting shadow of being hunted out by some new proprietor who establishes a claim to eject his tenant.

The Problem of Education

And there is the problem, too, of the education of the children. It is true that in some marriage settlements provision is made for raising some portion for the maintenance and advancement of the children; but that qualified power, often to be exercised only by leave of a judge, is nothing to the unfettered joy parents have in deliberately giving lavishly of their nest-egg in order that the children may have in their younger days what no money can give them later on in life.

And it must never be forgotten that the trustees of a marriage settlement may only invest in "Trustee securities," which are very safe and very sound; but there are many perfectly legitimate investments available to a shrewd man which provide a better rate of interest and are far more likely to appreciate in capital value.

The conclusion to which I am driven is this. If the man or the woman, or both of them, are very rich, so that some capital can be settled to provide a sure income for wife and children whatever happens, and some capital still left adequate to meet all the needs and emergencies that may from time to time arise, then a marriage settlement is right and proper; but if the man is steady, with his way to make in the world, and the two of them between them have only a small amount of capital, then I hold the view that a marriage settlement is a very great mistake, and that they will both live bitterly to regret it if they are induced to enter into one by misdirected enthusiasm or the foolish advice of elders who ought to have greater vision.



FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS

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RISKY HANDLING

by
John Valory

IN days of long ago when all bold men along the coast were smugglers, a young man and an old man stood together on a cliff above the sea. The young man was Amos Preece, the notorious smuggler chief; the old man was Jim Noble, a wily seaman who worshipped his chief. Amos was not listening to the old sailor; his keen gaze was directed towards the distant reach of sand, where a girl gathered seaweed into panniers hung across a patient donkey's back.

"That's a odd fancy of yours, to be watching my maid so long, Amos boy," said the old man, after waiting in vain for a reply to a question.

Amos started. "Not so odd, come to that, since it's she that's to fool the new excise man; he's going over the sand toward her now, and I'm curious to see how she do handle him."

The old man chuckled. "You can trust my Mary to handle him all right, and to make him believe anything she tells him. There he goes to her like steel to the magnet. She told me she had made a good beginning with him, and she reckoned that if she met him at dusk to-day she could play up to his game, and put him on the wrong scent as easy as easy."

"I'm beginning to wonder if 'twas right to trust a woman so far, Jim," said Amos sullenly.

"What, not trust my Mary! Why, there's the blood of generations of smugglers in her veins, boy; she's as true as gold."

"Look at her stepping to meet that sailor chap now. I tell you, Jim, that once a maid's heart is touched by a man, she's all for that man."

The girl's father did not make any answer, instead he focused his telescope on the distant couple.

"Well?" said Amos, as though he expected a report of what had been seen.

"Put your eye here for yourself," said the father dismally, "for your words have so

disturbed my reason that I can't think the right way."

The young smuggler stooped to the telescope and saw the figures of the girl and sailor clearly. The girl's red hair, at that distance, gleamed so that a stranger would have thought she wore a red head-dress; she was talking and laughing with animation, as the excise man helped in the lifting of seaweed to the donkey's back.

"After all," said her father, "she's only obeying orders. I heard you tell her to fool the chap, with that story that the pack horses were to be in readiness over at Nanty cove this day week to take the cargo; and it she didn't make pretence that she cared for him, he would never believe her."

"If it's pretence, it's the best bit of play-acting ever I have seen in my life," said Amos, the telescope shaking slightly in his strong hands.

The two men stood discussing the landing of the next contraband cargo, and occasionally taking turns at the glass, the father in perplexity, the smuggler chief frowningly, and with his hands getting more and more shaky.

When the excise man left the girl Amos gave a sigh of thankfulness. "I'll step down and put an end to these rigs," said he.

"Go to work steady, boy; Mary's a hasty temper," said the father.

Leaping and sliding, Amos went down to the sand, and then he stood, arms folded, watching the bare-legged girl, the colour of her hair reflecting red-gold in the water and wet sand.

She saw him, straightened herself, and held up a beckoning arm bare to the shoulder.

"I did want to see you, Amos, because---" she began.

"If it's anything to do with the excise man, you can save your words, Mary; for I've changed the plan, and there's no need for you to have more dealings with him."

"But why?" There was disappointment

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in the girl's tone, and a flush of annoyance passed over her freckled cheeks.

"I've changed the plan," said the young smuggler.

The girl kicked at the wet sand, and watched the splash it made.

"I was proud to give help," she said, avoiding the direct scrutiny of her companion's keen grey eyes, "and the black-haired man is just the sort would believe anything a maid babbled to him."

"Yes, but such doings—such pretence between man and maid is dangerous," said Amos.

"Why?" asked the girl in open wonderment.

For answer the smuggler took off his hat and inclined his head. "What colour is my hair?" said he.

"I don't take any particular notice," said the girl, biting her lip.

Amos went a step nearer to her. "Then it's time you did, Mary."

"It's yellow—no, it's the colour of the ass's coat yonder."

The smuggler looked at her boldly; he was smiling again. "Well, that's the colour of your husband's hair, Mary, girl—not black."

The girl drew herself up. "So that's why I'm not to be trusted with the excise man, eh?"

Amos nodded. "I'm for wedding you myself, girl; and I don't want you dangling with any man. There are plenty of maids will be ready enough to fool this sailor."

The girl's face paled, her nostrils dilated. "So now that you've fixed on me for wife, you're not going to trust me, eh?"

Amos winced. "That's putting it too harsh, Mary. I've been in love with you this long while, but I didn't know how much till I saw that stranger chap so smooth to you."

"And where's the harm? It's only a game. He's been sent here to fool some maid into betraying you, and if I don't put him on the wrong track, maybe another will put him on the right."

"I've told you, Mary, that I love you, and can't bear to see you even making pretence of love for another."

"You like a thing want to own me afore you've won me," Temper was flashing in the girl's eyes.

"You shall marry me," said the smuggler.

"I'll not—I'll not," cried the girl, stamping so that water cascaded from under her

foot; "wed along with one of those maids you can trust to fool the excise men!"

"If your father knew how you've spoken he'd turn you to doors."

"If you tell him I'll—" The girl glanced significantly at the footprints of the excise man.

"Women are the devil," said Amos between his teeth, as he walked away with a curious lurch in his stride, as though he had been drinking heavily or had been struck on the head.

During the following days the excise officer watched the sullen smuggler chief with interest, and he was more active to discover where and how the contraband cargo was to be landed, because he thought this bad humour was due to his own determined efforts. And in proportion as the spirits of the King's man rose, those of the smugglers sank, and they whispered together, asking what had befallen their chief that he went about as though he felt the hangman's noose already pressing on his gullet.

One day Jim Noble, having been appointed spokesman, went to Amos in his cottage, and after much preliminary talk he at last screwed up his courage to tell how the smugglers, for the first time, doubted the power of their chief.

"Seems to me," said Jim, scratching his sandy beard, "that you're like one haunted by doubt, and that's bad for a man that's running risks with his own and his fellows' lives."

Amos turned away his head. "You've got the right of it, Jim, I am fearful, but it's a awful thing to have to speak of it with you—her father."

The little old smuggler gasped. "I thought that was all over and done with, and that another had been put to make a game of the excise man."

"That's true," said Amos awkwardly, "but since that morning when I had speech with Mary on the sand yonder she's not lifted eyes to me, and I have a fear that I spoke to her too late."

The little smuggler wiped his face with a gaudy handkerchief. "Speak more plain, Amos boy," said he.

Amos carefully fastened door and window, and then brought his twitching lips close to the father's ear. "I didn't mean to tell you, Jim, but when I spoke with the maid she defied me."

"Go on, go on," said the little smuggler, staring in horrified amazement at his chief.

"And from that I have a fear that she



"Put those down, that way is
too easy," said the smuggler calmly" --p. 1041

does love the excise man, and if that's so, she'd give no more heed to the lives of us than if we were flies."

The perspiration was gleaming on the face of Jim Noble; his voice when he spoke was a hoarse whisper.

"If she's anyways treacherous, boy, there's naught for it but——" He made a gesture.

"No, nothing hasty, Jim. I was wondering if me and you could hit on a plan."

"There's only one plan with them that betray," said Jim Noble, "though I do love the maid dearly."

Amos paced the room in thought. "What's in my mind is mostly suspicion. Suppose we put her over yonder in the Rockside cave, till the run has been made," he said suddenly.

"Twill be risky handling, boy, though she's but a maid," said the father tremulously; "it will go hard with any that tries to do such."

"We need not rouse her," said Amos eagerly. "You send her over at eventide to fetch some gear from the cave, and I'll follow after; and when she's safe inside I'll put a great stone against the entry, so that she'll be there safe. There's wine and biscuits and candles in plenty, and when all the stuff is landed snug I'll go and let her

free, and make out that it was some accident that held her prisoner there."

"You've a wonderful headpiece, boy, and no mistake," said Mary's father with relief, "because there's no use in raising a tempest when you can go to work calm. I'll send her over when it comes dusk."

So at twilight Mary Noble hurried along the cliff to the cave whose secret was known only to few, and after her, with his hat pulled far over his eyes, went Amos. He hid behind a boulder while the girl stood amidst the tangled growth where the entry to the cave was. When the dim shape of her disappeared, as if the ground had opened, Amos hurried to the group of rocks, and lifting two boulders he placed them against the one that was the pivoted opening to the cave.

He was some distance on his homeward journey, when the thought of the girl imprisoned in that dank place took him back with some vague thought of releasing her. With stealthy steps he drew near to the boulders, and then, like a picture painted on glass before him, he saw the golden head of the girl bending towards the black head of the excise man, and he turned away, thinking only of her gratitude when she would be released.

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The next morning it was supposed that Mary Noble had gone on a visit to a relative over the moors, and the face of Amos Preece lightened, and his triumphant glances at the black-haired excise man gladdened the hearts of his fellows. And on the next night, while the well-armed forces of the Crown kept close watch over the rambling movements of a score of pack horses, a small sailing vessel was towed by row boats close in to shore, and all her cargo was carried to the safety of a tunnel that pierced the cliff. There never had been a more successful run in the memory of the oldest: the smugglers were in their beds, sleeping off their heavy fatigue, while still the grumbling sailors stumbled over the moors in pursuit of those rambling but unladen pack horses.

On the next day Amos, hurrying along the cliffs, met Jim Noble walking disconsolately.

"I'm off to free Mary," said Amos.

"I've been hanging about this last hour wondering when you were going to do it," said the girl's father. "I'm afeared that we've done a wrong thing, for if she finds what trick we've played there's no knowing what she'll do. It's easy enough to smuggle kegs of brandy, Amos, but it's different when it comes to smuggling hot blood that's liable to tempests of anger."

"It will be easy to say a stone rolled against the opening."

"Aye—easy, but not so easy to make her believe it."

Amos looked about him anxiously. "Suppose I up and tell her the truth, then?"

"Do no such thing; for I verily believe that if you do she'll be off like a bird on the wing, and I'm getting up in years—the maid's company means everything to me."

"And to me," said Amos simply.

The little smuggler started. "Do you mean that you do love her?"

"Truer words were never spoke," said Amos fervently.

"And yet you've done this fool trick. Why, man, that's not the way to treat a maid; it's only hate you'll win by such."

The two men sat on the cliff within sight of the boulders that marked the entry to the cave, their subdued voices discussing the problem of how to release the imprisoned girl without betraying that she had been the victim of jealousy. At last Amos left the old man and went slowly on his errand of rescue, trying to believe that the girl would show warm gratitude to her de-

liverer; thinking how the golden head would bend to him, and her warm lips give thanks.

So eager and full were his thoughts, that when he had pushed through the tangled growth to the entrance of the cave, he stood gaping in disbelief at what he saw. The two stones he had put there to prevent the boulder from swinging open had been moved; which would be an impossible feat from the inside.

With great caution Amos moved the revolving stone an inch or two from its place, then stooping he put his ear to the narrow opening; and to his straining senses came the fitful rumbling sounds of human voices, and his blood quickened and his hand went instinctively to the great pistol hidden in his belt.

A steep ladder of twelve rungs went down to the floor of the cave, and from there four small tunnels led out to form in plan the shape of a cross. It was only when he had crept down the ladder, with the stone in place behind him, that the smuggler recognized the voice of Mary Noble in talk with a man. Light filtered dimly into the cave from a hole high placed, where one of the tunnels extended to the inaccessible side of the cliff. Amos waited till his eyes became used to the dimness, saw to the priming of his pistol, and then crept nearer to where a candle's light glowed.

He did not attempt to look around the ledge of rock between himself and the light; he was content to listen, for the man's voice he recognized as the voice of the black-haired excise man. He knew that with the power-destroying shake in his limbs he would be an easy victim to an antagonist.

The girl was laughing. "Oh, so you think that as you've been so clever and found out so much, I'm bound for to promise marriage to you."

"Yes, that's put it straight," said the excise man.

There was a silence, then: "Suppose I was to say that a maid's heart was not a thing to bandy about for this or that reason?"

"That would be a pity—for your friend's sake. I never went scrimmaging after those pack horses—I went another way to work; and I know exactly where all the cargo of spirit is stored now, and most likely I'll have my pockets filled with gold, and gilt lace put upon my uniform for the work I shall do this day."

Then followed a long silence. The listen-

RISKY HANDLING

ing smuggler put his crooked arm before his face to deaden the sound of his quick breathing.

"And if I say 'no'?"

"All those fine smugglers will be hanged or transported—your father and that great chap Amos Preece, for to-night they'll be taken in the tunnel like rats in a trap, with their hands on the brandy kegs."

"And if I say 'yes'?"

"Why, then my wife costs me pockets of gold and promotion."

The girl spoke quickly. "But I could say 'yes,' and I could go out, and a whisper from me would make your life of no more value than a fly's; you would disappear, and be washed up with no trace of foul play."

"I may be a fool to do it, but I'll take the risk," said the excise man quietly.

It was just then that Amos, his mind in a tumult, moved slightly, and a tiny piece of granite slipped to the floor of the cave with a tinkle. At once the girl laughed almost hysterically.

"You're trapped," she cried; "it's all come about just as I thought. They put me here on purpose as a bait to catch you; you said you'd seen Amos Preece follow me to push them stones across. Well, he knew you'd come after me, and now he's here, and you'll never quit this place alive."

"I'm not afear'd of death," said the excise man calmly.

"Look, I'll save you. I'll spread my cloak over you."

"But if you do, that will mean——"

"That I save the life of a brave man, who trusted me like I'll trust him," said the girl quickly.

And then, with a strange feeling of shame, Amos threw down his pistol, and went into the glare of the candle light with the open palms of his hands extended.

The alert excise man had two pistols levelled at his head. The girl covered her face with her hands.

"Put those down, that way is too easy," said the smuggler calmly; "for if you draw my blood you've lost the maid, and I've won her—even in death."

"Stand afar off, then," said the excise man, "and tell how much you've heard."

"All."

"That makes it awkward for one of us."

The smuggler bowed. There was a strange elation throughout his being. The flickering candle in that confined space of stone and sandy earth shone on the girl's

head till it looked like a thing of graven gold. "To a brave man I can speak free," said Amos. "I love this maid, and if I have to think of her mated to another, I'll bless the bullet that stills the beating of my heart."

"That's spoken like a man should speak. I love the maid, too, and I truly think that if you were to take her from me now, I'd be so blinded by jealousy that I could betray you and her and everyone."

"You can't bind a maid's love, that's what I've come to learn," said Amos slowly; "it must go free."

"Let us leave her for a bit, so that she can come to her choice," said the excise man, with a curious twist of his mouth; "but mind, I make no promise that I'll not do my duty if it's you her choice falls upon."

The two men left the girl, and from where they lounged against the ladder they could hear her sobbing pitifully.

"Till this day I've been wayward in all my doings, but please God, I'll be different from now on," Amos whispered.

"It seems funny, too," the excise man whispered in reply, "that though the world is over-ridden with maids, that you and I should stand nigh to death over one."

"It's been so since time first began—love and death hand in hand," said Amos.

The girl called to them. "I haven't made any choice," she said with drooping head.

"But you must," said the smuggler.

The girl looked up distractedly. "But there's no choice with love. If I tell true, it's you, Amos, that I love, and always have, though your proud ways have held me from you. For why shouldn't you have told me that I was to be put here to hinder this brave man from spoiling the landing of the cargo?"

"Hindered me you have not, but you have taken the fibre of me and twisted it about till my will is like blades of grass," said the excise man, leaning against the wall of the cave.

Amos put a hand on his shoulder. "Friends are worth more to a man than corpses are," said he.

"I've lost promotion, gold and a wife," said the excise man jerkily; "and yet so soft I've been made by love, I haven't it in my power to do aught that's harmful to you or any man."

He passed from the cave with slow steps, leaving Amos to make confession and win forgiveness.



A Fox Cub

Is Nature Cruel?

(With photographs by the Author)

By

H. Mortimer Batten
F.Z.S.

IT is customary to regard Dame Nature as a wise but merciless goddess. We have ever before us an almost Prussian element in Nature, whereby, wheels within wheels, the law of the survival of the fittest is at work. On every side we observe its remorseless working—the common law of selection; but we need to bear in mind that whatever may occur in wild nature, the tragic cases are most likely to attract notice. We see nothing of the field mouse happily garnering her stores; what we do so see is her diminutive corpse lying mutilated on the pathway after some killer of the wild has enjoyed an epicurean meal. The fly in the spider's web, the mouse in the torturing clutches of the cat, the small bird carried off in the talons of the hawk; such minor tragedies are witnessed daily to keep fresh in our minds the inexorable cruelty of Nature.

No Unnecessary Suffering

Inexorable Nature may be, but not cruel. Throughout her workings from A to Z it

would seem to me, indeed, that Dame Nature sternly sets her face against needless suffering, and in the wild and free there is nothing half so cruel as the keeping by man of animals in unsuitable conditions of captivity or of teaching them to perform. There is another bright aspect of the case—namely, that when a wild creature is happy, when its foes are out of sight and it is well fed, it is perfectly and absolutely happy with a supreme happiness surpassing that of a child, and this for the reason that children are imaginative, whereas there is no imagination in the wild.

The Cat and the Mouse

Let us take the oft-quoted cat and mouse case. When we witness the revolting spectacle of a cat subjecting a living mouse to its own amusement, we are apt to picture that mouse as possessing our own powers of intellect, our own super-sensitive imaginations; but, to begin with, the brain of a mouse is not a very massive affair. We can argue that it fears death, yet it is not death

IS NATURE CRUEL?



Peregrine Falcon

Among all wild birds the peregrine has been designed by Nature for the destruction of wild bird life, yet it has its place in Nature's scheme of economy.

as we know it which it fears. The mouse has no knowledge of death; no animal has. It has no fear of mutilation as we fear it; it has no fears for the future, nor any powers of retrospect. Now eliminate all these factors, and what would fear be to us? Purely a physical sensation, a natural prompting of self-defence; and as I know fear, and I have felt it twice—real fear!—its keen edge lay in the keenness of the human mind. Its horror was in the knowledge that in a few moments one would lie grim-faced and stark under the skies. It was a mental fear for that poor body of mine, which on the whole had served me well, and which in a short time would be so much unsightly and worthless clay. There were thoughts of yesterday, and, above all, of to-morrow. But all this is imagination, which animals do not possess. If they did they could not stand still as animals. By these very powers, which for us make the thoughts of mutilation a nightmare and of death an agony, man stands supreme.

The brain of a mouse is immeasurably smaller than a man's brain, yet were man

himself in the predicament of the mouse caught by the cat, would he suffer so keenly as we think, or would Dame Nature come to his aid in his extremity?

Some years ago I knew a big-game hunter who had actually been caught and carried off uninjured by a tigress. She took him to her cubs in the centre of a grassy patch under a tree and laid him down there. The tigress then went off a little distance and crouched out of sight, whereupon the man told himself that he must make an effort to escape. He began to creep towards the tree, but just before he gained it the tigress came quietly out behind him and dragged him back. Again he tried to creep off, and so many times, and every time, having got so far, the tigress came out and pulled him back. The cubs were so small that he could defend himself from them, and so what was surely the worst nightmare to which a human being could be subjected, cat and mouse exactly, went on till the natives managed to rescue him.

Now, this man told me that from the moment of the tigress first seizing him his mind became a partial blank. He was not afraid, and though severely lacerated, he



Vixen

Foxes are notorious for their destructiveness and would probably be extinct in this country were it not for hunting influence, whereby they are preserved.

THE QUIVER

was conscious of no pain. Every movement he made was an immense effort against a peculiar torpor of mind—an effort to drag himself a few paces or to make any kind of resistance. It was just as though he had been doped by some powerful drug, and he told me that he had suffered more in a dentist's chair than throughout that terrible ordeal.

Later, of course, when he was in hospital, the reaction came, and while the fever held him he again and again lived through the experience in a most hideous nightmare form. Thus it is reasonable to believe that if merciful stupor eclipses the mind of man at such times, the wild things suffer even less, and there is every evidence that, once down and out, their brains become numbed and inoperative.

In support of this I recently surprised a poaching cat which was carrying home a young rabbit, apparently dead. The cat dropped the rabbit, which lay quite still on the grass; but as I was in the act of picking it up, the little animal appeared suddenly to waken with a start, and in a moment it was off, having recovered its full faculties. So there comes a point when the natural prompting to resist suddenly ceases, and I believe that from that moment on, the mind of an animal is absolutely blank.

As another example, a friend of mine had a terrier, which one day accompanied him into a cage containing a "tame" eagle. The eagle at once descended upon the dog, which, though practically uninjured, instantly fell limp, making no attempt to combat a foe in whose grip it was helpless. The hands of doom were upon it, and true to her principle of no needless suffering, Dame Nature set about to close the scene in the best way possible. Similarly the hare in the clutches of the fox, a small bird in the talons of a hawk, falls limp instantly it is caught, and thus the end comes.

Nature's Own Drugs

So Nature has her own peculiar drugs. There is not a great difference between the artificial means of applying an anaesthetic and the means which Nature takes of closing the mind, of fainting into unconsciousness. Fainting is in itself an illustration of the provision Nature has made to shut out the terrible climax, and over and over again it has been proved that people who by misfortune came as near to death's brink by drowning or otherwise as it is possible for human feet to tread, have handed on the record that

they had no knowledge of the final conditions.

Some time ago I came across a creature which at first sight was as fine a sample of brutal cruelty of design as Nature could produce. In appearance it was like a small scorpion, but protruding from its head were two terrible forceps, powerful enough to penetrate one's finger to the bone. This natural instrument of torture lived in water, and obtained its food by grabbing with its forceps any small fish that came within its reach, then, hanging on, it would slowly drain the body of its victim. A fish of two or three inches in length would live almost an hour after the deadly weapons had closed, so one could not very well imagine a more terrible death for a merciful God to inflict upon suffering flesh.

But further investigation began to clear the air. These forceps were hollow, and the instant they closed they discharged a paralysing fluid into the substance on which they closed. The effect of this charge was instantly to deaden the captive, to paralyse its nervous system throughout—not to kill it, for if killed it would be valueless as a meal for its captor. I must admit that it is not a very pleasant line of thought, but it bears out the argument that all through Nature the most merciful ruling is at work. In the same way the scorpion, which devours its kill alive and with luxurious cruelty, deadens it first by stinging it; and spiders also are provided with drug glands, which serve as an anaesthetic for their patients.

So on every side there are abundant examples that Dame Nature ever designs to prevent lingering death. Many animals, particularly those of gregarious habits, will turn upon and kill one of their own herd which has become grievously injured. I once saw this occur among half-wild cattle on the prairie. One of the herd had got mixed up in some way with a scythe a man had left on the ground, and had very severely injured itself. At the smell of blood the other cattle began to mill round, and ere long the whole herd was in such a state of wild excitement that the injured beast was trampled down and dispatched by its herd-mates. Inexorable though this may seem, it was surely a more merciful fate than that which the poor creature would have endured had it lingered for days in its injured condition, finally to be dragged down by its natural enemies.

Nature has her wild killers, such as the weasels, which live by preying upon others,

IS NATURE CRUEL?

and in whose lives there is not one single merciful spark to recommend them to man's sympathy. They are designed by Nature to kill, and only by killing and by constant killing do they live. Yet even in this the same supreme mercy is at work. How long does a rabbit linger in a trap or a hare live with a broken leg where weasels, foxes and the like hunt for food? Not long, certainly, for its first shrill cry of distress stabbing the night brings the professional highwayman to the scene. When Nature is left to her own resources there is no lingering death, nor does any beast hold on to existence in a maimed and injured state. We with all our science have made that forlorn order possible for mankind, but it is contrary to Nature's rulings, and thus even the most merciless killer of the woods plays a part in Nature's scheme of mercy.

Suffering Over-estimated

There is no doubt at all that we very much over-estimate the sufferings of animals. We see a wild creature dragging itself away in an injured state, and we think of it as we would think of a fellow-man in a similar state. But, I repeat, the keen edge of our own sufferings lies in our own understanding and imaginative minds. If you looked down and saw your right hand mutilated you would be overcome by nausea, dread and other purely mental sensations. Probably so severe an injury would cause you very little physical pain, yet your suffering would be very real suffering, though of that kind which belongs essentially and exclusively to the world of men and women. Wild creatures are spared this. They know only the actual physical suffering. They do not look at the injury and ponder over it, and suffer mental agony at the thought of it. There can be no doubt whatever about this—that pain is in exact proportion to mentality, and our mentality is so infinitely higher than that of any bird or beast that they cannot suffer as we do.

A robin which had newly lost one foot came quite perkily to my window last



A Stoat

One of the professional killers of the wild—shown in the act of dragging its prey over a tree root.

winter, walking on the wretched stump. A week or two ago I came across a hedgehog on a garden walk. One of its hind legs was crushed and trailing, yet on my poking a scrap of bacon under its nose, the injured animal gobbled it up immediately and began to look round for more. Lower still, the insects can endure the most terrible injury; but so long as it does not interfere with their powers of movement they continue to live their lives in the ordinary way. A dog, whose standard of intellect is higher, is capable of suffering more than most; but in the case of these higher beasts Nature makes another merciful provision, which is sleep. When an animal is sick or injured, its first instinct is to creep away and hide, and safely hidden, sleep so deep as to amount almost to a stupor comes upon it. It may sleep for days, and either it wakens hungry and refreshed or it does not waken. Probably 90 per cent. of the birds and beasts which die in their own chosen quarters die in their sleep, making no effort to resist the strange lassitude which has fallen upon them. Moreover, when a tame creature is injured or sick it makes no effort to live. Why should it when it does not understand death? It simply gives itself over to whatsoever end Nature ordains, and so it fades out of existence in the most peaceful and merciful way possible.

No, Nature is not cruel. Cruelty is the invention of mankind, and he, above all other things, reaps its royalty.



The Traitor Within

HIDDEN away on the top shelf of a very ponderous and respectable library, in a still more ponderous and respectable pro-Victorian household, I once came across a faded little book, the title and substance of which I entirely forgot, but its sub-title has always lingered in my mind: "Showing how the Robber cannot Enter from Without unless there be a Traitor Within." I was struck at the time by the incongruity of such a sentiment in this house, bristling in the true manner of the timid well-to-do with double locks, safety bolts, hidden wires, bells in unexpected places, armed butlers, and so on, not forgetting an enormous bell in the stable tower, which the coachman had express instructions to ring loudly at the first alarm. In spite of all these precautions I regret to say that the house was burgled to some purpose while I was still in it, by the simple expedient of the page-boy letting in a couple of friends at the front door. I could not help thinking of my little book, and wondering if whoever was responsible for its presence in the library had foreseen some such disaster, and placed it there as a warning against putting too much trust in the burglar traps and policemen of this life.

The Not Omnipotent Policeman

Policemen are an excellent and, I think, endearing feature of our carefully thought-out civilization. The only drawback to them is that they are not omnipotent. I once watched a constable trying to save an old lady from being run over in Piccadilly Circus. He did all that mortal Robert could do, short of descending from above and snatching her up bodily out of harm's way; but the old lady would not be saved. He waved her on; she ran back. He urged her back; she ran on. It was not her fault. She was so evidently in the inexorable, mysterious grip of the Traitor Within.

We all know him, the unseen, unrecognized little demon who lies in wait at the back of our consciousness and directs us hither and thither, willy-nilly, towards disaster, repudiate disaster though we may. It

"*The Unseen Little Demon*"
By
Olive Mary Salter

is he who causes us to crack jokes at funerals and to say the wrong thing at weddings. He causes us to be insulting to our best friends when we would be most magnanimous, and to ask affectionately after the health of people whom we well know to be dead.

The Unseen Little Demon

We perceive him best, perhaps, in all the malignity of his power, when we see others struggling in his grasp. We watch with pity and wonder our friends and relations running their heads against palpable stone walls, diving down obvious blind alleys. We see one ruining her eyesight because she will not take to spectacles, and marvel how she can be so shortsighted and obstinate. We see another living beyond his income; we sigh for his foolhardiness. The family with the hereditary consumptive tendency who *will* sleep with all their windows closed at night, they have our exasperated sympathy. It is patent to us that they have only themselves to blame when the worst happens.

Blaming Outside Influences

How easy to see the cause of other people's misfortunes! One and all, however, when charged with our own, we are inclined to plead outside influences over which we have no control. We are naturally disinclined to admit complicity with an unkind fate. It is easier and more dignified to ignore the Traitor Within, who is the influence over which we really have no control, the influence which runs us under the wheels of the bus or hales us safe on the pavement, puts us in the path of the lightning flash or keeps us out of it, gives a temporary asylum to the influenza germ or politely but firmly moves it on. He is in the position of a somewhat shady relation who is no credit to us and whom we would rather know nothing about. Yet there he is, in the background, making our lives a burden to us. Eventually he will have to be sought out, reformed, or at least put under proper control.

THE TRAITOR WITHIN

Who and what exactly is the Traitor Within? In how great a degree does he really govern our lives?

What Psychologists Call Him

Psychologists would give him another name, less intimate, more non-committal. They know him and his works under the grandiose title of the Sub-conscious Reflex. The power of the sub-conscious mind is a subject which greatly exercises thinkers at the present day. They go so far as to say that all our fears and desires, and consequently our actions, originate in the sub-conscious, and the trend of all modern psychological effort is to bring the unconscious mind forward into the light of the conscious one: to make all our activities reasonable, instead of instinctive, thus putting the power that rules our lives into our own hands. That much-misunderstood, much-abused process, psycho-analysis, is merely the psychologist's effort to do this for his fellows; to show them the hidden vital forces governing their minds in order that they may grasp those forces for themselves and use them, as, when he has once been shown it, a child may grasp and use the power switch to control a machine. So long as we do not know what is going on at the back of our minds we are like generals out of touch with the key situation on a battle front; we can do nothing either to confound the enemy or to relieve ourselves.

Only a very few of us, however, can afford either the time or the money to be psycho-analysed: a complicated and lengthy business, for which those who conscientiously carry it through demand, not unreasonably, to be paid at very high rates. They run the risk, it must be remembered, of bringing to light all kinds of things which their patients would rather have had left alone and of being summarily dismissed for their impertinence; for the human mind is a labyrinth parts of which have not been exposed to the light and air for thousands of centuries, and many strange and uncouth creatures, besides beautiful ones, have bred there in the darkness.

His Real Nature

We need to inquire a little further into the real nature of the Traitor Within in order that each of us may recognize him without assistance under all his manifold guises, and defeat him also unassisted if we will. We need first to understand that the mind, for all its apparent vast complexity,

is governed simply and completely by two vital working principles, the will to live and the will to die. Between these two great opposites lies the whole gamut of human experience, all the good and all the evil which befalls us. Each action, each thought, is merely a modification of the one element or the other. All that is the expression of our desire to live; that is, to come more and more widely into touch with the rest of the world, to achieve greater love, greater freedom, greater experience; all that is good, and we recognize it as such. All that narrows us in upon ourselves is death, and we recognize it as evil.

Always at War

These two opposing forces are continually at war within us. To live is not easy, and the longer life goes on the more difficult, in a sense, it becomes. It demands an increasingly greater abnegation of self. At all the great milestones of life we leave self farther and farther behind. But self is always reluctant to leave us, and so we are subject to this mysterious "will to die," which time after time comes into deadly conflict with the natural will to live.

What I have called the Traitor Within is nothing more nor less than this very clash in our natures of the two forces; the inner mental clash, which is responsible for and is expressed by the outer clash between ourselves and events which we call life. All existence can be described as a series of contests, greater or smaller, from crossword puzzles to thunderstorms and national wars. Certain nervous diseases are now characterized by some mental specialists as "brain-storms," and this term rather accurately describes the origin of all our misfortunes. We are all suffering from brain-storms, more or less, throughout our lives, and human reality, human everyday life, sensitively registers a series of impressions of these disturbances, as mercury in a barometer registers the atmospheric disturbances. If the contest between the mind forces is fairly even the brain-storms are only mild ones, and the mercury of our bodies registers a series of peaceful days, free from turbulent episodes of any kind. But if the pressure of either force gets the upper hand the mobile mercury is immediately disturbed; we find ourselves subjected to life's tempests.

Symbolic of the Mental Clash

It is very necessary to remember, if we

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are going to attempt to deal with these convulsions, that, varied as they are in form, they are all symbolic of the one unchanging mental conflict, common to us all. The soldier fighting in the trenches, the diseased person wrenching with pain, one man robbed by another, these are merely engaged in different sections, as it were, of the same universal battle. My poor little old lady in Piccadilly Circus was evidently in the thickest of the fray. Nothing short of a maelstrom going on underneath her neat toque could have thrown her so impetuously upon the agitated waters of the Circus, nor so nearly engulfed her therein.

Depends on Ourselves

It can be seen now that so long as the struggle between life and death, good and evil, is going on within us, so long are we at the mercy of the Traitor Within; and that his potency to do us great or little harm depends upon how great is the contest. This again depends upon ourselves. There is an element of the horseshoe-nail nursery story about the whole business. What we desire is to be safe from outside influences and events; whereas what we really need is to be safe from ourselves. It is the Traitor Within who creates all our situations for us, but we only need to master him in order to be masters of our own fate, and, indeed, all the world.

The Exercise of Will-power

All the contests of history have eventually been turned into victory by the same means; that is, the exercise of will-power upon the part of those most directly concerned. The will-power of Napoleon alone upheld the morale of his troops, brought men ~~running~~ to his standard, triumphed over all the difficulties and disasters of the campaigns. In the same way, if we wish to subdue the Traitor Within, who brings to our lives the terror, discomfort and catastrophe associated with all great conflicts, we must use our will-power. We must throw into the balance a greater reserve of the forces we lack, the force which wills to live. Of forces which will to die there is never any lack. Death, the force of evil, is, it might be said, static. We inherit it from our forefather Adam, but the force of

life we have to struggle for, as an athlete struggles for perfect physique, as a working man struggles for his weekly wage.

What Life Means

Life resolves itself into the effort made by every one of us to achieve sufficient of this power of life to balance up the power of death, to render even the contest between good and evil, so that our days may run smoothly and without undue disturbance. Only by this great effort of the will towards life, towards love, towards good, can we keep the Traitor Within in his place and under our control.

Once we have consciously set our minds towards life, instead of unconsciously hankering still after death, we need fear our enemy no more. The Robbers Without will not enter, for there will be no Traitor Within waiting to admit them, willing to be robbed. Death is the greatest fear of mankind; all other terrors, pains, sorrows are merely the milestones on the road to it, and we shall have turned our faces in the opposite direction. Death, however, is downhill, life is uphill, and going uphill there is always a tendency to roll downwards. The effort towards life and peace has constantly to be renewed, or it will be found that the conflict renews itself instead in one crisis after another.

Righting the Balance

Gradually we may learn to deal with crises automatically, as an aviator, knowing exactly with what forces he has to contend, might be able automatically to right his machine under critical conditions, and eventually to avoid crisis altogether. His aerial sense goes instinctively to the cause of the trouble, and informs him at once what he must do to obviate it. In the same way, in sickness or disaster, we can put our mental thumbs at once upon the real Traitor Within, and help to right our balance by a mental effort, a push of the will in the right direction. Everyday life does not right itself as quickly as a stalled aeroplane. Patience is needed. But we may have, at least, the consciousness that we have saved ourselves from the worst disaster, and that moment by moment the even, pleasant swing of life is being restored to us.



THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By
Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

CHAPTER XXIV

On the Cliffs

ORIANE hurried along the cliff eastward, moving through the fog as a fish through water. Evidently she knew just where she was going. Aymon followed her, half-contemptuous of himself for doing so. They crossed about half a mile of bluebells, heather and gorse, till they came to a place where the coast line ran inland and the ground before them sloped sharply to a little rocky inlet of the sea.

Here Oriane, who hitherto had not spoken a word, having descended about four or five yards, turned to him and held out her hand. "Thanks so much. Now I need not keep you. Go back and find your friends."

Aymon was so surprised that he merely stared, "What have I done?" he asked vacantly.

"Just what I asked you to do. Taken me out of reach," she replied, smiling a little at his blank face. "I'm sorry I had to do it so brazenly, but there was not a moment to explain. I feel sure I shall be all right here." She settled herself as she spoke, on a cushion of thrift, in a niche of rock, sheltered and quite out of sight of anyone passing along the cliff top.

"So I get the boot?" he flung out, nettled. To go away was what he wished; to be sent away was another matter.

Oriane laughed at him quite openly. "Oh, run!" she mocked. "You know you have detested me ever since that night when I made you crystal-gaze! Well, I'm sorry, but it was very tempting. I just couldn't resist it, but I'll own that I've regretted it ever since."

Deliberately he sat down at her side in the little nook. "We'll have this out," he

said viciously. "Why have you regretted it?"

"Make yourself easy. It's for my own sake I regretted it, not yours," she answered. "We're all of us, I suppose, far more selfish than we like to think. I am ashamed to realize my own selfishness; but it has recoiled on my own head."

"I wonder if I dare ask you to explain?"

She gave a laugh that was half a sigh. "I did so want you to find the prescription for the perfume," she owned, in a low voice. "Of course, I knew that the poor old Uncle Pierre had left it to me; and when he died I thought—I thought we were going to be free, father and I . . ."

"Free?"

"Yes. I hoped we would be able to cut loose from—from bondage—and run our own lives. And then, you know, it was not to be found. I can't tell you how bitterly disappointed I was. But, however, this won't interest you; why should it? Do go and find someone more cheerful to talk to!"

"It does interest me," said Aymon bluntly, "and as you have begun, I should like you to go on, please. You tell me that you knew the thing had been left to you?"

"He often told me so. I knew, too, that it was in some queer hiding-place; and I guessed that old Anne had been bribed to find out—"

"Bribed? What, by Quigley?"

"I think so. Father thought so, too. He did all he could to help Miss Dulac to find it; but I always believed that the person who knew most about it was Colette Quéripel."

"Why did you think she knew?"

"Old Pierre trusted her. He would allow her about the place when he would tolerate no one else. Years ago, when he was actually manufacturing the stuff, she used to help him in his laboratory."

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"But surely if she knew she would have told you, to whom it meant so much?"

"But she did not know that it meant anything to me. Father and I kept that quite to ourselves. Now, looking back, I think perhaps we should have done better to tell her; for I am sure she purposely concealed what she knew until your arrival, because she felt that Tante Michelle was too old and weak to be capable of dealing with the important paper, even if she found it. You may imagine, therefore, how glad we were when we heard you had come at last; and then the poor old Colette was taken ill, and thought herself dying. As you know, she sent me for you in a great hurry, and told you everything in her own funny, round-about fashion."

"Roundabout is a mild description of her method!"

"But it was enough. You acted upon it."

"Yes. If it had not been for what she said about 'on the wall of Apolline's house' I should never have tumbled to what the old man meant—and now she is dead."

He saw Oriane bite her lip to keep back tears. "Well," said she after a pause, in which she was successful in controlling her voice, "I shall miss her. But I am glad she went—glad she did not live to know that I got my longed-for bequest and found that it was dead-sea fruit, after all!"

"Dead-sea fruit?"

"Yes. Dad called on Mr. Nicolle yesterday, and was shown the clause in the will, mentioning nothing but the prescription itself. He learnt also that you mean to retain the patents. Please don't think I blame you. You are quite within your rights. But, of course, as I have already told you, my bequest is useless."

"I don't suppose my uncle thought you would wish to make commercial use of it," he replied, after a somewhat awkward pause.

"Oh, yes, he did. He wished it. My father was the only man for whose chemical knowledge he had any respect."

"Are you quite sure of this? Do you tell me in so many words that my uncle's desire in leaving the prescription to you was that you should put it on the market?"

"He knew quite well that it was our intention to do so."

"And what"—abruptly—"did he think would become of his poor old sister if she survived him?"

"I suppose he thought that fifteen hundred pounds and a freehold estate was enough for her, and that the other thing

would only worry her. She would not have known what to do with it; and father does."

"And of me nobody ever thought at all! Yet I have to live; and to run this business seems my only chance of making good; while you—forgive me, but remember I overheard what Anne said to you the other night—you can become a very rich woman merely by holding up your finger—"

"Only by holding up this one"—with a wan smile she indicated her wedding-finger—"and I can't spare it, because I haven't got another to replace it. But, to revert to what you just said. I do not think Uncle Pierre thought it likely that his sister would survive him. She was ten years the elder, and he was as strong as a horse, had he not given way to his weakness. So he was practically leaving you what he left her, and entrusting his perfume to those whom he knew would make the most of it."

"I intend to make the most of it," said Aymon abruptly.

"You have every right to do so," she replied slowly; "but all the same, father's lawyer thinks we would have a case if we tried to prevent you from using the prescription at all. If we say you shall not use it, and you say we shall not have the patents, there would be a nice dead-lock, wouldn't there?"

There was no acrimony in her charming voice. She sat drawing a bit of grass between her lips and gazing out to sea with lifted brows and an elfin smile. Aymon could not help laughing; but at the back of his mind was the thought, "How attractive she is! Why have I never before seen this attraction? She is unique." And oddly mingling with the thought was his own chronic impulse to anger—to resentment against her—tingling in every vein.

"Oho," said he slowly, "so that's the plan of campaign, is it?"

"*Monsieur, je suis un méchant animal Lorsqu'un m'attaque je me défends!*"*

"And you accuse me of attacking you?"

She raised her hands, made an eloquent gesture of relinquishment. "I'm pressed on all sides," she mutmured. "There is with me as with the old saint, only the way of heaven that lies open."

He smiled mockingly. "As bad as that?"

"As definite as that."

"I see a wonderful picture," he mused aloud. "This is crystal-gazing again, only without the crystal; and I look at the future,

* "Sir, I am a bad creature, when attacked, I defend myself."



"It was Oriane in her misty blue suit, and in the road before her stood a huge black goat"—p. 1057

Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe

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not the past. I see the door of my tiny shop in Smith Street. It is restored and repainted, and workmen are just about to carry in my stills and other material, when a car stops at the door. From it alights Miss Vidal, clad in deep black. She sinks on her knees there upon the pavement, and raises the *Clameur de Haro*. The townsfolk fly from all sides to her succour. That any should be permitted to do wrong to so fair a claimant is, of course, unthinkable. In a few moments the shop is wrecked, and its contents set on fire. Among these is the copy of the prescription so falsely made by the sole descendant of the Dulacs. It perishes in the flames, leaving Miss Vidal triumphantly in possession of the secret."

She clasped her hands. "But what a brainy idea! And what a priceless advertisement for Sarnian Bouquet! We should be in all the London papers: 'Sensational revival of quaint old Norman custom.'

"And, as I should thoughtfully have ordered a camera man to attend, the daughters of the *Daily Mirror* would rejoice and the readers of the *Daily Graphic* triumph!"

They looked at each other keenly, each wondering how big a bluff the other was putting up. Aymon's eyes were hard and glittering; hers were full of a mingled hurt that he should be hostile, and determination to fight him if he were.

"So Anne was right, after all," she remarked after an interval, speaking hardly above a whisper. "You *are* my enemy."

"You see, I can't dissociate you from Quigley; and I fully expect to have to fight him." He smiled sourly. "When I found that will I made up my mind to destroy it," he remarked calmly. "It seemed to me so monstrous that Quigley should have everything that belonged by right to me. I determined not to tell my aunt that there was a will—simply to burn it—and there was an end to your bequest."

"What made you change your mind?"

He gave an expressive lift to his shoulders. "Nothing at all heroic; only the fear of being found out. I guessed at what turns out to be the truth—that you knew of the existence of a will, and of the bequest to you. If I started to make the stuff, you would know I had found the recipe and the will. It wasn't safe to suppress it."

"Do you know," she said, rather shakily, "it never once struck me that you would so resent my having that prescription? And now I don't know what to do—I don't see

what I *ought* to do. I have father to think of—." Her voice died away, and she sat in a listening attitude. "Did you hear anything?"

Voces were approaching through the fog.

"Mademoiselle is here, sir, I tell you—quite near—she and the young seigneur—"

"Seigneur be d—d!" muttered Quigley's voice in reply. "You're leading me over a precipice, woman. Look out!"

"Anne," whispered Oriane, glancing nervously behind her. "Oh, please—please—"

He ignored the appeal in her voice and manner. "Quigley seems to be searching for you," he said coldly. "Hadn't you better let him know where you are?"

She gave him a desperate, hunted kind of look. He would not respond. All his will seemed focused upon the determination not to yield to her. He rose to his feet, giving her his hands to help her up. As she rose he saw her underlip held by her teeth, as if she feared to break down. Next moment, however, her voice sounded sweetly.

"Are you looking for me, Mr. Quigley? Here I am."

CHAPTER XXV

Missing

AT half-past three o'clock, when the party reassembled round the char-à-banc to drive to Pleinmont Point, Quigley strolled along, last of all, accompanied, to Aymon's surprise, not by Oriane, but by Yvonne.

"Now," said Vidal, "are we all here? Where is my girl, Quigley?"

"Gone home," was the calm answer. "She asked me to excuse her to you all—"

"Gone home? But how?"

"She caught a bus on the main road. She wasn't feeling very fit, and did not want to spoil the party. That was the message."

"Why," said Vidal hurriedly, "what was wrong with her?"

"Too much excitement, perhaps, over her legacy, the finding of which is filling the evening papers," answered Quigley with a sneer. "She said her head ached."

"Going home in a bus was not a very good thing for it," observed one of the ladies.

"I suggested driving her to Rocquaine Hotel and chartering a taxi, but she preferred her own scheme," returned the gentleman carelessly. "Now, Miss Langlois, up you jump. Let's be off. Sorry, gentlemen,

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Miss Vidal's defection makes us short of ladies."

Aymon was filled with wrath as he took his seat beside Hugh Gilray. It vexed him that Oriane had gone away; it also much more than vexed him to see Yvonne slipping more and more completely into the toils.

He muttered some uncomplimentary comment upon Quigley to the young Australian, who replied quietly: "Yes, he's a bit fresh, isn't he? But I think the little girl is all right."

His tone was so confident that Aymon flashed a glance at him. "You may be satisfied, but I'm not," he muttered.

"What's that?" Gilray turned to him sharply. "Old Ma Blatt seems to me to do all the sniffing round that's necessary," he added, after reflection. "The little girl is going to get a very big advertisement out of this dance of the *Guernsey Lily* on Whit Monday, and, of course, it suits her book to be civil——"

"She might limit her civility a bit more."

Gilray knocked his pipe out carefully before asking as casually as he could, "Know anything?"

"I saw something that I didn't like, the other day," replied Aymon. "Something for which I'd have punched his nose gaily if I'd been her brother. Ever since I've been trying to give her a hint; but one can't get at her."

There was a pause. "Mind telling me?" asked Gilray finally.

"Better not. I wouldn't like her to think I'd been spying; but she's such a charming kid——"

"She wasn't born yesterday, you know," observed Gilray soberly. "She's been earning her living in what one may describe as rather a public way for the past two years. She's a perfect dear, but she's not just out of the nursery. Don't think you need worry, Honest."

"I have been worrying," admitted Aymon with a sigh.

"Forget it. Take it from me, Old Man Quigley's not so irresistible as he's prone to believe. At his age a man sometimes fancies himself in the rôle of the deceiver, and wakes up to find himself playing that of the deceived."

Aymon winced a little. The memory of Yvonne in the dark chapel swept across his mind unpleasantly.

"Surely you don't mean she would intentionally lead him on?"

"Not quite that. I mean that he will go

as far as she means him to, and no farther. Why, man, what would you have? In these days of emancipation a girl has got to fight a man with his own weapons. Small blame to her, men being what they are."

Aymon acknowledged the justice of that, and yet he was left with a feeling that he was not quite in sympathy with Yvonne—as, manifestly, Hugh Gilray was. It was an annoying idea, and he was more than ever resolved to get the girl to himself and have it out with her; but for the rest of the day Quigley monopolized her too closely, and as time wore on Vauxlaurens knew himself to be increasingly bored.

They did not pause at Pleinmont Point (which Gilray pronounced Ply-mo, as do the Peter Port bus conductors), but continued on all round Rocquaine Bay to the Creux des Fées, where, as the mist was still persistent, they decided to have their tea at l'Erière Hotel. That left Aymon not too far from home, so after tea he took leave and walked back. He had not much liked leaving his aunt alone all day, for Colette's death had grieved her profoundly.

She cheered up visibly at his return in time for supper, and asked with keen interest whether the fog had spoilt their day. She was eager to hear how Miss Vidal had taken the news of her legacy. Had Mr. Quigley seemed hostile or angry about the discovery of the title deeds of Grange des Fées?

Aymon replied that no doubt Quigley was vexed, but that he could hardly visit his wrath upon him, because the trouble was due to Uncle Pierre, who had hidden away the important document just at the moment when he should have produced both it and the acknowledgment of the ownership of the pictures.

As they sat talking comfortably together beside a glowing wood fire in the upstairs sitting-room there came a loud knocking at the house door.

They heard Young Thomas leave the kitchen and go to answer it; and presently he lumbered upstairs and put his head in at the door. "Mr. Vidal asking for to see you."

"Beg him to come up at once," said Aymon, rising to push forward an easy-chair.

The aspect of the room was more comfortable already than it had been on his first arrival; and to Vidal, as he entered, it looked cheery enough with firelight and lamplight.

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His face did not relax, however, as he strode forward. Evidently his visit had a purpose.

"Mr. Vauxlaurens," he said abruptly, as soon as he had shaken hands with the old lady and begged her not to rise, "I am very anxious. My daughter is missing. As the last time I saw her she was in your company, I have come to know if you can tell me anything about her."

"Missing!" cried Aymon sharply. "Since when? Do you mean that she has not been home at all since this afternoon?"

"That is what I mean. You remember that Quigley told us she had gone home by herself. That surprised me a little. When I got back to the Courtil I found that she had not returned."

"She and I were sitting talking, just under the edge of the cliff at Herault Bay," said Aymon. "We went and sat there because, I think, Miss Vidal did not want to be found by Mr. Quigley. He, however, tracked us down and came up and spoke. I accordingly retired, leaving them together. He was evidently determined to have some talk with her, and she seemed to think it was best to get it over."

"Then you actually left her in Quigley's company?"

"Certainly."

"And she has not been seen since," replied Vidal, stroking his short dark beard, his brows wrinkled in perplexity.

"Sit down a moment and let us think," said Aymon sharply. "Have you Quigley's word for it that he personally saw her into the bus?"

"I can't remember his exact words. I think he said that she was going home by bus—that he had offered to take her to the Imperial Hotel and get a taxi, and that she refused. I don't recall his actually saying that he had seen her into the bus."

"In such a mist he surely wouldn't have let her wander off by herself. The road isn't easy to find from just that point unless you have a compass, which I don't suppose she had. Oh, he must have gone with her! Surely he did! I was certainly given that impression from what he said."

"I went first thing to the town church, and asked the conductors of the only afternoon buses on that route. Of course, they all know her by sight, and it seems certain that she never took a bus."

"Have you rung up Quigley?"

"Yes, but he was out; they could not tell me where he had gone. Dining out

somewhere. I asked for Manby, and Maaby said he didn't know either."

"Is Miss Vidal with him, perhaps? He may have taken her to dine at Government House Hotel?"

"She would have left word for me—she would have been home to change. That's out of the question."

Suddenly Aymon started. "Hallo! I've just remembered something! That old woman, Anne Bougourd, was about—"

"Anne Bougourd? What was she doing out there on the cliff?"

"Better ask Quigley. I heard her speak to him; Miss Vidal heard it, too. She looked at me and whispered, 'Anne,' as if she were frightened—"

"But that's absurd," said Vidal, evidently surprised that Aymon should attach any importance to Anne's comings and goings. "Oriane is too well accustomed to the cliffs to lose her way; and Anne would know better than to try and annoy her—"

Tante Michelle put in her word. "Anne is very spiteful, and she is also dangerous. She has some power," said she tremulously. "She hates your daughter . . . and Colette is no longer here to protect her."

"Hates my daughter! What has my daughter to do with that old hag?"

"Anne fears her. She also wishes her ill. If she could do her a mischief she would," was the answer, spoken quite simply, as one states a fact incontrovertible.

"Are you speaking seriously, Miss Dulac?"

"Very seriously, sir. Anne tried to steal the secret of the perfume for Mr. Quigley. She did not get it. It has gone safely to Miss Vidal. Anne hates her."

"To steal it *for Quigley?*" Vidal's astonishment was evidently genuine. "You speak as if the old woman were in his pay!"

"She is. I know it," said Aymon shortly.

His tone evidently carried conviction. "Well, but—well, then," stammered Vidal, his voice showing a growing apprehension, "what do you think he has—she has—they have—done?"

"If you will pardon me for mentioning it, I understand that Quigley wants your daughter. He also wants the secret of the perfume. If she told him this afternoon definitely that he could not have either, I fear they may have tried to frighten her—"

Vidal snatched up his hat. "Where does Anne live?" he sharply asked Tante Michelle.

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"Sometimes she lives with her grandson and his wife in Rocquaine Bay; but she has also a little hovel of her own down on the cliffs a long way off, not very far from Saint's Bay."

"Have you got your car here?" asked Aymon abruptly of the agitated father.

"Yes, it's here."

"Take me with you, then. Let's go and get hold of Anne at once and make her tell! Be quick—come this moment—why, she has been in their hands for hours—"

"Good heavens, Vauxlaurens, you don't really suppose—" began Vidal in terrible distress.

Aymon gripped his arm. "We won't suppose," said he grimly; "we'll just act. If that old she-devil has been up to any tricks, I'll make her sorry for it. Aunt, go to bed; don't wait up for me. I may be out all night. Come on, sir!"

Without an instant's delay he hurried his guest downstairs and into the car which stood just outside the old gateway.

The fog had not penetrated far inland, and even out at sea it was now only a tenuous mist. The night was starry, and they were able to drive as fast as the twistings of the tortuous lanes allowed.

"I had better tell you what I saw a few days ago," said Aymon as soon as they were well in motion. "I hope I'm not betraying Miss Vidal's confidence, but it will help you to understand what I am afraid of. Anne *is* formidable. She *is* dangerous. At least, Miss Vidal did not want to trust herself too near her alone, when I by chance came upon an interview between them."

He then described the meeting, evidently by appointment, between the two; how Oriane had protected herself by standing in



"Look!" he uttered a third time. "Look, and tell me what you see"—p. 1064

Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe

the sacred circle, and how the old woman had tried to tempt her out by threatening to cut the tyres of her car.

Evidently the story surprised Vidal. "I knew," he admitted, "that Oriane had a great affection for the old Quéripel woman who is just dead. She was terribly upset when she heard the news; in fact, she cried so much that I was rather doubtful if she ought to go to the picnic to-day. I only wish I had persuaded her to stay at home. But this Black Magic rubbish! It is quite news to me. . . . Of course, I have always known the girl to be sensitive; what they call psychic nowadays. Her mother was a Breton, and of noble family, though they were very poor. Oriane was brought up in the old forest of Broceliande, where they say Merlin sleeps. All her life she had been clairvoyante; her mother was, from time to time. But of late I have thought and hoped that Oriane was losing it—outgrowing the whole thing. As she has grown stronger, her psychic powers have seemed less in evidence. But what you say makes me suppose that she has been merely concealing it from

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me. For the past few weeks she has been very much worried—about this unfortunate infatuation of Quigley's, which she cannot return. I know that for some nights she has not slept"

Aymon's heart sank. Oriane, weakened from insomnia and heavily hit by the blow of Colette's death, would be in a poor state to resist Anne; and he himself had brutally withheld from her the means to utilize her legacy, leaving her without a refuge against Quigley.

Remorse invaded him, and a cold, creeping panic was gripping him ever more and more strongly, though he told himself that it was pure nonsense.

Arrived at the dwelling of Anne's grandson, they succeeded in rousing his wife from bed and bringing her to the window, to assure them sulkily that she had not seen the old cat for three—four days, and would not care if she never saw her again, only she dare not say so, for fear the spiteful old baggage should "put the lice on her."

They cut her short, and waited only for her directions as to the exact situation of Anne's present address and how to reach it; then they turned eastward and hurried along the main road, Aymon's heart growing heavier with each passing minute.

He had left her to her enemies. He had, as it were, taken sides against her. His attitude as regards the patents must have cut her off from her last hope. He pictured her as hardly caring what became of herself.

As they neared that turning from the main road which leads to the network of lanes above Saint's Bay, a figure suddenly stepped from the footpath into the glare of their headlights and held up a hand. It was old Apolline Lepage.

"Stop!" gasped Aymon hurriedly, as he recognized the queer, birdlike face. "This old thing may have something to tell us." As the car slowed down he leaned towards her. "We are looking for Miss Vidal," he said without preface. "Have you news of her?"

The poor soul was trembling so that she could hardly speak. "Anne's got her," she gasped, and burst into senile tears.

CHAPTER XXVI At the Goat's Corner

IT was several minutes before the exhausted old creature could control her voice enough to tell them what she knew.

She had seen Anne—had met her in one of the lanes, which she described as the Rue de Meurtrière, or Murder Lane. Anne was striding along in the direction of her own house, and she was chuckling and muttering to herself. To her great surprise, Apolline then perceived that Miss Vidal was following her at a distance of about twelve feet, and at first it seemed as though she was tracking her; but as they went by, she had noticed that there was a cord round the young lady's waist, of which Anne was holding the end, and that the prisoner had all the aspect of a sleep-walker, moving onward with fixed eyes, unseeing. The agonizing part of it all was that Apolline might have broken the spell—she was sure she could have broken it by repeating a formula taught her by Colette; but she was too terrified of Anne, from whose eyes she declared that she saw flames dart.

So she decided that the only thing she could do was to go and tell Mr. Vidal what she had seen, and she was on her way thither when she heard a car overtaking, and stopped it to beg for a lift.

As soon as Aymon had grasped these particulars (which he was able to do far more quickly than the mystified Vidal, his own association with his aunt and the other old ladies of the island having sharpened his wits in this direction) he said abruptly:

"You go on, sir, with the car, to Anne's house. I will run down this lane as hard as I can in hopes of catching them up. Anne is not a quick mover. If I get behind them I can easily overtake. Apolline says it was not, she is sure, more than half an hour ago when she saw them, perhaps less. If you arrive at the cottage and find nobody there, drive slowly back to meet me. Don't be deceived if you look through a window and see Anne lying asleep in bed. Break in somehow—it's probably a broomstick dressed up in a nightcap—one of her tricks."

"And along which road shall I return?"

"Past the Coin de la Biche" (Goat's Corner), babbled Apolline eagerly. "Anne was going that way. She is not afraid of the goat, it obeys her."

As Aymon started off running swiftly down the steep-sided dark lane, he recalled the night when Oriane had arrived at the hotel dance and excused herself for being late by saying that her car had shied at Goat's Corner. It is a spot which even now nervous islanders are reluctant to pass after dark—being haunted by a devil in the form of a huge black nanny goat.

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In Aymon's nostrils as he ran was the exquisite fragrance of the hedgerows and adjacent fields of bloom—the almond scent of gorse, the mingling of bluebell and narcissus—in fact, the Sarnian Bouquet so triumphantly embodied by his old uncle.

He recked nothing of it to-night—his whole mind was frantic with pity for the sensitive girl caught in a moment of weakness and temporarily at the mercy of a wicked old woman's undoubted psychic powers.

So fast did he run that before he was aware of it he had rounded the corner and was approaching the haunted spot.

Here the lane was much wider, and though there was no moon the stars were very bright, and the landscape lay as it were open to the night.

Against the darkness of the hedge something like a wisp of cloud; nearer, something black stood out on the dim whiteness of the lane.

Gradually he discerned as he came rapidly onward the outline of a human form, seated, motionless, wraith-like, on a stone. It was Oriane in her misty blue suit, and in the road before her, like a sentinel, stood a huge black goat, its eyes gleaming with the metallic gleam that goats' eyes have.

With an angry shout he bounded forward. The goat put down its head and ran at him. He had a stick in his hand, and he struck the creature with all his force—a stroke winged by the fury of indignation.

The blow brought the goat to its knees. Bleating loudly, it staggered up, wheeled, and before he could strike again had reeled away drunkenly, and vanished round the bend of the lane.

He ran to Oriane. She was evidently in a state of complete hypnosis. There was a cord wound several times about her, but it was not tied. There was the semblance of being bound, but she could have risen and walked away had she chosen. He touched her hands. They were icy cold; he spoke to her, and a slight expression of attention dawned in her still face. Her lips quivered. Bending over her, he unwound the foolish rope and flung it away. Then he took both her hands in his. She made no objection, but when he released them they fell to her lap again.

"Come! Come with me! Get up!" he urged her. "You *can* get up, you know. Will you try to stand?"

Apparently she did not hear. She remained quite motionless.

"Miss Vidal! Oriane! Do you hear me? Speak to me—tell me who I am."

Without movement of limb or feature she replied at once to that question: "You are the Seigneur de Vauxlaurens."

"Thank God!" he muttered at this unexpected sign of the working of the brain. "Since you know me, you won't be afraid to come with me, will you?"

"There is a devil in the road," she uttered in the same toneless voice. "I am afraid. I am afraid. I cannot move."

"Leave off being afraid. The devil has gone and I am here. If you can leave off being afraid you will be able to get up. Come now, there is nothing to fear."

"The devil," said Oriane softly, "is coming back."

She had not turned her head, and he had heard nothing; but he looked round and saw the black goat softly stealing into sight round the corner.

"We'll soon settle that," he murmured, reaching for his stick. "Just let me wait till it's near enough to get hurt—"

The creature stole along so cautiously that the sound of its hoofs on the road was almost inaudible. When it was within range Aymon came to his feet with a spring and caught it full between the eyes with the heavy end of his stick. It fled with a horrid outcry, and the sound of its galloping echoed as it turned the corner; when suddenly there was a cessation—a scuffle—a voice raised angrily—apparently the fleeing goat had knocked somebody down.

Tensely he listened, but all was still, only the now distant sounds of the escaping quadruped could be heard.

"It's gone," he murmured as one consoles a child. "Come now, your father will be here directly with the car. Can't you wake up before he comes?"

He put his arms about her and drew her carefully to her feet. She seemed unable to stand, and he was obliged to support all her weight for a little. He wished that he had brought provisions with him, or a flask; but he had nothing. He must accomplish all by his powers of persuasion. He felt a curious unwillingness that her father should see her thus; that he himself should be, as it were, a party to her weakness seemed quite a different matter. He understood.

They stood together, he upholding her, while he uttered disjointed words of encouragement, blended with a little scolding. "Listen!" he said at last. "If you won't

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do as I tell you, I must go away and leave you. I say you *can* walk, and therefore you *must* walk. Come along!"

He set her beside him, his arm about her, and she took a step. Then, very slowly, another. Still another. Then suddenly she looked up into his face and smiled. "I am walking," said she like a triumphant child. "Of course I can walk, can't I?"

"Of course you can. Wake up," he urged her; and then, inspired with an idea, he passed one hand to and fro before her face as he had seen mesmerists do. "You are awake now," he told her. "You lost your way and fell asleep—didn't you?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "I lost my way and fell asleep. Where are we now?"

"We shall be home very soon. Hark! I hear your father coming with the car. Don't forget to tell him that you lost your way and fell asleep, will you?"

She stood a moment, seeming to make an effort to listen. Then with a sigh she disengaged herself entirely from him and stood upright.

"It's all right, Mr. Vauxlaurens," said she in her usual tones. "Thanks very much. I'm awake now, but I'm not feeling very well."

His sense of relief was profound.

"You'll be as right as anything as soon as you have had a good night's rest," he assured her; and as he spoke the car came slowly round the bend and Aymon waved his hand and called out, "All right, sir! I have found Miss Vidal."

In a moment Vidal had stopped, alighted, and caught the girl to his heart.

"My poor darling!" he cried, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"I lost my way in the fog and fell asleep," she replied most naturally and quietly. "Mr. Vauxlaurens found me."

Over the top of her head Vidal's eyes met those of the young man with a look that said, "I have something to tell you."

Carefully they bestowed the girl in the car, and then her father turned sharply back to Aymon and grasped his arm.

"I passed somebody just now—a man—in this lane—just round the corner. Will you walk softly on the grass edging and see if you can find out who it is? I will give her some hot tea meanwhile; I have a thermos with me."

Aymon slipped off without a sound, hugging the hedge and walking in the shadow. He went very fast, and, round the corner, was aware of a figure standing by the roadside

some fifty yards away. It was a man, and he was stooping to flick dust off his trousers. Aymon stepped into the middle of the lane and walked rapidly towards him. It was Quigley.

He raised his eyes as the young man approached, and waved his hand in a friendly manner.

"Hallo!" said he, "were you in that car that nearly ran me down a minute ago?"

"Yes," lied Aymon at once, determined to emulate the other's effrontery. "As you probably noticed, it was Mr. Vidal's car. He and I had been to find Miss Vidal, who got lost in the fog on her way home."

"So I was told. Have you not found her?"

"Oh, yes, thanks; we found her all right. She got very tired and fell asleep, but seems none the worse for it."

"Well," said Quigley deliberately, pulling out a fresh handkerchief with which he proceeded to wipe his face, "I was on the same errand. Manby told me Vidal had rung up, and as I left Miss Vidal with old Anne Bougourd, I thought she could tell us what had become of her."

"I hope Vidal didn't run you down in earnest?" said Aymon politely. "You seem to have cut your face."

"Yes," said Quigley, staring meditatively at the dark stain on the handkerchief, "but Vidal's not responsible. I had a fall—blundered up against something in the dark. Not used to these lanes. However, I'm all right."

"Shall I ask Mr. Vidal to give you a lift home?"

"No, thanks. My own car is close by. Tell you the truth, the lane I came down was so narrow I thought I must have missed the way, and got out to see if this was a cul-de-sac. Do you tell me I can get out all right the way you came?"

"Oh, yes. Go up past the Vardlin. It isn't a mile to the high road. Sure I can do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, thanks. I'm quite all right—only a bit shaken by my tumble. I'll go and collect my car and get home as fast as I can. Much relieved to hear that Miss Vidal is safe. Please tell her so. I ought to have taken her home, but she so evidently did not wish it that I felt I could not insist. You might explain this to her father."

"With pleasure," replied Aymon smoothly. "Are you sure you wouldn't like me to go with you as far as your car?"

"Quite sure, thanks. Good night."

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Aymon strolled back to find Oriane drinking hot tea and eating biscuits. He took Vidal aside.

"It was Quigley," he muttered. "Evidently he was on his way to her. If I hadn't stampeded that goat just at the right moment——! It knocked him down and he has cut his head. I never in all my life felt so like kicking a man!"

"Heavens! You think he meant——?"

"I am sure he meant to do the gallant rescuer and extract a promise from her while she didn't know what she was saying. He has his car somewhere round there. Well, anyhow, Anne and he haven't got it all their own way."

CHAPTER XXVII

A Raid and a Partnership

THE following morning found Vaux-laurens early in Peter Port. He was on his way to interview Nicolle, and later he would go on to Le Courtil, where he would have certain business with Miss Vidal if she were well enough to see him.

On reaching Smith Street he paused to buy a copy of the *Guernsey Press*; and was much surprised at the scare headlines which faced him from its usually peaceable pages:

GAMBLING SCANDAL AT CLOS DES MÛRIERS.

POLICE RAID LAST NIGHT.

The able reporter of the paper—who sometimes finds good "copy" scarce—had fairly let himself go over this thrilling event.

It had long been suspected, he told his readers, that something of the kind was going on at the new club; and after discussion the island police had brought over a man from Scotland Yard, a stranger to everybody in the island, to investigate. He had succeeded in obtaining admission to the tables, and had ascertained that not only play, but very high play was the rule. Last night, acting on his information, the police made a quite unexpected visit, and surprised a very large assembly. Very few of the names given were those of Guernsey citizens.

The news hardly came as a surprise to Aymon. He had himself been discreetly pumped by Manby with a view to ascertaining if he had tastes in that direction, his sudden appearance in the island and purchase of the little shop having given rise to an idea that he had money to burn.

When he arrived at Nicolle's office he

commented upon the exciting news; and asked what harm, if any, the discovery would do to Quigley. The lawyer merely smiled.

"A five-pound fine—that's all at present; next time it will be fifty pounds. But they may not catch them again; they'll be more cautious in future. The disclosure may injure the membership of the club; there are a good many residents who don't relish the notion of being mixed up in such a business, and I have heard complaints of the type of some of the members. But there is no other club of the kind here, and now that we are growing used to our fine playing grounds, it will take a good deal to persuade us to resign them. Of course, the affair won't be good for Quigley, but I don't for a moment suppose it will ruin him. Now, I understand that you came here to consult me as to taking a certain step; but before we come to that, I want a little talk with you about the ownership of *Grange des Fées*."

"Ah, yes; let me know how that stands."

"Naturally, Quigley is doing all he knows to obtain either the place itself or compensation. The Torode family, it appears, completely deny liability for having sold what did not belong to them. They contend that there was culpable negligence on the part of old Pierre Dulac, and that his estate should compensate Quigley. Against this I shall, of course, oppose the undoubted responsibility of the old Torode who originally bought from your great-grandfather. He was, it is certain, under no delusion on the point. The vendor on that occasion was the man who executed the deed of gift, and the purchaser must have known perfectly well that *Grange des Fées* formed no part of the fief he acquired. His estate is, therefore, in my view clearly liable; and as regards the portraits, we have his own signed statement that they were not his. I think they'll have to pay, but it may go on for a long time."

Aymon listened to all this with deep interest, and when the subject was exhausted proceeded to surprise Nicolle considerably by disclosing the real object of his visit.

"I've decided," said he bluntly, "that I will, after all, hand over those patents to the Vidals. From what they tell me I feel pretty sure in my own mind that the old man really intended her to have them; and this being the case, I know that I should never be comfortable if I felt that I was doing people down. It's a horrible disappointment to me, I own, because I suppose

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it means that I cannot stay in Guernsey; but when my aunt dies I can either sell Grange des Fées or cultivate it myself. I shall not starve; and the Vidals may very likely wish to buy the Smith Street premises. Anyway, I know I shall feel easier if I get the whole thing off my conscience; so if you will hand me over the patents, I'll take them along to Le Courtil now. Then it will be settled. I shall have burned my boats, and shall no longer be tempted to do the dirty, and put law before justice."

Nicolle was considerably taken aback by this decision. He had heard of more than one sound man who would be willing to put something into the enterprise; and he talked out the matter in all its bearings. But Aymon could see that at the bottom of his heart he, too, felt fairly certain that old Pierre's intention had been to give the whole matter of the perfume and its manufacture to Oriane; and that being so, he held to his purpose.

It was midday by the time he reached Hauteville, and the maid who came to the door of Le Courtil looked doubtful when he asked for Miss Vidal. "I am not sure that she is downstairs yet. She was over-tired yesterday, and had her breakfast in bed. I'm afraid she can't see you."

"You are expecting Mr. Vidal in to lunch?"

"Almost at once, sir; in fact, he may be in now, but I am not sure—"

Aymon gave his name and asked to be allowed to wait, and ascertain whether Mr. Vidal would see him for a few minutes.

The maid left him in Vidal's office, a room facing on the street and dull.

Aymon strolled around, noting the excellent technical library of standard books on chemistry, scientific agriculture, floriculture, grape-culture and the like. One wall was covered with tiny drawers, all labelled and holding chemicals. The room was in perfect order, and severely businesslike but for one touch which spoke of a girl's ministrations. On the big writing-table stood a vase of freesias, filling the air with the delicate perfume which, more than any other flower scent, reminded him of Sarnian Bouquet.

He had waited nearly a quarter of an hour when the maid, reappearing, asked him to walk upstairs. Instead of opening the right-hand door on the first floor, which led to the drawing-room, she turned to the left, and he entered a smaller and more cosy room, evidently Oriane's own snugger. It had the same lovely outlook across the sea

to Sark and the islands which was common to all the rooms on that side of the house.

At first he thought he was alone in the room; but when the maid had closed the door and gone away he discovered that Miss Vidal was there, seated with her back to him, in a big winged arm-chair turned towards the window, looking out to sea.

After a few moments' pause she rose slowly to her feet, still leaning upon the arm of her chair and not advancing. Aymon strode up to her, his hand outstretched. She laid hers in it, cold as ice, and he thought her smile was forced. He noticed that the colour rose to her very brow, and guessed that the memory of the previous night was anything but welcome.

He explained that he had wished to know how she was, but had not intended to intrude upon her personally. "I asked for your father," he said.

"He will be in directly," she replied, speaking evenly and in a voice which sounded repressed. She gave him the impression of moving and speaking automatically, as though strong constraint were upon her. "I know he wants to thank you for the help you gave—last night."

"Oh, rubbish about that," said Aymon, uncomfortably. "That was nothing. You see, I was a bit behind the scenes; I knew what your father did not. I hope I was just in time—that you have taken no harm?"

She lifted her long eyes to his face with a curious look. "Harm?" she breathed. "Harm? What harm do you mean?"

"That you took no chill," he explained mendaciously.

Her lashes dropped once more, as if in relief at finding a secret still undiscovered. "Oh, no, thanks; I don't think I've taken a chill."

It dawned upon him that she was still in part controlled by the hypnotic influence exerted over her the previous night. Her enemy had found her hungry, exhausted after a painful scene with Quigley on the cliffs, and most unhappy. The malicious old hag had made the most of a chance she had been seeking for weeks, but much more confidently since Colette's death.

She had, he felt sure, succeeded in imposing control. The thought sickened him.

He came a step nearer. "Miss Vidal, are you really all right?" he asked urgently. "If I can do anything, tell me—"

She laughed, a low laugh which it hurt him to hear. "Oh, I am really all right,"

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she assured him mockingly. "But since you ask, there *is* one thing I would like you to do for me—to promise me—"

"Yes? To promise you?"

"That you will not sell your patents and your secret method to Mr. Quigley."

Aymon laughed also, in some surprise. This was quite unexpected. "Odd," said he. "The reason I would not let you have the patents—the reason I have been guarding them so jealously—is lest they should fall into his hands. You see, I thought you were going to marry him—"

"Well, so I am," she replied, in that low, repressed voice which disturbed him so disproportionately.

That brought him up short. "You—you say you are?" he stammered, clutching in his hand the papers he held as if to rescue them from her. "I thought—I understood—pardon me—"

"Yes," she answered evenly, "there is no need to apologize. I have changed my mind since . . . yesterday. . . ."

He made another stride and stood quite near, facing her, definitely trying to dominate her. "Since—yesterday? Since yesterday night?" he rapped out sharply.

Once more she looked up at him, and there was something almost piteous quivering under her dreadful calm. "Yes," she told him, "yes. I was wrong. I did not see clearly. Now I have come to a decision; and that is why I want you to promise that you will not let—him have the patents."

There surged up within Aymon such a rage of rebellion that for a minute he could not articulate. Why he felt thus he could not have said. He only knew that he was wild with indignation; and as he bit back words that were unsuitable to the terms on which they stood, in burst Vidal, having been told that Mr. Vauxlaurens was waiting to see him, and eager to thank him afresh for last night's help.

"I should never have known where to look for her, and even now I don't understand how you did," said he.

Aymon laughed. "I'm a native," he said.

"That may sound to you like an explanation, but it doesn't to me. Come to that, I'm a native, too. Well, my girl," he went on, turning with rough tenderness to Oriane, "how do you feel? I think you should have stayed in your bed."

"Miss Vidal has too much pluck. She makes too great demands upon her strength," said Aymon harshly.

She laughed unsteadily. "Go on. I want

a few compliments to enable me to recapture my self-respect after my debacle last night. Could anyone have failed more signally, more completely?"

"But you need not—" he burst in. She continued as though he had not spoken:

"That I, who know the cliffs like the palm of my hand, should have got lost—should have given in and fallen asleep within a mile of the high road!"

Their glances met, and he understood. She had said nothing to her father of Anne or the goat.

"What I can't swallow," muttered Vidal uneasily, "is that yarn of old Mrs. Lepage's, that she saw Anne Bougourd towing you along at the end of a rope."

"She thinks she did," said Oriane soothingly. "Anne can make those old bodies think pretty well what she pleases. But Apolline was really useful, for she sent Mr. Vauxlaurens off upon the right road. Of course, dad, you won't tell anybody that nonsense about the rope?"

"Certainly not. Better say nothing about such silly delusions. Seems to me that this island is going off its head altogether. One would think one was living in the seventeenth century!"

"I quite agree," sarcastically from Aymon.

Vidal ruffled up all his hair till it stood upright on his big head. "Let's hope I've come to the end of these sudden shocks for the present. Last night I lose my daughter—this morning I lose my job—and yesterday they have raided the Clos Mûriers Club, and—"

The rest of his sentence was lost in a double outcry from his two hearers of, "Lost your job?"

"This morning," he told them calmly. "Got the sack. The boss says he is paying too much in salaries, and Manby's got to take on the management of the estate. So that's that."

"But I am going to marry Mr. Quigley," said Oriane, in the following rather heavy silence. "Of course, I shall tell him he must give you back your job."

"Marry Quigley!" bawled Vidal, startled out of all restraint. "What are you talking about? Why, you have said twenty times that you won't!"

"This is the twenty-first." Her voice was not much above a whisper.

"Look here, Orrie," he approached her almost menacingly, "if this is the feuilleton stunt of the sacrificing daughter—I tell you

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plainly, my girl, there's nothing doing. If Quigley goes on his knees to me I'll not go on working for him. He's a crook, and that's all there is about it; and you shan't marry him unless you are prepared to take your Bible oath to me that you prefer him to any other man on the surface of this earth! So now you know."

"Really, father, you were talking just now of the seventeenth century," said Oriane, still in that forced voice. "You, for one, certainly seem to have gone back to it. You cannot stop me from marrying whom I choose." She stretched out her hands, as if she feared to fall. She was trembling. "You cannot! You cannot! I must! I must!"

"Must nothing!" stormed Vidal, too angry to notice her distress. It was Aymon who took her hand and gently compelled her to seat herself in her chair. While Vidal scolded, he was reflecting rapidly. If Oriane married Quigley, he was determined that he would never give up the patents. But in face of her father's dismissal, and of his declaration that he would not go back to his post even were it offered him, he felt fairly certain that she would not do what was so evidently repugnant to her.

Here was Vidal, a first-rate chemist and a practical man, at a loose end. The idea flashed full-fledged into Aymon's mind.

Vidal raged on. He meant to leave the island. How would Oriane like to be left alone here with Quigley? For ever? If she married him, her father would never set foot in the island more. Aymon let him talk himself to a standstill, and then spoke.

"I ought to apologize for so unintentionally being present at this interview," he said with some embarrassment. "Shal! I confess to you the reason why I came here this morning? It was to make tardy amends for conduct of which I am more than a little ashamed. I have here with me the patents and the papers of full instructions for the manufacture of Sarnian Bouquet. I came to give them up to Miss Vidal, because I am fairly sure they belong to her in justice if not legally. But I was going to make a proviso"—he smiled faintly—"a proviso that they be not given, nor sold, nor leased to Quigley. Now, if Mr. Vidal is really free to take up fresh work——"

Vidal, who had listened with growing excitement, here broke in. "He's got it!" he cried. "Vauxlaurens, if you mean what I think you do, I'm your man!"

Aymon turned to him, flushed, eager.

"You mean it? You would work the thing in partnership?"

"I'd like nothing better. I know more about old Dulac's ideas and methods than any other living man. I'd rather make Sarnian Bouquet than be made Lord Mayor of London! I've got a bit saved, too. Enough to keep going till we are on the markets, and to put a contribution into the venture, too. Call it a deal, lad, and I'll sign a deed of partnership as soon as you put it in front of me!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Will of Oriane

ORIANE said nothing at all. Aymon, who watched her keenly, was of opinion that she heard and took in what was said; but her expression hardly changed. After staring a moment from one of them to the other she sank down in her winged chair so that he could not see her face.

Both he and Vidal were so absorbed in their new idea that for a few minutes they talked on eagerly, almost forgetful of her presence. Suddenly the maid appeared at the door.

"Mr. Manby downstairs, to see Mr. Vidal."

"Manby, eh?" said Vidal with a laugh. "Tell him I'll be with him in a minute." As the messenger disappeared he turned an amused face to Vauxlaurens. "Poor Manby! I expect he's got cold feet. No wonder. He's about as fit to run the Clos-Muriers estate as a cat is fit to dig trenches. Quigley has made a bad break over this. Intending to ruin me, he's hurting himself far more—sacrificing his business to private spite. I must say I should not have thought it of him. I've always looked on him as one of the strong. But he's not used to being thwarted, and it seems to have thrown him right off the lines."

He went towards the door, stopped, came back. "Better not say anything anywhere about our plans, eh?"

"Certainly not. We have to be very careful. If Quigley is full of ill-will, our only course is to keep everything dark until we have decided just what we want to do and have carried it through."

Vidal nodded in complete agreement and went out, so full of his own affairs that he said nothing of how long he should be absent, nor did he ask Aymon to remain until

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"She smiled at him as a woman smiles at a man she likes and trusts"—p. 1068

Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe

he returned, apparently taking it for granted that he would do so.

Oriane had presumably retired from the discussion. She sat motionless and made no sign.

Aymon stood hesitating in deep perplexity. He was filled with that acute consciousness of her presence which hitherto had made him angry. There was no anger in him now, only a deep desire to rescue her from the influence which held her in its grip. After a minute he determinedly upon a bold stroke. "I'll say good morning, Miss Vidal," he said clearly, and walked across the room to the door with firm tread. With his eyes fixed upon the girl's head, just visible over the top of the chair, he opened the door, seemed to go out, then closed it briskly, but with himself still on the same side of it. This done, he stood where he was, hardly breathing, watching her.

Her head sank a little lower. Her hands were lifted until they covered her face. After a minute he heard a stifled sob.

His eyes, ranging round the room with curiosity upon his first entrance, had discovered against the wall near the door a wicker work-table with a silken cover upon which lay the crystal ball which Oriane used for divination.

He managed now to go and pick up the ball without noise, taking also the silken cover, which he spread over his hand so as to conceal it, placing the ball thereon.

Very softly he stole across the thick carpet until he was standing immediately behind Oriane's chair. He bent forward, and slowly his covered hand with the crystal sphere lying thereon was lowered until it lay before her, the first object her eyes would rest on if she uncovered them.

He ventured a whisper; "Look!"

She started at the sound and a shudder passed over her; but she did not turn her head nor make any movement to rise.

After a short interval he whispered again: "Look!"

She then removed her hands from before her eyes and perceived the crystal ball.

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The man was making a tremendous effort. He knew now for certain that she was in a hypnotic state—only half awakened since the previous night. Anne's grip was still upon her—the instructions given to her when completely under control still exerted mastery over her will.

He knew that if Quigley instead of himself had found her the previous night, she would have given her promise to him; but he reflected that, in this curious state, she would be readily amenable to fresh suggestion, provided she was kept lulled and not startled out of her semi-trance.

He resolved to rely upon those powers which he had so unexpectedly discovered in himself when he looked into the crystal. He would dominate her, hold her, until he could counteract Anne's black magic.

"Look!" he uttered a third time, every faculty tense with the effort he made. "Look, and tell me what you see." She neither moved nor spoke, but he became aware that she was obeying this command—that she was gazing into the crystal with the hope of seeing something there.

After an interval of painful suspense he could feel that she was preparing to speak. She began murmuring, very low.

"I see a dead bird. It is lying on the ground. There are men—a great many—all round. One of them picks up the bird. He is taking something off its leg . . ."

"A carrier pigeon?" he suggested softly.

"No, not a pigeon. Oh! it has gone." She paused, but not for long; resuming speech in less than a minute. "It is coming again—I see a car running on a dark road . . . It is night, and the sea is high in the harbour. It looks like St. Sampson's harbour. The car has no lights. It stops and a man gets out. He is wearing an overcoat and a muffler, his hat is pulled down over his eyes. I cannot see who it is. He goes on board a boat—it looks like a cargo boat. It is gone—he is gone—the clouds have roiled in and I cannot see."

"Is it Aymon de Vauxlaurens leaving Guernsey?"

"It may be; I cannot say. But I hope not."

"Why do you hope not?"

A long pause. "I cannot tell you that. I must not speak."

"You are permitted to speak now. You are no longer bound. Do you understand? All the bonds are broken and you are free to do as you please. There is only one thing that you must not do. Say it after

me: *I am free, but there is one thing I may not do.*"

She repeated it with perfect docility: "I am free, but there is one thing I must not do."

"I—must—not—marry—Horace Quigley," he prompted.

"I must not marry Horace Quigley," she echoed.

"Are you sure that you understand that perfectly?"

"I am sure. I must not marry Horace Quigley. . . . But why should I want to?" with a sudden intonation of sharp surprise. "I have always said I would not, haven't I?"

He was conscious of triumph, of exultation. He had conquered. The spell was lifted.

"Quite so. Go on saying so. It is the only thing you need remember. Do not awaken. Sleep. Go to sleep and do not wake up for an hour. As soon as you awaken, remember that you are free and that you are happy, and that you are perfectly independent of the man Quigley."

She did not reply. After a minute he was sure that she had actually fallen asleep. Without noise he removed the crystal, replacing it where he had found it, and softly left the room.

On the stairs he met Vidal. "Not going, are you? Stay and have a bite of lunch; we have a lot to talk about. I'll call Orrie," said he hospitably.

"No, don't. She is a good bit exhausted by her adventure of yesterday, and she has dropped asleep. I expect she had a very bad night, and I advise you not to disturb her. Leave her for an hour and she will probably awaken feeling much better."

"Well, if she was so fatigued as to drop asleep while you were talking to her she must be pretty well all in," said Vidal in surprise. "I agree with you, she had better be left to get some rest."

After lunching together the two men proceeded to Nicolle's office and spent the afternoon threshing out the details of the partnership.

This over, Aymon thought he deserved relaxation, so he went down to the Duke of Normandy and found the ballroom being used for a rehearsal of the ballet of the *Guernsey Lily*.

He was welcomed by everyone, and the Grants asked him to have tea with them. Yvonne was looking tantalizingly pretty, and seemed to be in the very highest spirits.

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She asked eagerly whether he knew how Miss Vidal was. "We are going to walk up to Courtil Delaval in a body after tea," said she, "and inquire after her. It was so unlucky her being obliged to go home early, wasn't it?"

As she spoke, Vauxlaurens had to face the question of what, if anything, he should say of Oriane's adventure. He quickly decided that it would not do to suppress it altogether, for something would be certain to come out, since several people had been inquired of by Vidal in his search for her; and if Quigley wished to be unamiable he might throw out hints. He therefore replied that unfortunately Miss Vidal had been through a very uncomfortable experience, having completely lost her way on the cliffs in the fog.

"She must have walked miles," he said, "and at last, from sheer fatigue, she fell asleep not a mile from St. Martin's, where she could easily have got help. Her father found her by the roadside, but she is, as you may guess, not feeling very fit to-day, and is resting."

The ready sympathies of those whom young Gilray described as the "Ducal lot" were at once aroused by this tale. It was generally considered that Mr. Quigley should not have left her alone on such a thick day; though Gilray observed, in low tones to Aymon, that he expected it might have been difficult for old man Quigley to stay with Miss Vidal if she persisted in offering him the frozen mitt.

It was agreed that everyone should proceed to the market to purchase offerings of fruit and flowers and leave them with love and kind inquiries at the Vidal's door.

They were all sitting about the ballroom in twos and threes, Yvonne still wearing her ballet frock, of the exact shade of red of the Guernsey lily, with curved petals held out with wire. This toilette did not allow of her being seated, and she was accordingly standing, her cup being held by Aymon and her plate by Canziane.

Upon this scene Horace Quigley entered, and, as if by common consent, all talk was immediately hushed.

For there was something in the man's face which inspired literal fear in some and acute discomfort in others.

He looked ravaged. There were purplish-brown hollows under his smouldering black eyes, and an indescribably vindictive expression about his mouth. He had the aspect of one who has been mortally insulted and

awaits the moment of the appointed meeting with his enemy.

The meaning leaped to Aymon's mind forthwith.

He knew, as well as if he had been told, that Quigley had just been to Courtil Delaval.

He also knew that, after his defeat overnight, Anne must have assured him that the effects of her hypnotism of Oriane were not timed to disappear until late that afternoon. She must have told him that she had the girl in the hollow of her hand and that he had only to go and take formal possession of his conquest.

To clinch the matter, Quigley, so Aymon reasoned, must have decided to give Vidal notice that morning, not intending for a moment to hold to such folly, but just to have the man's career as a counter for bargaining—just in order to be able to say to Oriane, "A word from you and all is put right."

If he had paid his visit with these hopes and expectations he had indeed miscalculated. He must have found the lady obdurate and her father quite cheerful.

He had launched his thunderbolt and it had missed fire.

This was how he looked, at all events. The impression he produced was so marked that Yvonne, who had thrust her cup into Aymon's hand and darted towards him, paused midway, the picture of pretty hesitation, her white arms outstretched, the smile half frozen on her lips.

Quigley's look met hers—suddenly he appeared to become aware of the effect he was producing. Forcing a smile, he went up to her and took her hands.

"Well, fairy damsel, have you been rehearsing? If so, you must just go back, call your musician, and do the whole thing over again for my benefit."

"The police raid," remarked Gilray aside to Aymon, "seems to have disgruntled the old boy more than I should have supposed likely. I wonder if people are resigning in flocks? He looks like it, doesn't he? They didn't give the paper the whole thing, you know. They found something else as well as cards—something that used to be rampant in the island in the old days, I'm told—cock-fighting."

"Cock-fighting!" Aymon could not conceal his surprise. In a flash it came to him.

"His house shall be destroyed by the birds that fight." So old Colette had said. And that very day Oriane had seen in the crystal

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a dead bird. She had given a detail, which at the time he had hardly noticed, about something fastened on the bird's leg; and with that came the memory of the leather box he had found with his great-grandfather's initials on it and those tiny leather straps with spikes—cock-spurs, of course! What a mug he was not to have tumbled to that!

"From what I know of my ancestors, cock-fighting at Clos des Mûriers is nothing new," said he.

CHAPTER XXIX

A Bull for a Goat

THE weeks that followed the police raid found Aymon too deeply immersed in business matters to allow of his passing much time with his friends.

He had written to England resigning his position in the insurance office, and, now that he felt his future to be in Guernsey, and was no longer goaded by the reflection that his vacation lasted but a fortnight and must be enjoyed to the utmost limit, he began to take things more seriously and to face his new responsibilities as landowner and business man.

The change in Tante Michelle was astonishing. The old lady seemed to have taken on a new lease of life. Her intelligence and her grasp of legal questions astonished her nephew.

As he had expected, her joy over the news of his partnership with the Vidal's was great. To her alone did he impart the full history, both of his discovery of Oriane in the lane, intimidated by Anne's goat, and of his later deliberate act in helping her to escape from the control established by the malicious old woman. To all she listened with complete comprehension and with just enough comment to show her sympathy, but without the least intrusive curiosity. It seemed to him, however, that she was inclined to lay too much stress upon Anne's power to work mischief. He himself was of opinion that the witch had shot her bolt, and was permanently discouraged by its failure. From this view Tante quietly but utterly dissented. She was convinced that Anne meant trying again.

"This time," said she, "she will strike at you. Be prepared for that."

To his surprise Young Thomas, quite independently, gave him the same warning.

"That one is out for trouble," he said.

"She bears you many a grudge, *seigneur*, and she is not going to let you alone for long."

It was Anne herself who corroborated this prophecy of Young Thomas in every detail, and who, like Jeremiah when his roll of accusation was burnt, proceeded to re-write it all with amplifications.

Aymon was returning home after a long day spent in superintending the necessary alterations and cleansings in Smith Street. It was not the intention of the partners to do any laboratory work there. For this purpose they were erecting a small building upon the Grange des Fées estate, so as to keep their methods more entirely secret. With this object in view, they were setting up substantial fences all round their boundaries, and already the ploughs were breaking up the briar-infested ground in preparation for the planting of acres of flowers.

Vidal had written to France to secure the services of a practical chemist, a true Guernsey man of the Lecheminant family, concerning whose original coming to Guernsey Aymon as a boy had often heard the legend.

One day long ago—so Tante used to tell him—a fisherman was standing upon the western shore, in Vazon Bay, watching the waves roll in. Suddenly he perceived on the crest of a breaker something that looked like a large boat or raft with a gigantic man in it. As it approached nearer and nearer, boat and man to his amazement grew smaller and smaller, until at last a big wave threw high up on the beach a diminutive man and the object to which he had been clinging—a mutton bone!

Questioned as to who he was, the stranger could not make himself understood; but as soon as he had acquired a little of the language, he said he was Le Cheminant, the Wanderer, that he came from the East, and that he spent his life roaming all over the world. The Spell of Sarnia, however, proved too strong for him. He foreswore further wanderings, married and founded a family, whose members still retain a curious exotic type of beauty, distinctly suggestive of the East. It was pleasant to Aymon to think of having a Lecheminant in his business. He wanted it to be Guernsey all through.

He had been thinking of this as he left the quay, whither he had been to inquire after the arrival of certain agricultural implements. Not having his bicycle with him, he made his way up the Havelet Road, by

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the steep and narrow twisting path which ascends between terraced gardens to Hauteville, intending to walk to the cross roads near Fort George and pick up a bus.

It was evening, and the sun was low enough to cast deep shadow in the high-walled ascent. Just where it was darkest and narrowest he met Anne Bougourd. With her usual uncanny habit she seemed to have been awaiting his coming, and at once stood right across the path so that he could not pass her without moving her bodily out of the way.

Aymon grinned at her rather mischievously.

"Good evening, madame," said he. "How's the goat?"

She shook with passion as she held up her aged fist. "Mock on," she stammered. "You think you have got the better of me and my master. Well, so you have, up till now. You and your white witch! You took the papers out of that fool Thomas's coat before it came to me! You pretended to think the money was in the wall of the chapel and sent me scraping, tapping, searching night after night at the stones, when all the time you knew it was in a quite different place. You had the audacity to break my spell at the Coin de la Biche—the strongest I ever made—so that for this time the white witch has escaped. You have done this, and now look out for yourself! I have sworn that no Vauxlaurens shall ever live and get children upon this island, and I shall keep my oath."

"Now see here, mother," said Aymon, looking at her with pity in his handsome eyes. "I never did you any harm. It is you who, from the first, have tried to harm me and mine. The things old Pierre hid are mine. They do not belong to you and never did. Neither do they belong to Quigley. All that I have done to you has been to prevent your wreaking your spite upon the innocent. Remember that. Go home and behave yourself, and nobody will interfere with you. But I tell you plainly that if you attempt to injure me or my property you will suffer for it. It isn't very wise of you to threaten me, is it?"

She emitted a thin bleating, intended for a laugh. "Nobody hears me threaten you, do they? And what can a poor old weak woman with one foot in the grave do against the young seigneur who comes to take possession of his own?"

"Not very much," he answered dryly; "and I don't think the game will pay you,

either. I fancy you'll find Quigley almost as slippery a paymaster as the other gentleman you serve. And so I'll wish you good evening."

With that he set her gently but quite firmly aside, and strode past her up the steep alley without a backward glance. His mind, however, was far from calm. Threats addressed to himself caused him but little disturbance; but he had caught Anne too near Le Courtil for him to feel comfortable. In fact, he had met her but a short way beyond the lower gate of the garden, which stretched away down the hill towards the cliff. What was she doing there?

Emerging from the passage, and close to the house itself, he was tempted to go in and ascertain that Miss Vidal was safe. But it was late, and he did not like to keep his aunt waiting for supper, so he strode on, wondering at himself as he realized how unwilling he was to pass the door without entering.

In the omnibus he encountered a group of residents on their way home from a tennis party. They were engaged in energetic discussion of the position of affairs at Clos des Mûriers. They were some of them known to Aymon, and he was welcomed and his opinion demanded. They told him that Manby and Quigley were totally unmoved by the raid. They merely shrugged their shoulders, paid the fine, and intimated that the island morals were out of date, and that they meant to go on until the local law came into line with modern views. Most of the speakers seemed to sympathize more or less with the gambling; but the feeling against cock-fighting was evidently much stronger. There was to be a committee meeting, and the thing was to be put forcibly to Quigley. One or two ladies objected to the set of people brought to the island by the tables.

"In a few months we shall be overrun with rogues and card-sharpers!"

Certainly Quigley had given them all something to talk about, and incidentally advertised the coming tournament as nothing else could have done. Every room in the G. H. Hotel and in the Duke of Normandy was booked in advance, and the various pensions and lodgings in the island were to be as full at Whitsun as they are in mid-August.

Aymon descended from the bus at the nearest point to his destination, feeling quite bewildered by the new Guernsey and the old, which seemed to clash together in his

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fate, so that he wondered which would triumph.

It was a cold night, and inclined to be misty, and as he passed the piles of oak fencing and wire and bricks and so on, lying around the gateway of the Grange, he was surprised to see a car waiting near. It was not one that he knew, and he supposed it must belong to the builder, but wondered why he should be there so late.

As he approached the door he saw the radiance of lamplight in the first-floor parlour; and, having ascertained that *tante* was not in the kitchen, he ran upstairs and entered the room. Three visitors were seated in the glow of one of *tante's* great wood fires: Hugh Gilray, Yvonne Langlois and Oriane.

They all rose as he entered, and though there was a cheerful babble of greeting, he somehow sensed trouble in the air.

He had not seen Oriane since the day when he so daringly lifted the spell from her. Looking back, he thought that a mad proceeding; but the moment his eyes met hers he knew that it had been quite successful. There was no self-consciousness in her look. She smiled at him as a woman smiles upon a man whom she likes and trusts; not in the least with the speculative, nervous air of one who feels that a man has penetrated too far into her secret life, and knows too much.

He was so delighted to find not only that she was wholly restored to normality, but that she associated him with nothing unpleasant, that his whole face lighted up in a smile of sheer delight. Her answering smile was half-incredulous, half-startled, then it shone out so radiantly that he felt his heart knocking at his ribs ridiculously, while there swept over him a wave of utterly new feeling.

"Well," he said, taking her fingers in a firm grasp and holding them rather longer than necessary, "this is very jolly. None the worse for your night out?"

"Not a scrap. Only so ashamed of myself to think that I lost my way. You know I have only the most confused ideas of what happened. Father told me it was you who found me, and I want to hear all about it when you have time."

"One day," he said, "I'll tell you the strange story—as much as you want to hear." He spoke low, his head bent down towards her, and turned immediately away to greet the other two. She listened without looking up, gathering from his tone that there was some special significance in what he said. As he turned away there floated to him the faint fragrance of the perfume he had come to associate so closely with the idea of her.

Then his visitors began to explain the reason of their late call. It appeared that Gilray had driven Yvonne in his car up to Le Courtil, to fetch some coloured draperies which Oriane was lending for the ballet; and they had found her in much distress on account of her alarm for her friends at Grange des Fées. She told them that she had that day seen Anne, and that Anne had boasted that she was going to ruin the young seigneur. "I suggested that you ought to know about it, and we came up here post haste to warn you," said Gilray, "but unluckily we are too late."

"Too late!" hastily ejaculated Aymon.

"The pedigree bull," said Tante Michelle tremulously. "It is—it was—about the only thing of value on the farm. She has poisoned him."

"Toro! Old Toro!" Aymon felt anger surge up in him. "You say that old woman has poisoned our bull? But how did she—"

"You may well ask how," replied his aunt. "We cannot explain it. Thomas laughed at us when we called him and asked if all the stock was well. He said he had been round all the cattle. The cows don't come in at night this weather," she added, for the information of the two who were not islanders; "but we always stable Toro in case of accidents; sometimes he is a bit wild. Miss Vidal begged Thomas to go and make sure; and he found Toro dead."

Gilray picked up a bit of paper from the table and held it out to Aymon. "This was lying on the straw of his stall," he said. "Can you make sense of it?"

Aymon looked down at the illiterate scrawl:

"*A bull for a goat.*"

(To be concluded)



THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev Arthur Pringle

The Importance of Belief

DOES belief really matter? Are we not now ready to accept it as a truism that what signifies is not a man's creed but his life? Have we not left far behind us the notion that anyone's destiny can be affected by his adherence to a given system of doctrine?

It is as well to begin with these questions, because they undoubtedly represent the prevalent mood of the moment. For the time being, so far as the average man is concerned, creeds are not in high repute, and belief is relegated to a secondary place. So difficult is it for us to hit the happy mean in problems that have two sides. For we are, of course, in the midst of a reaction from the wrong and excessive emphasis that used to be placed on belief; and from making too much of it we have swung to making too little of it.

Belief—and Conduct

If we can talk about it plainly and naturally, I think we shall find this subject not only of great personal interest, but of far-reaching importance in regard to certain present-day problems. And at the outset it is worth pausing to note the general trend of what the New Testament has to say on the matter. In the teaching of Christ and in the epistles there are two parallel lines of suggestion—one laying the emphasis on belief, the other on conduct. It would be easy for that ingenious but generally unprofitable person, the text-collector, to produce two sets of fairly balanced evidence to prove salvation by faith or, on the other hand, by works. There are impressive and unmistakable utterances on either side.

Turn to present-day thought, and you find precisely the same parallelism. It may be very differently expressed, but it is there. Take our drama, our literature, or the varied expressions of religion, there is still the same double emphasis. Whatever the general practice, the ethical note is strongly and perpetually sounded, and what a man does

is regarded as the test of his character. But, side by side with this, you have influential schools of thought, sometimes elevated into a religious cult, that insist on the all-importance of belief; and modern psychology and medicine unite in emphasizing the swift and subtle influence of mind on body, which is another way of saying that what a man believes has a vital effect on his health and conduct.

This reminder of the double emphasis in New Testament teaching and in present-day thought clears the air and sets the question in proper perspective. It prepares us to find that neither in religion nor in anything else are belief and life dissociated from each other. On the contrary, there is no real belief that does not issue in life, and there is no life that does not trace back to some sort of belief.

I am, of course, talking of *real* belief, as distinct from mere speculative opinion or the formal signing of a creed. When St. James says "the devils also believe and tremble," he is putting a point we can all appreciate. For it is quite conceivable that a man might feel impelled rationally to believe in the existence of God and a future life, while his manner of life made him wish that death rounded off existence without any prospect of judgment to come. You cannot put reluctant belief of this sort on the same plane as the real thing, with which we are alone at present concerned.

An Illustration from Life

Let us turn to life as we know it and see this "real thing" in action. If you are ill and call in a doctor, you stand to benefit from his professional skill in any case. But the benefit is likely to be much more immediate and effective if the doctor wins your confidence and, as the saying goes, "makes you believe in him." Any doctor who does not command the trust of his patients has to fight an uphill battle.

This is the simplest and most obvious of

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illustrations; but see where it leads us. It shows that while, in physical healing, much can be done without belief, much more can be done with belief. Equally convincing, though less familiar, is an example that may be taken from the world of education. Two youths go, we will say, to a public school or university. Whatever their character or attitude, each must and will get *some* benefit from the experience. Whatever they do with these priceless years, they can hardly go through them unaffected by the discipline and tone and atmosphere. But supposing one believes in the rare chance and the other treats it cavalierly and idly. Imagine the one giving himself to the golden period with eager faith in its possibilities, while the other looks on it mainly as the medium of "a good time." Is there no vital difference in the outcome? Will not the "believer" in this case be "saved" by school or university in a sense impossible to the other?

I have kept deliberately, so far, to this "ordinary" kind of illustration because it is all to the gain when these big problems can be shown to have threads that run through everyday life. We can now put the question to the test of certain wider issues confronting us at the present time and see how it bears on them.

How Does Belief Matter?

And first let us take what most people would probably regard as the most direct challenge of all. How does belief matter, one way or the other, when we come to grapple with the social and industrial problems of our time? To give added point to the question, there is the spectacle of numbers of men and women taking a leading part in social reform not only without the incentive of religious belief, but expressly repudiating it. This is, really, religion in action repudiating religion in theory; for, Christ Himself being witness, there is nothing more essentially religious than practical work for humanity. Indeed, if anyone wants to gauge our progress in wholesome religion, let him reflect that we no longer talk of the service of man and the service of God as though they were separate things.

Nevertheless, with all its wholesomeness, it is a point on which most of us need to do a little clear thinking. For one thing, we should bear in mind that many, perhaps most, of our foremost social workers were brought up in a Christian atmosphere, and, consciously or not, they are still inspired by that influence. They are, in fact, living on

Christian capital; and their case is fairly mirrored in a passage in which Renan, when an old man, recalled the faith of his earlier days: "I feel that in reality my existence is still governed by a faith which I no longer possess; for one of the peculiarities of faith is that its action does not cease with its disappearance. Grace survives, by mere force of habit, the living sensation of it which we have felt. In a mechanical kind of way we go on doing what we had before been doing in spirit and in truth. After Orpheus, when he had lost his ideal, was torn to pieces by the Thracian women, his lyre still repeated Eurydice's name."

Unconscious Faith

This is a graphic reminder that any true estimate of the practical value of religious belief must take into account in how many directions it is working instinctively and unconsciously. But this does not, of course, dispose of the fact that great numbers of workers for social betterment are avowed and often bitter opponents of religion in any shape or form. What is to be said of them when you come to speak of the importance of belief? It would be at once foolish and unchristian to deny any good that they do. If people can "cast out devils," even if "they follow not with us," by all means let us rejoice.

Yet the fact remains that you cannot have real and sustained progress without dynamic; and, unless it comes from religion, where is the dynamic to be found? Putting it positively, the right-minded attitude seems to be: recognize and rejoice in any good that is achieved without the inspiration of belief; but insist that immensely more good can be achieved with that inspiration. "Brotherhood" is apt to remain a pious sentiment or an ineffective catchword until it is rooted in the divine fatherhood; and, to say the least, social service—with all its tiring spadework and disheartening setbacks—becomes more rational and worth while when it is set in the perspective of every man's infinite worth in the sight of God. And, if it comes to literal *self-giving* for the sake of others, there is unique incentive to the man who believes that Christ, in His own supreme way, did this very same thing.

Something on Which Life Depends

No one who weighs these considerations will view with complacency the prospects of social progress and philanthropic activities

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if they are finally robbed of the dynamic of religious belief. Indeed, thinking along these lines brings home the fact that Christianity is not a convenient accessory to life, it is something on which life in any tolerable sense essentially depends—something without which, in the fullest meaning of the term, the world cannot be saved. This is a bracing conclusion, and none the less so because it need have no tinge of narrowness or intolerance.

Christianity of the "Heathen"

We reach the same goal by a different road when we turn to the relation of Christianity to other religions. We have, it is to be hoped, done for ever with the idea that unless Christianity be taken to distant lands their peoples will be "damned." None too soon has that monstrous travesty of the gospel been killed, and not in that way can we persuade the modern mind—British or "foreign"—of the importance of belief.

Yet, curiously enough, this seems, for many people, to "cut the nerve" of foreign missions. Unless they can be assured that they are saving millions from undeserved damnation, they grudge their money and their sympathy; and they leap to the conclusion that "one religion is as good as another, and it does not matter what people believe."

Yet the probability is that, the false, narrow urgency having been cast aside, the *real* urgency of foreign missions is making an increasingly wide appeal to thoughtful men. They see the world shrinking, distance being annihilated, East and West not merely meeting but fusing. They see also the not remote prospect of a China and Japan, an India and an Africa, equipped with modern European resources and ready to count heavily in world-affairs.

Does it Matter?

What is to happen in that event? Will anyone contend that it will not matter whether or no Christian ideals have in any degree permeated those great peoples? We do not know now, nor are we ever likely to know, our full debt to the versatile influence of foreign missionary agencies; but if world developments are unattended by world disaster it will be largely owing to them.

This is a prudential and mundane way of regarding missions, but it does suggest that the belief of millions of people in all

parts of the world may come to "matter" very urgently. Even though this were not so, the Christian motive and duty would, of course, remain; and, needless to say, there is no intention to forget that or disparage it.

According to our Faith

Giving the subject a final individual focus, there can be no denying that many people live admirably and even heroically without the reinforcements of belief; and, personally, I should not hesitate to say that, *because of their admirable lives*, these people, whether they know it or not, are in vital touch with divine strength. Yet, all said and done, belief *does* matter; for the joys and sorrows of life, its victories and defeats, its radiant days and the sudden blotting out of the light, its "ups and downs" and the inevitable end—these things *are* different according to our belief or unbelief. If the clouds are low and the way dark, we can still tramp on; and the resolute pluck of people who have told themselves there is nothing to hope for is to me one of the sure signs that God lives and has given something of Himself to all His children. Nevertheless, the journey is happier and altogether different if there is a light in the sky, a breeze over the downs, and a goal worth reaching. In short, whatever aspect of life we take, and the technicalities of theology altogether apart, there is a very real and immediate sense in which we are "saved by faith."



The Quotation

"The Emperor Julian, in his sneer at the Gospel, said, 'What folly to erect fishermen into theologians!' But there was one thing about the Galilean fisher-theology which confounded him. After his attempt to produce a charitable movement in the paganism he favoured, he exclaimed, 'It is a scandal that the Galileans should support the destitute not only of their religion, but of our own!'"

J. BRIERLEY.



THE PRAYER

HEAVENLY Father, as we tread the every-day road and go about life's ordinary duties, may our faith be a reality that gives us courage and hope. Inspire us with cheering thoughts of the destiny that is ours if we are true to our high calling, so that the greatness of our belief may constantly show itself in the faithfulness of our lives.





"Elizabeth laughed. 'Aren't you dreadful! After
eight years. You've made me scorch the bacon'" —p. 1078

Drawn by
John Campbell

So This is Life!

One Strange Day's History
By
Agnes Sligh Turnbull

I ADMIT freely at the outset that this is really not a story at all. That is, it does not start off with a fine flair of romance and progress through stirring adventures and scenes of magic to the point where the hero, great, dashing, colourful fellow that he is, by one last powerful coup overcomes all obstacles and stands shouting his triumphs in the last sentences.

No, this that I am about to set down is not a story after that fashion. It is merely a simple statement of fact concerning one strange day in the life of Jim McGee and the events that led up to it. And Jim, be it understood, is no hero. He is the most ordinary man in the world. Just the sort of plain, everyday young fellow who lives down the street from you, third house from the corner, left-hand side.

The ordinary quality of Jim's condition became apparent even to him when he was very young. There were no distinguishing marks about his family, his home, or himself.

Herbert Smith's father, for instance, was a politician in the big suburb where they all lived. He was Grand Master of the Masons, too, and stepped out elegantly from his front door upon occasions in a dress suit.

Bob Harrison's mother was a singer, and once in a while gave concerts at the Town Hall. Most of the other boys in his set lived in more pretentious homes than he did; and those who lived in poorer ones, the boys from beyond the tracks, held their places in the sacred group because of some outstanding attribute of their own. Nick Disetti, who lived over a cobbler's shop, was hockey champion at school.

But to Jim, no single descriptive phrase could be applied. He was plain, unqualified Jim McGee.

The McGees lived in an old-fashioned house on one of those shabby, undesirable streets that seem to be hanging on desperately to an imposing avenue. Inside, the house was homelike and threadbare, and always just a little dark from their neighbours' overhanging roofs.

Mr. McGee had always been a middle-aged man. To look at him one could not possibly imagine one-time youthful fires. He was of medium weight and height. His face was kindly when he looked at anyone, and worry-lined when he sat thinking. His head was brownish-grey and pinkish bald; his suits were neatly pressed and always shiny. He held a clerkship and could never hold anything else. His well-known, unshakable integrity would have been worth a million pounds to many great business men in times of crisis. It was the one valuable asset Mr. McGee possessed, and in the nature of the case it was unsaleable.

Mrs. McGee was a small, plump, homely body. A little hesitant at meeting strangers because of what would now be psycho-analysed as an inferiority complex, but which was in those days called backwardness. She spent her time cooking and cleaning and marketing and mending. She read a chapter in her Bible every night and did her own washing. She was that kind of a woman.

Ada, the daughter, was eight years older than Jim, a quiet, capable girl who possessed all the qualifications for wifehood and none of the means of advertising them. At nineteen she became a typist, and went to the city every day as her father did.

But if there was no striking quality in any of the rest of the McGee family, there seemed to be less than none about Jim. The only unusual thing about him was the fact that he recognized his own mediocrity. As a boy he read of heroes far into the night. With fists clenched he would fall asleep determined to *do* something, *be* something, so he would stand out, be admired.

He would start to school with a conscious swagger, so sure was he that on that day he would rise to hero heights.

But always in the evenings he came quietly home, once more disillusioned.

When other leaderships failed, he dug furiously into his lessons. He burned to excel in something. But in spite of his efforts his marks seemed weighted down to

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the seventies and lower eighties. They couldn't be made to rise higher.

And although everyone in school liked Jim, it was always some other boy with more brilliance or more "pep" that was chosen for the debating contests, and the play, and the class offices.

Poor Jim whistled all the way home on the evenings after these positions of honour had been newly filled, just to show himself he didn't really care.

When high school was over, he and his father had a long talk. If Jim had made any special mark for himself in his studies so far, then college by all means. They could mortgage the house. But as it was—

They discussed his working his way through. Jim stated the facts honestly, though they stabbed him. He had to put so many hours on his lessons even to pass, that it would leave no time for outside interests. Just a deadly grind with the possibility of failure always hanging over him. And if he did win through to a diploma, what then?

He couldn't afford three more years for a profession. Besides, he wouldn't know which to choose if he could.

He hated himself, but he couldn't honestly think of a single thing he felt any great itch to do. He was a little frightened to find himself at the point where he must decide what he was to spend the rest of his life at. Day after day after day . . . as father went to the office. It was terrifying to him as he was, without any special equipment of mind, any bias of desire . . .

They talked it over for many evenings. At last it was agreed that a business training would be the only practicable course. So Jim went to a commercial school, and in a year had mastered the mechanics of trade. His father had suggested book-keeping, though his kind, dulled eyes had had a tragic look in them as he spoke of it. He had begun that way, and he had dreamed something else for his son.

However, Jim, he told himself hopefully, had more ability than he ever had. He would go up and up.

Jim's school found him a position with Haig and Reynolds, an insignificant little job as filing clerk, so far down the line that the head book-keeper seemed a man of another world. But Jim sensed his existence and fixed his eye on that dizzy height. Some day he would be there himself. Why, of course.

He read avidly all those flowing records of men who had begun humbly and now dazzled the world with their power. From every periodical these alluring accounts flashed up at him. He would be like them. Wasn't he in earnest? Wasn't he working his head off?

But Jim found, as time went on, that something was lacking towards his rise to fortune which the brilliant articles did not make clear. There was an X in these equations of success that he couldn't quite figure out. Something which he *did not have*.

After eight years with Haig and Reynolds he had moved up three steps. And he wanted to get married.

Jim's love affair, like everything else in his life, was wholly lacking in the spectacular. In fact, Jim wondered sometimes how these fellows in stories must feel with their thrills and fine frenzies. It had not been like that with him and Elizabeth. Why, really, when he stopped to think he couldn't remember just when or where he had asked her to marry him, or whether he actually *had* asked her in so many words. It had been understood between them for so long.

Elizabeth lived across the street from the McGees with her aunt. She and Jim had "gone out together" since grammar school days. Jim couldn't imagine himself in a world without Elizabeth. He loved her as much as that. And he wanted to marry her soon. They were both approaching their late twenties, and Elizabeth's work had worn upon her lately.

The ceremony took place that autumn very quietly in their home church. They decided at the last to forgo even the simplest of receptions and add the price of it to their furnishings. For they had plunged deeply. They had bought a house! The tiniest one on the newest street of the least expensive suburb, but still, *a house!* With Jim's careful savings they had enough to make the initial payment, while Elizabeth's earnings went for the furniture. Whether they could manage now they had it on his salary was the question, Jim said. But they were exuberantly hopeful.

Ada, trying not to be envious, helped Elizabeth hem her curtains and crocheted edging for all the bath towels.

Mr. and Mrs. McGee were pathetically proud and interested. It was the biggest event so far in their even, colourless lives. It was hard to give Jim up for good, but they were glad for his happiness. Besides,

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going to the new little house of an evening, admiring again its every corner, every precious piece of the somewhat scanty furniture, and having Jim carry in the tray of ginger ale and Elizabeth's own cookies before they left—this was excitingly joyous.

Mr. McGee trying hard to speak casually, told his acquaintances about it on the train in the mornings.

"My son Jim has just bought a new house in Hill Crest. Lovely suburb. Jim? Oh, yes, he's married. A fine girl, too. We've known her all our lives, and are more than pleased. Yes, the young folks have to start out for themselves—make their own places. But we wouldn't wish it otherwise."

Jim himself had never felt so important, so richly content, as he did during those first few months. Great depths within him stirred to a new and undreamed-of Elizabeth. Jim had always thought her pretty, but now she was beautiful. She suddenly bloomed at twenty-seven. From a slim, tired-looking young business woman she became a radiant wife. Eyes clear and shining; cheeks like June roses; lips laughing, teasing, singing. Lips sweet and eager for his long kisses of possession as he left the house each morning and returned to its brightness each night. Yes, Jim was immoderately happy during those first months.

Then a deep wrinkle began to come in his smooth forehead. The rise he had looked forward to confidently at the first of the year had been just half what he had expected, what he had a *right* to expect, he told himself savagely. And then there were so many incidentals about running a house that he hadn't counted upon. Spring would bring taxes and the interest on the second mortgage.

Then, chiefest of all, a miraculous thing had happened to Elizabeth. Some day there were to be three of them in the tiny house.

Of course he was glad, but could he manage on what he was getting now? Could he manage and still safeguard Elizabeth?

It was in these months that Jim took a correspondence course guaranteed to send any earnest pupil sky-rocketing to affluence. It was paid for out of the money he had meant to put into a new overcoat.

Jim stuck to it doggedly, evening after evening, while Elizabeth set fine little stitches in microscopic garments beside him.

And then, with the coming of another winter, there began a period of years so nearly alike that Jim, looking back, could

scarcely distinguish them except as particular dark milestones of worry appeared. Those years leading up to the shining day of which I set out to tell, but years which brought to Jim McGee draughts very bitter for a young man to drink.

For during this time Jim saw Elizabeth, who had blossomed into loveliness like a rose during those first care-free months of married life, grow pale and thin and weary again in the doing of work too heavy for her. He saw, season after season, store windows filled with soft, rich, beautiful garments, while Elizabeth wore her shabby clothes because there was no money for new ones.

He knew the heavy burden of debt. For in the winter little Jim had pneumonia and Elizabeth the 'flu there had to be nurses and a specialist. On top of this came taxes, interest, a payment. The money had to be borrowed, and the little house seemed to sag under the new lien upon it.

He knew what it was to go to the office in the mornings with heavy eyes, when the new baby had been ill and wakeful and Elizabeth slept, exhausted, while he watched.

He knew how it felt to walk out on bright Sundays pushing the pram, with Elizabeth leading little Jim, and see the cars whiz past in hundreds, sleek and shining and cruelly suggestive of comfort and pleasures they could not have. Jim wanted a car so badly, he feared some time he would betray it. As it was he spoke of them with a lofty and quite careless erudition.

"See that one coming, Elizabeth—the blue one? That has a peach of an engine. You can throttle her down to two miles an hour, and then speed her up to eighty if you want. And, my word, she's a hill climber. Watch her take that one! See her . . . there! But" (*very* carelessly) "what would we ever want with a big, heavy car like that even if we could afford it! What we would need if we ever really thought of a car is a little two-seater."

"Anything that would run," Elizabeth would respond brightly, but with eyes wistfully fixed on the smooth, joyous road beyond them.

And then, apologetically:

"I hate to turn now, Jim; but, you know, when I walk far my back gets so tired. You carry little Jim, and I'll push the pram."

They would go back to the tiny house.

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But there was a worry in Jim's heart deeper than that caused by his inability to provide for Elizabeth the comforts and little luxuries other men gave their wives. That in itself might have been temporary—a mere transient sacrifice they both made toward a glowing future. But it was not so. Jim felt that at last he knew the bare and bitter truth about himself. In spite of the correspondence school course, in spite of his conscientious efforts, he was still a third-rate book-keeper. He had a deadly fear that he would never rise much higher. A half-step now and then, perhaps; a little rise for faithfulness, and all the time that old gnawing restlessness at being weighted down, while others, younger men, with something in them he did not possess, passed him, climbed with apparent ease above him.

That had begun already in the office. Young Hoskins at twenty-five was making as much as he was. It was only the beginning of the long humiliating way his father had travelled.

It was this realization upon him that put fine lines into Jim's boyish face and sent grey streaks through his hair. It was this unsolvable problem that made him go out often in the evenings on the plea of exercise to ponder alone.

And as he walked and thought under the cold, far sweep of the stars, Jim stood off and looked at his own life. There it was. Without a single achievement, without the smallest fraction of success. The life of a man just squeezing through each gate by a hair's-breadth, never sure when one would slam in his face. A man hounded to death by gentlemanly poverty; by the fears that attend upon those who go to business in white collars, but whose faces can turn as white at the appearance of an unexpected doctor's or dentist's or plumber's bill.

He was a born plodder, as his father before him had been, as his son after him probably would be. As hundreds of thousands of other men were the world over. *Good men!* Jim smiled sardonically. *Oh, yes, good!* Why were the plodders always conscientious, dependable, moral? Was it because they lacked the spirit to be anything else?

And what in the great scheme of things was the use of them? He or any man like him could die, and the world would be neither better nor worse for his life. Negative, colourless, *futile!* Their work could be done just as well—oh, a hundred times better by those eager, assured ones who

knew that clerkships were just stepping-stones for them; that their course would lead on and up.

Plodders! Weighted down!

And at this time, just as though to add the final bit of proof to Jim's bitter argument, his father took ill and died. Jim was with him alone near the end. Mr. McGee told him tremblingly what there would be for his mother and Ada to live on. The modest insurance, two or three tiny investments, the house, which they would probably have to sell. Such a pitifully small estate, amassed with such sacrificial care.

Mr. McGee's eyes filled. His chin quivered.

"It's not much to leave. I wish it were more. . . . I did my best . . . but I'm afraid I haven't been much of a success."

And while Jim strove with a torrent of affection he did not know he possessed to comfort his father, his heart seemed to break utterly and then turn to stone within him. The sheer cruelty of Fate that could bring those dying tears to his father's eyes. Such a man as his father had been! Such goodness, such faithfulness!

There was something wrong about life—something wrong in a deadly, fundamental way. Nature had made a careless mistake. They were superfluous, men like his father and himself, quiet, conscientious, humble men. There was no link between them and the great, important, successful world around them.

They toiled all their years and got nowhere. They knew nothing but patient privations, careful economies, everlasting worry. Never for them the stimulating wine of success; never that exhilaration that comes from being a necessary part in a complex whole! They *didn't belong!* They were outsiders, just looking on through barred windows at the real drama, then slipping away unnoticed.

His father's funeral convinced him. A few neighbours, perfunctory flowers from the firm, a short address by the Assistant Minister of the big church to which they all belonged. That was all. Mr. McGee passed from the world as unostentatiously as he had lived within it.

Jim worked feverishly during the next weeks to overcome the ache in his heart. But it grew worse. One night he sat with his head in his hands after Elizabeth and the children had long been asleep. He had to have this thing out with himself. It was



"Ben seemed to shoot from his chair. He came forward, beaming. 'Jim McGee!'"—p. 1079

Drawn by
John Campbell

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as though he were postponing a decision, a final pronouncement.

There passed through his mind a torturing procession of men whom he saw every day: sleek men of luxury; strong men of power; men near his own age, with only a little higher salary than his own, but sure of themselves, looking ahead to future triumphs—"comers"!

Against that background he saw his father's failure and his own. Cruel, galling!

He rose and put out the light and walked to the front door. He looked up through the darkness as though to pierce through to the Great Being he had always supposed to be there.

And then he hurled his dictum like a savage challenge:

"So this is life!"

And with it he tossed away his faith in any beneficent Guide of the universe.

He had never felt so outraged, so openly rebellious. He saw through things at last. No more fool's paradise for him. Life was a gamble. No meaning to it. You were either born lucky or you weren't. Some men had all the success. Others had none. And if you drew a blank you just grubbed along until something bumped you off at last and nobody noticed or cared, either on the earth *or above it!*

Well, at last he was seeing straight, he assured himself bitterly. No more puzzling.

He went up the narrow stairs that creaked under him. He went into the little room that was his and Elizabeth's.

She lay asleep in the half light. Her face looked frail. There was a queer grey stripe now in her dark hair that slanted back from her forehead like a ghostly signal of age to come.

Her hands on the cover were veined and coarsened. The little room was manifestly bare of all those dainty comforts a woman loves in her bed-chamber.

Jim saw all this as he prepared for bed. He put out the light and crawled in softly that he might not waken Elizabeth.

Then he lay with hot, staring eyes in the darkness, never dreaming that just over the curve of the world, a shining day, *his day*, was waiting to break upon him.

When he woke up next morning a rich October sunlight was abroad. Jim felt its bright quality. It seemed to take away a shade of soreness from his heart. Elizabeth was already up and dressed, and the children were chattering for once happily.

Little Betty had been a sickly child and was usually fretful when she woke.

Jim stretched comfortably and then sat up. A fact which he had been noting now and then in the back of his brain for several weeks came sharply to him. This was the twelfth. It was their anniversary. He must be sure to get the knocker. He had the money saved for it from last month.

Elizabeth had wanted a brass knocker for the front door for years. There always seemed to be something else needed so much more that it had never been bought. She hadn't mentioned it now for a long time, but Jim, in the quiet way he had of watching her, had seen her eyes always turn upon the shining hammers on the doors they passed on their walks. He had set his heart on surprising her with one to-day.

Elizabeth looked better this morning, more rested. She had run out to the small flower-bed and brought in red nasturtiums for the breakfast table.

"Guess what day?" she cried when Jim came into the kitchen.

"Don't I know? You can't catch me that way!" He held her to him fondly and kissed her again and again.

"One for every year! There!"

Elizabeth laughed, though her eyes had tender mists in them.

"Aren't you dreadful! After eight years. You've made me scorch the bacon."

"We should worry," Jim said happily as he sat down at the table.

Queer how light-hearted he felt this morning.

Elizabeth smiled knowingly as they breakfasted.

"You can't imagine the treat in store for to-night! A regular dinner." She lowered her voice impressively. "Roast chicken and ice cream!"

"Go on!" Jim doubted tenderly.

"Yes, sir! I shouldn't have told you, but I couldn't keep it. Besides, you can think about it now. We may have hash all next week, but we'll go the pace to-night!"

They laughed together. They were adepts, Jim often thought, at making great pleasures out of trifles.

He left the house whistling, a thing he had not done for months.

As he sat down in the train Edward Larimer came into his compartment. Now Ed, if Jim had allowed himself the weakness of concrete envy, would have been the object of it. He was a salesman with lots of "pep" and assurance. He was hand-

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some and always at his ease. He had a charming home; he had a car; his wife wore beautiful clothes and still looked young and pretty.

He and Ed were quite friendly. They took the same train and often sat together. Ed was heading towards him now.

"Hallo, old timer," Jim saluted him.

"Hallo, Jimmy, my boy, how's the world?"

"Oh, not so bad for an old fellow like me."

"Why the Methuselah stuff? Birthday to-day?"

"No. Anniversary. Eighth."

"That's doing pretty well for these times, isn't it?" A hard look settled on Ed's handsome face. "Five years seems to be about the limit in our crowd. So you're still holding out, eh? No desire to kick over the traces?"

Jim grinned happily as though the idea were mightily amusing.

"Me? I don't believe I ever really see a woman unless it's one that's dolled up in something I wish I could buy for Eliz—my wife."

Then he flushed, abashed.

Ed eyed him keenly and then looked away. Jim noticed the steely expression on his face.

"You're lucky, old man. So's your wife. But you know—well, you see, you're contented, but there are plenty of fellows that aren't. Just suppose a case now. Take a chap that's got stuck in this marriage game, pulled an awful bone—and he knows perfectly well that he'd be a lot happier if he were free, why, I say he's got a right to clear out and go his own way. Especially nowadays, when a lot of women don't care a rap about a man for himself just so long as they get the money and the clothes. Well, what do you say, Jimmy?"

Jim shook his head soberly.

"I'm afraid I'm still pretty old-fashioned on the subject. I sort of feel that a man has a bigger responsibility in the marriage business than a woman. He gets her to go into it, and puts her in a position where she's taking a lot more chances than he is, and he promises to stick to her. And I think he ought to do it. If he finds he's made a mistake, he ought to take his medicine like a man. Besides, I believe there's always a way to straighten things out between any reasonable man and woman if they'll both try. It's usually the man that won't take the trouble to go to the bottom of things."

Ed didn't answer. He opened his paper, and so did Jim.

As they parted at the terminus Ed did a strange thing. He shook hands.

"Well, so long, Jimmy. I'm off on a trip. Don't know just when I'll be back. Take care of yourself!"

On the way over, Jim thought about the knocker. It would be easiest to get it at one of the big stores, but he wanted one that was a little bit different. If he could find some special shop!

The morning passed as usual. He ate his lunch hurriedly and set out on his quest.

At last he found just the sort of shop he had in mind. There was a flavour of distinction about it. An antique settle and some brass andirons stood in the window. Jim walked boldly in, though he had misgivings about prices.

A blonde, bobbed young woman came nonchalantly forward. In the rear of the store a man's back could be seen at a desk. Jim stated his errand. Before the girl could answer, the man turned suddenly. It was Ben Carroll! He hadn't seen him since High School days.

Ben seemed to shoot from his chair. He came forward, beaming.

"Well, by all the gods and fishes! *Jim McGee!* Say, but it's good to see you! Where did you blow from, anyway?"

Jim told him. They talked eagerly. Ben's family had moved to Long Island the summer he finished High School. He and Jim had not heard of each other since.

Ben showed off his shop with pride. He was making a pretty good thing of it. When he heard of the knocker he brought out his assortment with the air of a connoisseur.

The transaction took but a few minutes. Jim found himself in possession of a quaintly-wrought beauty for less than cost price! Ben would have it so.

At the door as Jim thanked him again, Ben lowered his voice, his face grew serious.

"Don't thank me for a thing like that, Jim. Why, that's nothing. I often think of what you did for me. You know that night you took me home with you?"

Jim looked at him blankly.

"Don't you remember? We were Seniors, I guess. I thought I was a man, you know, ready to raise the dickens. I'd been to the Red Lion and was going out for a night of it when I met you. Don't you remember now?"

"You got me home with you. I never

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knew how. I guess I let off some hot stuff on the way. But anyhow, we got up to your room and you got me sobered down. And we talked about a lot of things. I never forgot them. Sounds rather sentimental to say that was the turning-point in my young life, but you know, old man, that's God's truth!

"I'd never seen things like you put them up to me that night. If it had been any other fellow I would just have chipped him about all that Galahad stuff. But not you, Jim. You were so quiet and serious about it. And from that night on I kept my toes in the little old straight and narrow path. And I've thanked you a thousand times!"

He paused, embarrassed.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Something just seemed to make me, that's all."

Jim's face was crimson.

"Why, say . . . you know, I'd forgotten all about that . . . wasn't anything at all . . . why . . . say, I'll drop in and see you some time again."

He wrung Ben's hand and left hurriedly.

He walked along the street, the shining knocker that was to gladden Elizabeth's heart held close under his arm. But it was not the thought of it that sent the new light into Jim's eyes. It was this amazing revelation of Ben's.

It must be true, or old Ben would never have said it. Turning-point in his life! Those were strong words. That was a big fact if it was true. He, Jim McGee, had done that for another fellow!

He was still busy with these thoughts when he entered the office. On his desk lay a letter addressed to him. He opened it with some curiosity. Letters did not often drift to him in care of the firm.

"DEAR MR. McGEE (it ran),—I learned your business connexion by chance to-day, and something impels me to-night to write to you. For twenty years your father and I went to the city on the same train. We frequently sat together and talked. We knew each other's surnames and that was all. A month ago I heard of his death.

"I had never stopped to realize until then how much my own thought through these years has been coloured by your father's quiet opinions; his steady adherence to old-fashioned virtue and honour in all lines of life. I know now that his character strengthened mine where it was weak, and affected several of the most important decisions of my life.

"He often spoke of you. I envied him his joy in you. My own son did not live to grow up. But if he had, I would rather leave him such a heritage as is yours than any of the puny fortunes some of us spend our lives building."

The letter was signed "William Harkness."

Jim sat staring at the sheet before him. *William Harkness!* It was the name of a very rich man. One of those men of success and power he had pictured as removed from him on another plane.

William Harkness and *his father!*

He felt dazed for a moment, and then there came coursing through him such a warmth of joy as he had never known. He felt like a man who, bowed to the earth all his life by some infirmity, had suddenly risen up, strong and straight, to see the sky.

For suddenly from thinking of his father with loving pity he thought of him with loving pride. And the difference transformed Jim himself. A new dignity, a new sense of the importance of his father's life and of his own, enveloped him. The letter coming just after Ben's surprising confession sent leaping through him the new exhilaration it had already kindled.

His work went easily that afternoon, and he was out at last in the early October dusk.

He felt that he could not wait till he reached home to hear Elizabeth's voice, to feel the thrill of sharing with her, even by his tone, the strange joy that possessed him. He would call her up on some joking pretext.

He went into one of the row of telephone booths at the station, gave the number and waited.

And as he stood there a voice came to him clearly from the next booth. It was Ed Larimer! Whether he would or not, Jim heard the sentences, rising from a background of which he had never dreamed.

"Is that you, Molly? This is Ed—

"Why, I just now gave it up. I'm not going. I've been thinking a lot to-day. Can you meet me at the train? I'm coming home . . .

"What's that? Oh, something sort of set me thinking this morning. Anyway, we can talk it all over again, and maybe . . .

"What's that?" (Ed's voice was sharply, happily incredulous.)

"Say, *do you mean that?*"

Into Jim's ear a "Line's engaged" buzzed. He slipped out quickly and made his way

SO THIS IS LIFE!

to the front portion of the train. He didn't want to meet Ed Larimer nor anyone else that he knew. He wanted to be alone, and think over this bewildering day, and this, the latest, episode in it. For something told him surely that the change in Ed Larimer's plans had a direct relation to himself.

He huddled down close in the seat. He peered out of the window into the autumn dusk.

And as he pondered he knew that his existence was at last justified, accounted for, not to the world, but to himself. Success—a subtle victory in the art of living—had after all attended his father's life; was, he admitted it humbly, attending his own. It was in the nature of an unconscious conquest over weaker men than they. A giving out of moral strength in unseen relations.

There was no pride in the thought, but there was an elation new to him. That old feeling of being weighted down was gone.

As he realized it Jim's brain leaped to a new thought. Why, this would make a difference in everything, even his work. He had something upon which to stand now. Some innate consciousness of worth. Perhaps he had fallen into the habit of undervaluing himself, and others had accepted his rating. Now—there might even be hope . . .

When the train stopped, he hurried off. He climbed the hill as though on wings. As the tiny house lifted its lighted windows in the dark, he thought of Ed Larimer and his strange homegoing; he thought of William Harkness, who had envied his father him! He knew that he and Elizabeth could not afford to trade places with either of these. They were as rich as that.

It was a wonderful evening. The knocker was attached to the door amid exclamations of delight. The little dinner was a ceremony; putting the children to bed a joyous rite.

Then he and Elizabeth sat together while he talked eagerly, not of the events of the day—they were yet too new and sacred to share even with her—but of his own modest ambitions come to life again. Of what he hoped the next year in the office would bring him. And as he talked Jim somehow knew that at last these things would be.

But after Elizabeth had gone upstairs Jim sat alone, as he had the night before, thinking. There was one thing about this strange day which baffled him: the incredible quality of it. The coincidence of it all. Things didn't usually happen that way.

Right on top of his grey discouragement of the last weeks, to have crowded into the compass of a few hours these three revelations which somehow gave new colour to his whole existence, suggesting as they did a whole train of unsuspected contacts. The thing was utterly improbable, and yet *it had happened*.

All at once he sprang from his chair. He opened the door and stepped outside into the darkness. Just here last night he had stood and flung out his bitter challenge.

Could it be that *Someone* had heard, had intervened to show him the truth?

He stood breathless, wondering. And as he waited everything grew clear. He saw a world in which no man's life is futile; but where each, no matter how humble, is necessary to the great, intricate whole; and consciously or unconsciously makes its own contribution towards it.

He saw a world in which high and low, rich and poor, are all bound up together by countless interlacing, intersecting threads of destiny, and to all of whom a Hand is reached out in their time of need.

Jim knew that this was true. He felt awed but filled with a great peace.

He spoke softly into the quiet night, as a man who craves forgiveness:

"So this is Life!" he said.



The Seekers

By
Agnes M. Miall

You seek for beauty, I for truth.
We part, each solitary soul.
Yet may not these lone quests of youth
Unite us at some distant Goal,
Each with a fragment of the whole?



THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE

Facts to be Faced

OUGHT people who are unhappily married to get a divorce?

This is rather an unusual question for *THE QUIVER*, but it is just as well to face life as it is. Take such a constituency as that which reads this magazine, and it would be safe to say that a dozen years ago such a question would be of purely academic interest. We might hold strong views on the subject, but if we looked round our own particular circle of acquaintances the number of divorced people we knew would be, I venture to think, *nil*. Divorce was a subject not mentioned in the polite world in which we moved, or, if it were mentioned, it was only as a word of warning.

That is hardly true to-day. At least, it is not as far as I am concerned. I know many divorced people. They are not the notorious people mentioned in the papers, the reports of whose doings we try to keep out of the sight of the children. No, they are just ordinary people, like spinsters and bachelors, wives and widows, husbands and widowers. Divorce is no longer something extraordinary; it is something which touches us and which we have to make up our minds about.

Changed Times

Now a dozen years ago it would be easy enough to be dogmatic about the question. Divorce is wrong, we should say, quote a line or two of Scripture—and dismiss the matter forthwith. But things are not dismissed so easily to-day; people of the present time simply do not accept the old sanctions. Quote Mrs. Grundy, or the Bible, old usage or the law to them, and they look at you and say, "Yes—but why?"

Mind you, I am not going to say the new attitude to life is wrong: people have got to hammer out their own beliefs, their own sanctions, their own standards of right and wrong. "I believe in free love," said a young married woman to me the other day. I listened politely; I really don't think she knew what she was talking about, but I forbore to be shocked. It is as well that people should study the why and wherefore of the laws of life. After all, why marriage? Why not polygamy or polyandry? Marriage as we know it was not arbitrarily adopted by our forefathers without some very good reason and after a great deal of experiment, so if your young daughter, in a crude moment, asks what is the use of the marriage ceremony, please don't try to get round it by being very shocked, but look up the subject for yourself and see what monogamy has meant to the race, to the family and to the woman. If, of course, you don't know the reason for the almost universal adoption of marriage as we know it, you can hardly blame your daughter for not knowing, can you?

The Devil and Bobbed Hair!

Oh this new age, with the questions young people ask and the things they do! I know a dear old lady who thinks the present generation is going to the devil because girls have their hair bobbed. But, there, the young people of every generation were doing things equally startling! Twenty years ago we were all talking about "the New Woman." She was startling enough, though we seem to have forgotten all about her to-day.

But to go back to divorce. The fact of divorce is apparent to us all, even in this country. In America things are ever so

BETWEEN OURSELVES

much more advanced, and in the numerous American magazines I see month by month divorce is a common and absorbing theme of story and article. The deluge of American films which, unfortunately, has swept down on this country is making our young people perfectly familiar with the American views on the matter, so that it is just useless to ignore the subject.

Forceful Arguments

One must be duly impressed by the arguments put forward by those who just now are advocating an increase in the facilities for divorce. It is useless to close one's eyes to the fact that before divorce became so common, married life was by no means invariably happy; many couples continued to live together in strife, greatly to the scandal of peaceable citizens and to the detriment of children of the marriage. Others quietly separated—many to form irregular unions without the sanction of the law.

Why should two people, young and inexperienced, who have made a mistake in marriage be forced to perpetrate the mistake through life? Why should a woman be tied for life to a murderer in jail or a lunatic in an asylum? Why should not an innocent woman be freed from the brutality of a wicked husband? Why should not an innocent man be allowed to break his marriage tie to a woman who is unfaithful to him?

I must admit that, faced by questions like these, I do not wonder that Royal Commissions have time and again been unable to agree. Personally I am glad not to be an arbiter of right and wrong. This is something to be thankful for, that we do not have to settle dogmatic questions for the whole universe—that is, of course, unless we are Members of Parliament or on the board of the League of Nations.

The Instinct of the Heart

At the same time there is another way of forming an opinion on such a subject as this; not just by the study of arguments pro and con, but by the lessons of experiences—and even by the instinct of the heart! Mr. H. W. Steed, in that illuminating volume of reminiscences "Through Thirty Years," tells us that foreigners are often puzzled by our methods of thinking. As a rule, he says, Frenchmen are prone to take an intellectual view of life, whereas Germans take an organized, systematic view, and the British mainly an instinctive and empirical view. "Most Frenchmen regard

proof by reasoning as a sufficient ground for action. In Englishmen, on the contrary, mere proof by reasoning seems to inspire distrust. While their wits may be too slow readily to detect fallacies in reasoning, while their minds may even give preliminary assent to propositions logically proved, they act, as a rule, only in obedience to some instinct which may well be the inherited fruit of long experience. . . . An Englishman's 'understanding' is usually wider than his conscious mind. It is far more a matter of the heart than of the head. At their best, Englishmen come very near to possessing the 'understanding heart' of the Scriptures."

People Who Will Not Learn

Perhaps divorce is one of those matters where instinct, observation, experience have as much to guide us as logic and argument. Whilst, then, I cannot but acknowledge the force of the arguments in favour of divorce, experience and instinct more profoundly influence me. I admit that when I have met a married couple temperamentally opposed, with no common meeting-ground, I have thought of divorce as the quickest and cleanest way out of the difficulty. The trouble, however, is just this: these very people whose married life is so unsuccessful and who fail so lamentably to agree with their first choice, seem, when they are released by the Divorce Court, to go and make exactly the same mistake again. It is incredible, ludicrous, unthinkable, but again and again one notices that where a man finds the particular temperament represented by his first wife "impossible," he seems inevitably drawn to some other woman of a like disposition. Again and again it has happened that the mistakes he made in his first alliance he repeats in his second—with alike disastrous results! Why is it, by the way, that the divorced person is always so eager to marry again? Surely one would think that, having once made a mistake, he would hesitate long before again venturing on to the risky sea of matrimony. But not so; he seems to set off gaily once more, with utmost but unreasonable assurance that all will be well.

You remind me at this stage that there is an "innocent" and a "guilty" party to a divorce. There may be in theory and in law, but from what I have seen of it in real life the distinction is largely a technical one. It is not always the "guilty" party who commits the formal act which brings

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about the dissolution of the union. Indeed in most cases it would be difficult to award the blame, except on the principle that there are two sides to every quarrel.

The Lottery of Marriage

But one does not want to go about blaming other wives and husbands. Let us admit without any cynicism that marriage is somewhat of a lottery and that it is as difficult to make a success of married life as it is of business life. And some people, apparently, will never make a success of the one just as some will never make a success of the other. One is sorry for them, infinitely sorry if it is a case of temperamental inability to live happily married, but one grows increasingly suspicious of divorce as a remedy. In theory, perhaps yes; but in practice—why should a man or woman who has already proved his or her inability repeat the experiment and spoil somebody else's life?

Not a Mere Business Contract

Apart from that, surely one's instinct is right in the feeling that marriage is, after all, an affair for life, not a mere business contract. I love my present job, and it would hurt me to give it up and try something else; yet I could do it without any moral wrench. In many cases a change of occupation is indeed desirable. Now one somehow feels instinctively that it is not the same with marriage; the tie that binds a man to his wife, a woman to her husband, is like no other tie on earth—not even between that of parent and child, the bands of which grow looser as time passes. I do not know what actually constitutes marriage; it isn't the mere wedding ceremony nor the mere physical act. In it mind and body and soul are woven, and it seems to me that no mere legal judgment can put asunder what not God only, but habit, association, life have inextricably bound up together. One suspects that the plain truth of the matter is that, for ordinary people, divorce is literally impossible.

What, then, should one say in face of this?

One cannot but reiterate that, surely, in view of the undissolvable issues, ordinary common sense dictates greater care *before* marriage. No other decision in life has such vital consequences—no other vital decision, in many cases, is so lightly made with so little preparation or knowledge.

Blame the novelists, if you like, blame preachers and parents, the Press, Nature, but recognize this, that whoever is to blame, the issues are in one's own hand, the consequences inevitably follow. . . .

Plain Common Sense

But having married—well, go ahead and make a success of it: that, too, is plain common sense. Dr. Johnson maintained that one could live happily with one woman as with another. There is a fair amount of truth about it. Every married couple have some element of incompatibility about them. I remember as a youth holding very serious communion with myself as to exactly what business or profession I really was suited. An excellent idea, no doubt. But I discovered that about every business there was something for which Nature did not quite fit me! Suddenly, however, it occurred to me that the work had got to be done and that whatever about my job I didn't seem to be fitted for I had better concentrate on and *make* myself fit.

Much the same applies to marriage. If a man and a woman duly tied together for life would recognize that it is up to them to make a success of it, there is no reason in the great majority of cases why they should not achieve a happy married life. It means effort, of course, sacrifice, trouble—love. But that is the way—not the more dramatic method of divorce and re-marriage.

The Surgeon's Knife

The dramatic method of divorce. Perhaps, after all, it is the dramatic, incisive quality of divorce that appeals to an impatient age. We prefer the surgeon's knife to the tedious methods of the physician. And history is, all the time, teaching us that wars and strikes and lock-outs and violent and dramatic methods rarely solve any difficulties. Patience—consideration—seeing another's point of view—unselfishness: put these in place of violence, self-assertiveness, "standing up for one's rights," and the Divorce Court could be closed, Parliament quickly prorogued, the Army and Navy pensioned off.

The world's ills could be cured by very ordinary methods after all!

The Editor

PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

Some Household Hints

By Edward W. Hobbs

Size and its Uses

SIZE is very useful in the house for many purposes. For example, it can be applied to soft wood before it is stained, or it may be brushed over a wall prior to papering or distempering. Size is most conveniently purchased in powder form and is put up into $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. or 1-lb. packets. Its cost is insignificant. A $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packet will be sufficient in most cases, and this, when obtained, should be emptied into an old pail or basin. About half a gallon of hot water is required, and this should be poured over the size and at the same time it should be stirred with a clean stick as shown in the illustration.

When all the water has been poured on to the size it should be stirred until it is of even consistency and then set aside to cool. When cold it should be in the form of a jelly, but to make it fit for use some of the jelly must be taken and dissolved in hot water. The quantity of water to jelly varies, but, roughly speaking, a $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. packet of size, when converted into jelly form, requires about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 gallons of water to dissolve it properly. It should be dissolved in an old pail or bucket and heated over a slow fire and stirred until perfectly liquid.

In use it is brushed on while hot with a large brush, such as a 4 in. distemper brush, and be left to dry. After the size has been

applied the work will not look materially different, but if it is on wood, the pores will be filled up and a much better surface result for the subsequent staining or distempering.

Cleaning a Flat-iron

A flat, or "sad," iron that has been out of use for some time is generally found to be rusty and in bad condition, and the housewife may well wonder what is the best remedy. First remove all dust and dirt by wiping over with a rag with just a trace of paraffin. Next get a piece of board and lay it flat on the table. On the board make a pad of folded brown paper—two or three thicknesses will be sufficient.



Pour the hot water over the size and stir with a clean stick

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Next get some powdered bath brick, fine sand, or one of the commercial preparations in powder form such as "Vim." Sprinkle the surface of the paper with the material and moisten it with paraffin. Hold the iron flat on top of the mixture and push it backwards and for-



Use small weights to keep the material in place



Push the iron backwards and forwards as if actually ironing

wards as if actually ironing. Moisten the bottom of the iron occasionally with paraffin, and in a very short time the bottom of the iron will be found to be in perfect condition, bright and smooth and fit for immediate use.

As prevention is better than cure, when putting away the iron a good plan is to rub the face lightly with vaseline, as this will prevent it rusting.

Cleaning a Sink Waste

In all well regulated households it is unusual to find an objectionable sink waste; but despite the utmost care it sometimes happens that the waste pipe and the trap at the bottom of the sink may become fouled with grease or waste products and give off some amount of smell.

Care must be taken in handling the ammonia as it gives off pungent fumes, and consequently the head should be kept well away from the ammonia and the mouth closed so as not to inhale any of the fumes. The soda solution is bad for the hands, and care should therefore be taken not to splash any of the solution on to them. Should this happen, however, prompt application of vaseline or cold cream will neutralize any detrimental effects.

Removal of Stains

It all too frequently happens that cherished garments are accidentally stained, and unless the blemish be removed promptly may cause permanent ruin. Fortunately most stains are removable by treatment provided they

Fluid ammonia and soda are excellent for cleaning the sink

SOME HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Salt and lemon juice will remove stains from the most delicate materials

are attacked promptly. One effective method is illustrated.

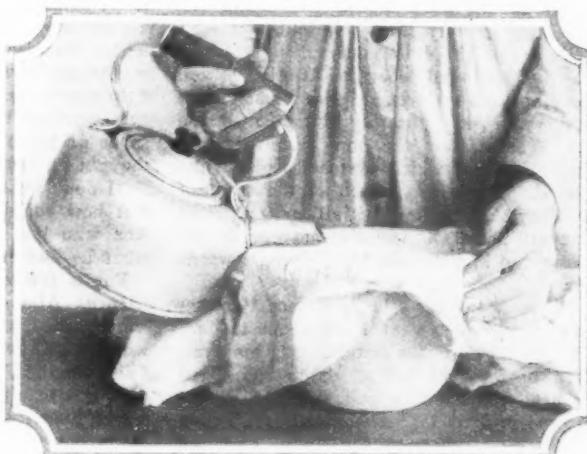
This consists first in laying the garment over a pudding basin or something of that character with the stained part over the centre of the basin. Sprinkle the stain liberally with ordinary common household salt—not the specially prepared kind—and then take a lemon, cut it in half and squeeze the juice from it so that it drops exactly on to the stain. Work thoroughly into the material with the finger tips, let it remain for a short while, and then shake off the moistened salt, when the stain should have entirely disappeared, or at all events be considerably diminished, a second application probably effecting a complete cure.

This treatment with salt and lemon juice is excellent for delicate materials such as muslin, silk or coloured articles, and is also effective in removing ink stains. If the stain is of any magnitude its removal is facilitated by pouring warm water on to the mixture of salt and lemon juice. If the stain has dried before it can be treated it should be moistened with warm water before applying the salt and lemon.

In summer time, or rather when the sun is shining brightly, its bleaching qualities can be turned to good account in the removal of the stain. All stains that come from food, including tea, coffee, wine and fruit, can be removed by placing the article over a basin as in the former case, pouring boiling water over the stained portion and then sprinkling a little borax over the stain, rubbing it well in over the affected parts with the finger tips and again applying boiling water. If the article is then hung out to dry in the brilliant sunshine it should remove every trace of the stain. Usually, however, it is necessary to finish the cure by thoroughly washing the whole garment in warm water in the customary manner.

Cutting Out Velvet

It is often found when using velvet or other rich materials that pinning the pattern on to the material is detrimental. This can be overcome very easily by the method illustrated. For this purpose any convenient small weights are rested on top of the pattern near to the edges to be cut. The cutting can then be carried out quite well with scissors in the usual way. The weights keep the pattern in place, and after



Fruit stains can be removed by using boiling water and borax

cutting out, the material is left without a blemish.

The same plan can be adopted in many other directions, for instance, when cutting very thin material which is liable to pull. The weights rested on the top of the pattern help to keep the material in place.

The Hour of Her Release

A Married-life Story

By

Dorothy Marsh Garrard

MONA GRAYSON was walking up the long winding path which leads from Porthorick Cove to the village above. With her clear grey eyes, honey-coloured hair and skin tanned olive by the warm Cornish sun, she looked much younger than her twenty-eight years. And she mounted the steep ascent with the step of a lithe, active boy.

But her face was vaguely troubled. She was thinking of the news she had heard that morning. Her husband was coming back to England; he might arrive any day now. And when he came he would take her away out of Porthorick.

She did not want to go. Most definitely she did not want to go. Yet, when she had first made her home in the tiny village, she had looked upon it as exile. But Rex had made good, as when the smash came three years before he had vowed he would make good. They would live again the same gay society life as of old.

Now she hated the very thought of it. She had changed, changed utterly. From force of habit she turned, gave a last glance back at the sea, glittering blue-green in the cove below, saw the long line of grey serpentine rock which stretched right to the Lizard. The air was full of the scent of wild thyme. She loved it all, even as Noel Lanyard loved it. Oddly enough, as she thought of him she saw him coming towards her.

"I won't say it's a lucky chance I've met you because it's what I came out to do." He stood before her bareheaded, his eyes, deep brown eyes full of expression, fixed on her. He liked to look at her. He was dressed in flannels, the white silk shirt open at the neck showing the finely chiselled lines of his throat.

"I've just finished some verses." He turned and walked beside her. "I'm inclined to think they're rather good. But I'm not going to pat myself on the back until you've approved, Mona."

Noel Lanyard was a writer, one of the happy band who write for the joy of writing, not to make an income. He had a flat in

town, a charming thatched house on Porthorick cliff. Lately he had spent less and less time in London, more and more at Camillas.

"I shan't be a good critic to-day. My mind is full of something else." She looked at him frankly. "I have just heard my husband is coming home."

"Your husband coming home!" He could not hide his surprise. He knew, of course, she was married, even that Rex was employed by a rubber company in South America. But that there was any prospect of his coming back to England he had never even guessed.

"Yes, he may be here any day now. I'd no idea myself there was any chance of it, that he could have done so well. I suppose he wanted to surprise me. It is rather wonderful."

"So now you'll say good-bye to Cornwall, hurry back to your own world." There was a faint note of bitterness in the man's voice. Their friendship had been perfect, so he was telling himself. And now it must end. "Do you think you'll like it, Mona?" His eyes searched her face. He understood her, so he prided himself, understood her every thought and mood.

"I don't know." She did know perfectly. But how could she be disloyal to Rex, to Rex who had worked so hard to retrieve what he had lost.

For a few moments they walked on in silence. Almost had they reached the little whitewashed, geranium-covered cottage where, with the old Cornishwoman who "did for her," Mona Grayson lived. A man was leaning over the low garden gate, a big, heavily built man, wearing a suit of tweeds of rather loud pattern. As she saw him she started. It was her husband.

At the same instant he had seen her. He flung the gate open, ran down the path to meet her, took her in his arms, kissed her for all the world to see.

"Well, little girl, if it isn't fine to see you again. And you look younger than ever, a perfect kid." He himself, so swiftly she noticed, was appreciably older. His

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hair was beginning to grey, there were lines, deep lines, on his square-jawed face.

"But this is great." He still had his arm around her. "I gave you a surprise, too, didn't I? I expect you've only just had my letter. I fixed it up like that. And now, won't you introduce me to your friend, Monsie?"

"This is Mr. Lanyard; I've spoken about him in my letters." She knew her own voice sounded stiff, unnatural. But why—an unreasoning irritation filled her—would he still call her by that silly pet name?

"I'm glad to meet you. And glad my little girl has found some pals while I've been away. If not, you would have gone daft in this one-eyed shanty of a place, Monsie. But you'll come in, have tea with us, Mr. Lanyard." He spoke with all his old-time ready hospitality, the hospitality which, until the smash, had filled their house from morn to eve with visitors.

"No, thank you. I'm quite sure you don't really want me just now." Noel Lanyard's face was a smiling mask. With understanding, for which she was dimly grateful, he did not look at Mona; instead, turned and went on his own way.

"Well, I'm not sorry he didn't come in. Showed tact; guessed, of course, we wouldn't want any outsiders butting in." Rex Grayson's face was complacent. As they went into the cottage he linked his arm in his wife's. "The old lady is getting tea. She asked me if I liked Cornish cream, and I said you bet I did." He laughed his loud, exuberant laugh. "But this is a pretty poor place; to think you've had to stick it for three whole years. And it was all my fault." His voice was full of remorse. He looked with pitying contempt round the tiny room with its simple furniture and cream distempered walls.

"I have been quite happy, Rex." She spoke only the truth. After the first few months, when she was miserable, she had been happy.

"Anyhow, we'll soon alter it all." He was eating splits covered thick with jam and cream like a schoolboy now. "Do you know, old thing, I'm better off now than I ever was. Our company is simply booming, and they've made me manager of the whole show over here. It'll be a stiff job, of course, no end of work, but it's a thundering big screw. You shall choose your own house, dear, have everything, clothes, jewellery, cars, whatever you want. I can't ever do enough to make up to you."

He rattled on, unnoticing that she sat almost in silence. It was she who had changed, not he, so again and again she was telling herself. And he could not help that. Three years ago, although even then sometimes their life of unceasing money spending had grown a little wearisome to her, she would have felt pleased at the prospect he held out in front of her. Now, as he talked, a feeling of almost physical nausea came over her. But it was so like Rex, always wanting in this childish, almost this vulgar, way to make a splash, go one better than anyone else. And he was the man with whom she must spend the rest of her days.

She thought of her life at Porthorick. How she had walked and bathed, gardened and read; of pleasant evenings spent at the old rector's house; of the still pleasanter ones at Camillas, where often Noel Lanyard had a visitor or two—writers or artists nearly always, men and women of arresting personality.

Rex would hate such a life, consider it dull beyond belief. He was always restless, always needing to do something fresh. Yet, except that he had grown a little rougher in his ways, a little more slangy in his talk, he had not changed. It was she.

Even their first evening together he could not sit still. They explored the village—it took about ten minutes—walked down to the sea. He was vexed there was no car to be hired to take them to dine at the nearest big hotel.

He seemed to crowd the tiny cottage, to make it somehow a different, a less pleasant place. Yet, when after they had eaten the simple supper to which Mona had grown used, they strolled out again into the sweet-smelling country twilight, suddenly he turned to her.

"And now, darling, tell me you've missed me, missed me as much as I've missed you. You know, out there lots of men—it's just the loneliness and the climate—take the native women, make their homes with them, I couldn't. But how I wanted you, how I longed for you. Come to me, sweetheart." As he held out his arms his face was alight, his voice shook with the depths of his feeling.

And, as she went to him, passionately she prayed he could not read her heart.

It had all come true. The big house in town, jewels, motor-cars, beautiful clothes, the constant round of entertaining and

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being entertained. Mrs. Rex Grayson was a hostess well known in a certain section of London society—the circle which spends money like water, dines and dances, is seen at every smart theatre and cabaret. It was an endless routine of pleasure. And every day more and more Mona wearied of it.

Rex himself could not always go with her. He was often kept late at the office. The amount of work he got through was colossal. She hardly ever saw him alone. But he liked her, as again and again he told her, to enjoy herself without him. When once or twice she had feebly demurred, he had swept her objections away.

"No, old thing; you had a rotten time and no glad rags for three years, you've got to make up for it now. I like my wife to go about and be seen even if I can't always go with her." The next minute he had hurried away, leaving her with her objections frozen on her lips.

Then Noel Lanyard called. He was, so he told her, up in town for a few weeks. He seemed to her like an oasis, a refuge in her life. To him the all and end all of existence was not money. He could talk of something else but the latest show, the latest craze.

The weeks lengthened, and still he stayed on. They were a great deal together. She played the game, tried to bluff him as best she could. But one afternoon, when they had been to a picture gallery and he had come back with her to tea, the inevitable moment of revelation came.

"Mona, you're not happy. Your colour's gone, you're getting thin. What's wrong?" Unexpectedly he asked the question.

"There's nothing wrong." Her first impulse was to deny and deny. Then, to her own intense surprise, she found she was crying, crying without restraint.

"My dear, what is it?" His voice was very gentle. He bent over her, stroked her honey-coloured hair with his hand. "You'd better tell me, you know."

"Oh, Noel, it's all so hopeless—my life I mean." She looked up at him, the tears running down her cheeks. "Rex thinks he is doing everything in the world for me. He works like a slave, gives me money, handfuls of it, bushels of it, to spend. I've nothing to do but spend it. If I try and say anything he just doesn't listen. And I'm sick of it, sick of it all. I never seem to get a breath of decent air, meet a single person I really like or who really likes me. Yet what can I do?"

"There's only one thing you can do, come away with me." He spoke deliberately. Noel Lanyard was no dare devil; always his life had been sheltered from the desperate things of the world. He shrank from all that was ugly and sordid. But Mona Grayson appealed to his fastidious taste as no woman had ever appealed to it before. He had reckoned the cost—a certain amount of unpleasantness, a little personal discomfort. But nowadays people were broad-minded. Grayson would, of course, divorce her. Then, when once they were married, soon the talk would die down.

"You know it has got to end some time." Before she could answer he went on quickly: "If it doesn't it will kill you, kill your soul, if it doesn't your body. And your husband will soon get over it. Remember he went away and left you for three years before."

"Yes, but he didn't want to go; he felt it was the only thing to do. It wasn't his fault the business failed, and he could never have made up what he had lost if he'd stayed in England." In common justice she felt she must say what she could for Rex.

"Still, he went. He lived without you and you without him. And you don't love him. You know you don't love him."

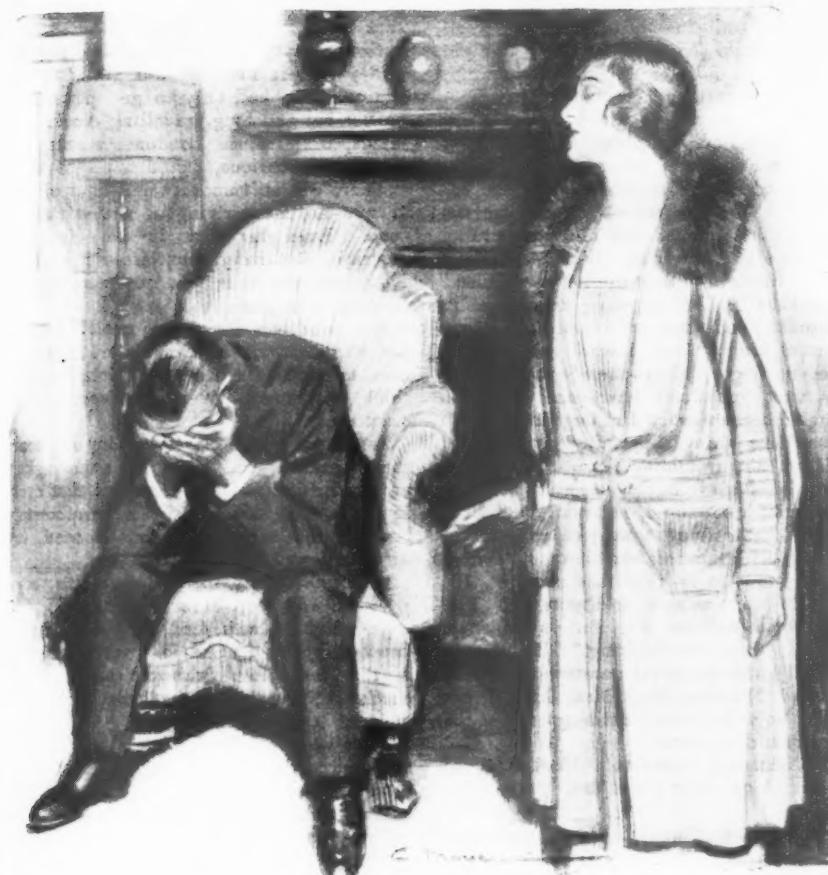
"I hardly ever see him, except in a crowd." She spoke truthfully. "At night when they've all gone he's always so tired he falls asleep in his chair."

"And you call that love, a happy marriage! Why, it's all a mockery, a mockery of what it ought to be. No, listen to me, Mona. I know a little place on Garda. It's a heavenly spot. Il Paradiso, the natives call it. We'll go there, just laze and read and boat and bathe until things have blown over. If we don't defend, there won't even be any need for you to appear. Afterwards, after we're married, we can do as you like, travel, go back to Porthorick—it's been so lonely there without you—live anywhere. Now say you'll come, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know." The first shock of his suggestion was over now; but she was torn two ways. The idea of divorce, the very word, sounded sordid, horrible, to her. She hated the lax ideas of some of the set in which she moved. Yet, as Noel had said, her present life was a mockery of love, a mockery of what a happy marriage should be.

"I don't want to hurry you." He understood her too well to try and force her.

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"Yes, I've come home." He sat down and buried his face in his hands"—p. 1092

Drawn by
C. Morse

"Think what I have said well over, then give me my answer. But you'll come, Mona; in the end you'll come. And now I'm going." He took her hand in his; for an instant pressed his lips to it.

After he had gone, restlessly she paced up and down the room. What he had said was quite true. But did she love him? She did not know. He could give her the environment she loved, but that was not all. And she had loved Rex once, loved him passionately. Even now sometimes she felt an odd, almost a pitying tenderness for him.

She would make one last appeal to him, tell him she hated her present life, longed for something simpler. They would take a

house in the country, he could come down for week-ends. Surely, surely she could make him understand, see things as she saw them.

That night they were dining with a large party at the latest smart hotel to run a cabaret show. Dinner was fixed for eight, but at ten minutes to the hour Rex was not even in. They would not go; it was quite easy to telephone. They would stay at home, and that evening she would try and tell him what was in her heart.

She waited in the drawing-room. It was two minutes to eight before she heard his step in the hall. She went out to meet him. He looked more tired than usual, so at a glance she noticed.

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"Just off, old girl: But you'll be late." Even his smile seemed forced. "Well, you'll have to leave me at home to-night. I've work to do later on. So I'll just have a bite of something here."

"Then I shan't go either, Rex; I can easily telephone. There'll be plenty without us; we shan't be missed." She tried to speak in the quiet reasonable way she had planned. Yet her voice—vaguely she was aware of it—sounded stiff and unnatural.

"You won't go alone. Well, of all nonsense. But you women are never satisfied." He turned on her angrily. For once his habitual good temper seemed to have deserted him. "Here I work and slave to give you a good time—there's nothing you can want you don't have—and then you grumble because when I'm dog tired I can't always be running about after you."

"I am not grumbling, Rex." There was a note of sharp irritation in her voice. Oh, why was he so stupid, so utterly dense?

"I'd like to know what else you call it, then?" He shouted her down. "But if you're going to make a fuss about it, I'll come on later, as soon as I'm ready. Tell them not to wait for me. But you must go at once. The car's waiting." He pressed the bell, with an effort recovered his self-control. "Watson, fetch Mrs. Grayson her cloak," he added in his ordinary tone as the parlourmaid appeared.

The next day Mona told Noel Lanyard she would go away with him.

It was all arranged so easily that sometimes hardly could she believe in the reality of what she intended to do. One evening, when Rex would be attending a board meeting of his directors, she was to take the car to Charing Cross, catch the boat train which left there soon after nine. Noel would meet her at Dover. He wanted even to spare her the brief discomfort of running across mutual acquaintances at the London terminus. They would travel straight through to Italy. Already a villa on the borders of the lake, servants, a car, were waiting for them. It was all so simple, it seemed impossible there could be any hitch.

A strange dull feeling had come over her. She felt it was fate, fate that she and Noel should go away together. The only thing which hurt her was her letter to Rex. It took her a long time to write, then, when written, was short enough. She told him that, for both their sakes, she felt their lives were better apart. She asked him to

give her her freedom. But that she was sure he would not refuse.

Now everything was done. Her luggage, sent earlier in the day, was already at the station. She had only to go upstairs, put on her hat and long travelling cloak. The maids, well trained London servants, even if they felt curious, would not show it.

There was still another half-hour to wait. It was no use arriving at the station too soon. Even her seat in the train was reserved. But every minute seemed an hour. Now that the time was so near she was longing to be gone.

Her mind was a strange jumble. She did not want to think of Rex, she did not want even to think of Noel. She wished only to think of freedom, blue skies, fresh air and quietude.

As she sat in the drawing-room she heard the front-door bell ring. She had given orders she was at home to no one that evening. To her surprise she heard footsteps crossing the hall. The door opened, her husband stood there.

He came slowly forward into the room. His face was grey, he walked as if his feet were weighted with lead. He must know, know everything. She felt, without seeing it, that the colour drained from her own cheeks. Never could she have believed a moment to be so terrible.

"You've come home, after all, Rex?" Her voice was a dry, husky whisper.

"Yes, I've come home." He sat down, buried his face in his hands.

This was frightful. If he had been furiously angry she could have borne it better. But to see Rex, her great burly husband, stricken like this tore at her heart-strings.

And still he didn't speak. Why didn't he rage at her, even strike her?

Then, just as she was about to burst into an impassioned defence, slowly he raised his face to hers. His eyes were full of dumb misery, his hair—almost unconsciously she noticed it—was nearly white at the temples now.

"I'm done for, Mona." There was a horrible note of finality in his tone.

"I saw a specialist to-day." Before she could speak he had gone on again. "I've been feeling rotten for weeks. He told me if I didn't give up work—the work I'm doing—at once, he wouldn't give me six months. It's one of my lungs. I didn't tell you I was shot through it in a scrap out in America. So I've failed, failed

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again." There was bitterness, the utter bitterness of defeat, in his voice.

"Failed! I don't understand you, Rex." Her brain was whirling. She did not take in the real significance of what he had told her.

"Yes, I swore the first time I'd make good. And I did it. But the company's not a philanthropic concern; so soon as it comes out I'm done for I shall get the boot. I couldn't face them to-night. I made an excuse to get out of the meeting. I've reckoned it out, though. We've been spending pretty well all I've made so far, but if we're more careful, by the end of six months I shall have put by enough for you to live on, to live on in comfort."

"You mean you'll go on working, kill yourself, so that at the end of six months I shall have a little more money?" To her own surprise she found herself speaking quite calmly and coolly now.

"That's it. Of course, I've got a few thousands by me. The doctor said the only thing for me was an open-air life. If I'd only myself to think of I'd take up farming, something of that sort. I couldn't be idle. But I wouldn't drag you down to it."

"Drag me down to it!" She gave a little mirthless laugh. "And do you think I've really been happy in the life I've been leading lately?"

"Why, of course." He stared at her in obvious surprise.

"Well, I've not; I've hated it." She spoke vehemently. "I've hated it so much that to-night I was going away with another man to get away from it." She would not deceive him; he should hear the truth now.

"Going away with another man!" His voice had sunk almost to a whisper. His eyes—hurt, bewildered eyes—looked into hers. "You mean you love another man?"

"No, I don't love him." At that instant definitely she knew she did not love Noel Lanyard. "But we like the same things. And I've loathed everything here so—oh, I know it's ungrateful, but it's true—the crowds, the noise, the endless pleasure hunt. There's nothing real in it; it's all a sham."

"But why didn't you tell me?" Wearily he passed his hand across his forehead. He had failed in this, too, failed to make her happy a greater thing far, so he was telling himself.

"I tried to ever so many times, but you wouldn't listen, wouldn't understand. Try and understand now, Rex. I was very

young when we were first married, young and eager for fun. It was all a change—life up here in London—and at first I enjoyed every minute of it. But I think, even before you went away, half unconsciously I was beginning to get a little tired of it. Down in Cornwall I had things to do. They may sound small, silly things to you, but I had to do them. If I didn't keep the garden bright and tidy, no one else did. Old Mrs. Penruddock wasn't much use. I had to do some of the housework, some of the cooking; there was my needle-work, lots of odds and ends. The little bit of money I had didn't go far, I had to eke it out. But because of that I enjoyed the pleasures, quiet pleasures, which came my way all the more. You talked of farming just now. I'd rather be a farmer's wife, live on the farm, than I would have this—." She threw a glance around the room, its furnishings costly, in the latest fashion, yet in her eyes holding no atmosphere of real home.

"There were white women, just one or two of them, in the place where I was in Brazil." Her husband was speaking in an odd, detached way now. "They had a tough time of it, but they seemed happy. Only I never thought of you like that."

"You thought I was just for ornament, not use, a doll, not a woman."

"The doctor talked about fruit-farming out in California. He said with the climate there and the open air I'd soon be quite fit again." He did not heed her interruption. "If we sold up here I should have quite enough capital to start with. And you mean you'd come with me. But you can't mean it?" There was still an incredulous note in his voice.

"I do mean it." She spoke emphatically. Out there, on a fruit farm in California, life would be real. She knew it. Even the easy cultured existence which Noel Lanyard had promised her seemed unreal now. And the other man—so the knowledge was borne home to her—would not suffer any very grievous hurt.

"My darling, my wonderful darling." His face was alight, his eyes full of new hope, new energy. And, when she looked at him, somehow he seemed grown once more into her girlish lover, the man to whom she had once for all given her heart.

"Oh, Rex, Rex, let us go soon." As he took her into his arms, she whispered the words in his ear.

There is Peace in a Garden

By
John
Marchant

THREE are two people, friends of mine, who are rash enough to claim that they are happy. The man rose to the rank of brigadier in the war; the woman was once famous in the art world, and if I were to print her name it would be recognized by everybody who knew Chelsea half a generation ago.

They are very poor now. They live in almost complete isolation, do a great deal of very hard work, have only the plainest of food, no recreations worthy of the name, and scarcely any of those little luxuries to which in time past they were accustomed. Yet they claim that they are happy, and so in truth they seem. They go on to say that not for any consideration would they go back to the life they left, if the way were open to them. They may have minor discontents, but of these they never speak. Seeing that contented people are so very scarce in this age, their case seems worth considering.

In the beginning—that is to say, in the years immediately succeeding the war—they fell on evil times. How much of it was due to inevitable disaster and how much to ordinary human folly there is no need to discuss. They tried desperately to find work. They turned their hands to all sorts of occupations, all of which failed them in turn. The end had nearly come last January when they met another friend of theirs and mine.

This man has a cottage in the country, a desperately isolated place, five miles from a railway station, half a mile from a road, liable to be cut off by floods in winter, so far from anywhere that no tradesman will undertake to deliver goods, and the postman is practically the only person who comes to the gate from one month's end to another.

At the time of the meeting the owner of the place was in considerable trouble. He had had as caretaker and general handyman—for he was only able to go there at weekends—an old soldier who had turned out badly and had been discharged. Since his departure he had tried in vain to find somebody to take his place. It was a serious matter for him, for in the depth of winter

you cannot go down on Friday night to an isolated cottage which has been left empty all the week, where no welcoming fires are burning, nor any stores laid in. All these things he explained, simply because he was very full of the subject at the moment. Then he had the shock of his life, for the ex-brigadier said, "Why not let us go?"

"But, my dear chap," he said, "you could never stand the place for a week. Didn't you hear me say it's miles from anywhere and anything? Why, the nearest potty little country town is six miles away, and there's not so much as an omnibus to take you there."

"So much the better. We have had all we want of towns and town life. We are not afraid of hard work or of roughing it, and we are both a trifle crazy about the country."

"But I could not begin to pay what you ought to have. I could not go beyond three pounds a week for the two of you, and you would have to feed yourselves out of that."

"Good enough," was the emphatic answer. "What's the station, and when is the next train? You'll have to advance us the fare."

There was a little more discussion, a little more painting in vivid colours of the disadvantages of the place, but the candidates for rural hardship were firm. That was early in January—last January, when the rain was pouring down all the time, and the world was intensely cold, and almost incredibly wet. A fortnight later I met the owner of the cottage and asked how they were getting on.

"Come down on Friday night and see," was his reply.

From the station a car took us to the spot where the half-mile of field track to the cottage begins. It was pitch dark, save for a point of glimmering light from a lantern held, as I soon discovered, by the ex-brigadier. He also carried two pairs of Wellington boots.

"Better put these on," he said. "The stream is over the bridge at the bottom. I've a sack for your boots. That all the lug-

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"Getting to that cottage in winter is a pestilential business, but it is a delight to reach."

gage?" Before we could protest, he had a strap through the handles of our suit-cases and had slung them across his shoulder. Then, with the sack with our boots in one hand and the lantern in the other, he piloted us down the slippery way, often ankle deep in mud, and through the stream that was half-way up to the knees.

Getting to that cottage in winter is a pestilential business, but it is a delight to reach. In the main room a great fire of logs was burning in the ingle-nook fireplace. The lady from Chelsea had a perfect little dinner waiting for us; there were fires in the bedrooms, and hot-water bottles in the beds. And I, who had seen the place once in the time of the departed old soldier, was amazed at the transformation of it, and the bright cosiness of it all.

"And how are you liking it?" I asked the ex-brigadier when he brought me tea and shaving water at eight the next morning.

"Fine," he replied warmly. "It's just the job I was wanting. By the way, they call us Jones down here, if you don't mind. God knows we're not ashamed of the job, but Carrie thought it might be as well——" He went off to light the fire downstairs.

Here are some of his tasks as they were revealed to me in the course of that weekend:

To cut down trees for firewood, cut them up, and bring in the logs and maintain a sufficient supply of dry kindling.

To carry down from the village a mile away every kind of stores, including at frequent intervals two-gallon tins of oil; no coal is used in the place, for the cooking

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is all done by oil, and the heating by wood fires.

To clean boots, knives, fireplaces, trim lamps, do anything about the house which his busy wife cannot find time for, and in his spare time in fine weather work in the big and hitherto neglected garden. Meanwhile, what with sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, polishing and cooking, the woman who was once the life and soul of those pre-war Chelsea parties had her hands full. And she agreed with him that it was "fine."

That was six months ago. I have just borrowed the cottage for a few weeks and renewed my acquaintance with its guardians. The change in them is not less remarkable than the change they have effected in the garden whose brilliant flowers, trim, weedless beds, and ordered ranks of vegetables would be a credit to any countryman who ever took the first prize for gardens at the village flower show.

Last January they were, to speak plainly, both a trifle the worse for wear. Life had dealt hardly with them, and they showed it, in spite of all their gallant efforts. There had been that fevered restlessness, that worn look of endless anxiety; signs of absolute privation had not been wanting. Temporary affluence was liable to be used for little but a burst of unprofitable gaiety.

The Jones who met me was a man transformed. He seemed to have taken thought and added a cubit to his stature. His shoulders were square, his figure erect, and his brown face and arms spoke as clearly of health as his steady eyes told of a quiet mind, and the change in his wife was every whit as notable.

I got the measure of it when she led me round the garden and introduced me to their treasures, to all sorts of little plants, presently to flower, which she called by name, to beans, "better than anyone has got round here," to scarlet runners which she was going to pickle for use in the winter, to the

marrows and the marigolds and the mint—to every singular flower and plant in that big, orderly paradise. And this from a woman who a year ago had scarcely known more of flowers and vegetables than that they grew in the country and were to be had in the shops.

After dinner they explained.

"Of course, we knew hardly anything," she said, "but the people at the farm where we get the milk were awfully kind and told us lots of things, and we read a lot of little books, and made a lot of mistakes, and at first I used almost to cry myself to sleep because I thought we should never get it right. But it isn't so bad, is it?"

I assured her that it was exceedingly good.

"There are such lots of things to learn," she went on eagerly. "All the birds, and how useful the dear little wagtails are, and how to keep green fly from the roses and the right time to plant out cabbages. Just wait till next year. It will be a real garden then."

"So you are not going back to town?"

Jones chuckled. "Three months ago," he said, "when the garden was all going wrong—or we thought it was—I got desperate and put in for a job in town. Jolly good screw, too. After that Carrie and I used to lie awake half the night praying that I might not get it. The prayers were answered, but I'm not going to run a risk like that again. Anything else we can do for you to-night? Then we'll hop along to bed. We get up rather early."

I heard them at work in the garden soon after five next morning, and as I listened to their quiet laughter, I meditated on many things, on the London season and the toils thereof, on night clubs and the wreckage thereof, on the countless thousands whose days are swung between hacking anxiety and a vain search for happiness.

Adam walked with God in a garden.



Hand-work for People Under Seven

By
Muriel
Wrinch

THE impulse to do, to create, is strong in all young children. I know of a little girl of three whose favourite occupation it is to tie up parcels. I have watched a baby, barely two and three-quarters, spend more than half an hour in turning out sand-pies. Often I have marvelled at the persistence of Sheila, aged six, who frequently devotes an hour, sometimes two hours, to the making of matchbox toys.

Amazing Instinct

The child's instinct for activities that will help him to develop is as amazing as it is merring. We know now that Nature-work and plenty of physical exercise are essential for healthy mental and physical growth; but children knew this, albeit unconsciously, aeons before us. No matter what the difficulties, a child will always manage to find contact somehow with animal life—even if it is only represented by a wriggly worm in the rain-washed road. He will always manage, too, to obtain physical exercise, even if grown-up strictures on running about reduce him to wriggling and fidgeting in his chair! Hundreds of instances to demonstrate the child's sure instinct for activities that are profitable to his development might be given, but these two examples suffice to show that children should be given opportunities to follow up their own interests in a legitimate way. Hand-work is no exception. It is excellent for children from many points of view.

In the first place, it is a great means of self-expression. The child hears the story of the Three Bears—encourage him to draw the bears or model the porridge-bowls or paint Goldilocks or illustrate one of the scenes of the story with his sand tray and you lead him to express his ideas, to give out in a different form the ideas he has taken in. In some ways Hand-work for small children is comparable to Home-work for older girls and boys. In each case the child absorbs something he has been told,

be it lessons or story, and continuing the thought by himself he makes the process of assimilation complete. Whether his study confines itself to modelling, or drawing a map, or writing an essay does not matter in principle, though, of course, the method of expression varies with age.

Continuing the thought by himself— herein lies another great advantage of Hand-work. By putting into practical form some idea or piece of knowledge gained from mother or teacher, the child is able to devote himself, for a longer period than he otherwise could, to one subject. He approaches his subject from more than one angle, but his thought is consecutive. Thus habits of concentration and attention are engendered, and the small student learns that one subject may be approached from many different aspects.

Correcting his own Faults

Other desirable traits of character are developed also. Hand-work is self-revealing, and if work is ill-done the child cannot help seeing it. If he cuts his cardboard badly his box will be of an unsymmetrical shape; if he pastes the corners together carelessly the paste will well out, making an unsightly greasy mark. Thus Hand-work shows the child his untidiness, his carelessness, his thoughtlessness, and he is prompted to remedy these faults without a word being spoken. As he works he develops the qualities of a good workman—care, dexterity, perseverance.

The child passes through many psychological stages in his Hand-work.

Take the two-year-old. He loves the various activities for their own sake. He filters sand between his fingers, or turns out innumerable sand-pies, or pours water from a jug into a glass, and from the glass back into the jug, and goes through this performance again and again and again. These may seem to be senseless actions to the grown-up, yet in these little plays the child learns much. He learns to fasten his attention upon one object for a certain period, he

THE QUIVER

learns to use the muscles of his hands, he learns the elementary properties of things. All this must be preliminary to actually making objects. Mothers would do well to give their babies of two and three the opportunity to touch and handle many articles in the environment—the toddler must experiment with his little hands if he is to find out certain necessary facts about his environment. Sight without touch is of little use in baby's investigations, for his eye is not yet educated to interpret what it sees.

Scribbling and "Drawing"

Various elementary types of Hand-work are possible even at this early stage.

Scribbling and what we may, by courtesy, call "drawing" are very popular with quite tiny children. Babies of eighteen months obtain much pleasure from a piece of paper and a pencil. It is doubtful whether they intend to express any meaning with their scribbles; probably it is enough for them at first to feel the joy of making marks on paper, to learn how to hold the pencil, and to make the movements of writing. Colour also holds a great attraction for little people, and each one should have his own packet of crayons (which he is taught not to suck!).

Modelling is another joy for toddlers. Plasticine is, perhaps, the best material; it is clean, and it can be bought in a range of pleasing colours. Clay is rather messy for the tinies, and "Glitter-wax" and "Play-wax," though clean to work with, are rather more difficult to mould than plasticine.

Building Big Walls

Then, of course, there are the "Kindergarten Occupations"—building, bead-threading, sand-drawing, stick-laying, and so on. For building the child should be given *large* wooden blocks, if possible the size of the regulation brick, which any builder will supply in fifties, and he should be allowed to build big walls and revel in the joy of knocking them down—it is the making of the wall he enjoys, not the completed result. For bead-threading pierced acorns, big shells, or chestnut "conquerors" are excellent. They are to be preferred to conventional beads, both because they are natural objects and because they cannot possibly be forced into small noses and ears.

There is enough material here to keep

a three-year-old busy during the hours he is indoors, even without his other work. The main thing required in providing employment which is both profitable and attractive to him is a little ingenuity, a little knowledge of child nature and a study of the individual child himself, his particular tastes and interests. A few points in technique also require attention. The child must be taught from the first to hold his pencil or crayon as far as possible from the point, to make big, sweeping lines with free arm movements. This is important from the point of view of later achievement. Older children who fail to draw well, making niggardly drawings cramped of line, have nearly always formed bad habits of technique in the nursery.

Drawing for Four-Year-Olds

When the child is four or five a rather more detailed description of the Hand-work he can do is required, and the parent needs more knowledge of the technical side of the work than was needed for that of two- or three-year-olds.

Drawing now becomes more purposeful. The child likes to draw pictures "out of his head"—pictures of trains and dogs and ladies with very wide skirts and boot-button eyes. He is interested in prosaic things—a small boy yesterday requested me to draw a door, a path, an engine, a motor, a man, a tramcar, a fish and a bush in rapid succession! It is a good thing to direct the attention of the five-year-old to the beauties of natural objects and to encourage him to draw apples and oranges, flowers and leaves, as well as everyday things like umbrellas. To help him to develop free arm drawing, it is a good plan to pin up a sheet of blackboard paper on the nursery wall. Standing about a foot away, with a piece of chalk in each hand, the child will soon make quite good symmetrical drawings, using each arm equally. Ink-bottles and pears, door-handles and oranges can all be drawn thus.

Drawing with crayons is a favourite occupation with four- and five-year-olds, as well as with their juniors, and brush-work is a new delight. With three tubes of colour the mother can help the child to mix both the secondary and tertiary colours. A small mass of each colour required should be added to the painting saucer and the child encouraged to make good vivid splashes of colour of the right size and shape to represent the object he is painting. He should

HAND-WORK FOR PEOPLE UNDER SEVEN

be left to represent the flower or fruit he is painting as truthfully as he is able. The tints should be clear, rich and deep, and the brush—held as far as possible from the tip—must be full of moist colour, otherwise dry, scratchy paintings will result and bad habits of technique will be formed. It is a good idea to use different tints and sizes of paper for different studies. This makes greater variety for the child, and his work, if the paper is well chosen, pleases him because it gives a charming result.

Modelling can be done in clay by children who have passed the toddler stage. Five-year-olds should be able to deal with this without getting too messy, and if, when the clay is dry, they paint the articles they make and then add a thin coat of gum arabic and bake them in the oven, the effect will be of pottery.

Possibilities of Sand-work

There are many possibilities for sand-work. The five- or six-year-old is well past the stage when he plays with sand for the delight of sifting it through his fingers, or even, most of the time, for the delight of making pies. Now he is able to make good illustrations of his stories with the sand in his sand-tray. I once saw a delightful study of the sea shore done by a small boy of six. The sea was represented by a sheet of paper well crayoned with blue. Sand was heaped in irregular little masses to cover the edge of the paper, and over the whole of the rest of the tray to represent the shore. Bathing-huts were represented by little edifices of wooden bricks. Far away, on the farther side of the board from the sea, little clumps of moss hinted that the beach would soon yield to pasture land. Children I know have also made most successful scenes to illustrate the fairy tales and farmyard tales they have heard. As they grow older and hear stories of foreign lands they may use the sand-tray to express their first geographical ideas.

Toy-making is another possibility. With a matchbox and some cardboard and burnt-out matches and a long pin, the five-year-old can make a tiny hand-cart with cardboard wheels, the pin as axle, and the match-sticks as handles. With two matchboxes, standing one inside the other at right angles to it, he can make a cot, which might be fitted with cardboard rockers and tiny silk or lace curtains. Boxes in which gas mantles are sold, when painted scarlet and each furnished with a slit for posting

letters and a tiny white notice announcing times of posting, make charming pillar-boxes. A plain sheet of cardboard, suitably bent and cut and painted, may produce a little set of doll's furniture. Other sets may be made with soaked peas and sticks, others again in cane.

Raffia Work

Nor must we forget raffia work, which for the child may take the same place as knitting for the grown-up. Buy him some bright-coloured raffia, and a stout raffia needle, string or cane to form the basis of a basket, and teach him a few different stitches. Then he will always have some piece of work to carry on at odd moments. The possibilities here are great. Most delightful patterns can be made with various colours, and baskets of many different shapes and sizes, and for many different purposes, can be turned out. It is impossible to give details here, but excellent little books of instruction can be obtained from the School of Basketry, in Berners Street. Cane baskets can also be made, but work in cane is more suitable for children over six, for this is rather hard for tender little fingers.

In making all these wonderful things the time will fly past for your child. "I have asked a man, who evidently enjoyed his mature years, what was his principal remembrance of childhood," says Alice Meynell. "He has answered without stopping to find something unexpected—as the man of the moment is too apt to stop—'I was bored.' We should not let our children be bored. What is to be avoided is *ennui* and the vacant hours. Our fathers guarded against this austerity, by means of duty and occupation; we—lessons apart—are attempting that guard by means of amusement. But the evil to be feared is not that of making the child too happy; it is that of using the capital estate of pleasure. The child over-amused is in peril of losing amusement itself within his own heart." It is time that conscientious and intelligent parents began to consider this problem of leisure hours before school-time begins. It is not enough to amuse children to keep them "good"; it is urgently necessary to help them to form habits of industry and interest in life. Your child *wants* to work; help him to achieve his desire by giving him the opportunity, when he is two, three, four, five years old, to work along the lines of his own interests.

Problem Pages

The Desire to Write

MONG many who have written to me lately on their great desire to become writers is "U. B.," who is engaged in business in a Sussex town. She asks for suggestions as to how she may "get a start and make headway," and wonders if a correspondence course in journalism and short-story writing would be useful to her.

Without seeing some, possibly a considerable amount, of the work which this correspondent has done any advice I might give would scarcely be helpful. And to discover possible markets, to find out what editors really do want, I cannot personally suggest anything better than a very detailed examination of newspapers and magazines themselves. A copy of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" is useful to amateurs, giving as it does a list of publications with indications of the kind of material their editors require. My correspondent says that she has been writing for some years, with a little occasional success. She would probably know at once if she had a prospectus of a course in journalism if it would be likely to help her.

From B.W.I.

Is there any little girl who would like to correspond with a little unknown friend of mine in the West Indies? If so, Miss Jessie Mais, 14 Clovelly Road, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., would be glad to hear from her. Jessie says that she is 11 years old, and that if I cannot find a little girl like herself to write to her she would be glad to correspond with an invalid or crippled child. And there is also little Miss Norah Hollinsed, aged 12, who lives in Kingston, Jamaica, at 12A Blake Road. She, too, is anxious for a little girl correspondent. "My aunt takes THE QUIVER, and I am very fond of it; am also very fond of reading your page," she writes.

I should be glad to know that these children in the far-off West Indies have been able to find in a pleasant correspondence with some child readers of THE QUIVER a link with the Old Country.

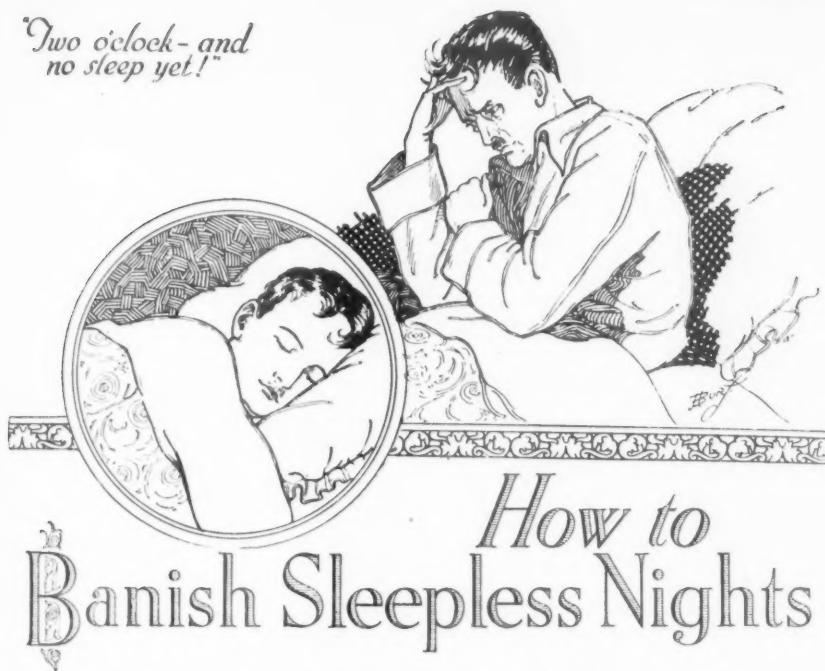
Men's Prejudices—Games at Forty—Getting into Debt By Barbara Dane

Men's Prejudices

"Margaret" is a young woman who says that her fiancé's conventional views on women occasionally irritate her. "Please don't think that he dislikes to see women smoking, or objects to my meeting other men," she writes. "But in his attitude towards women he shows a little superiority, and talks as if women were frail creatures to be protected and cared for by men. My own idea of marriage is the idea of a happy partnership rather than of a union between strength and complete dependence."

Well, Margaret, I think I rather like your fiancé. In my rather long and highly varied experience of life I have found that many men who treat women as independent creatures, who meet them on terms of complete equality, who are without any of those irritating conventional views, are apt to "let down" women pretty badly when it comes to the big things of life. An old-fashioned sense of chivalry, a desire to care for a woman because of her inferior physical strength, the honouring of her latent motherhood—surely these are rather good qualities to find in any man. And "a happy partnership" in marriage does not necessarily mean that they must be excluded. The idea of partnership is not that two people should bring to the union exactly the same gifts and qualities; it is often, in business as well as in marriage, the perfectly adjusted balance of different qualities that brings the highest success. Grace, tenderness, intuition, sympathy, gifts usually supposed to be essentially feminine, are as important in marriage as strength, self-control, endurance, qualities so often called masculine. To my mind a marriage in which equality meant identically the same attitude towards life in both man and woman would be a poor affair. I do not mean that a husband and wife should not be tremendously good friends. Of course they should be. But it won't be a better friendship or a happier marriage for the giving up on either side of essential differences due to sex. It seems quite plain, "Margaret," that your husband-to-be does not wish in any way to interfere with your

*"Two o'clock - and
no sleep yet!"*



How to Banish Sleepless Nights

Sleeplessness! The horror of lying awake for hour after hour. Morning seems an eternity away. And when it comes you have no energy, no vitality to carry you through the day.

Sleeplessness takes a heavy toll—in health, in vitality—even in appearance. The cause is nervous activity at a time when the nerves should be soothed and quiet.

Over-active nerves are *starved* nerves. Work and worry have worn the nervous tissues. Too little restorative material has been supplied.

Just try a cup of "Ovaltine" before you retire. This delicious beverage soothes the overtired nervous system, and induces sound natural sleep. During the night the nerves are rebuilt and restored, so that you wake refreshed and invigorated for the coming day.

The essential vitamins and the nerve and body restoring elements from Nature's Tonic Foods—malt, milk, eggs and cocoa—are contained in "Ovaltine." This concentrated goodness and nourishment is just what your nerves require.

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P. 331.

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PROBLEM PAGES

legitimate freedom, and I think that instead of being irritated by his "conventional" views you should accept them as the indication of what is probably a fine and open character. Remember that men in talking of women and their "rights" often say a good deal more than they mean. Their views are much more terrifying than their actions, and need not always be taken too seriously.

Beginning Games at Forty

I am asked by "A middle-aged woman" for advice on taking up games for the first time. She says, "I love the open air, and it is only now, comparatively late in life, that I find myself able to give any time to games. What do you think is the best form of exercise?" I should say, in reply, golf or sculling. Certainly, as a beginning, I should not advise tennis, which must be strenuous if well played. On the golf links or on the river a woman can enjoy exercise alone; she is not tempted to over-exert herself because of a desire to win a hockey game for her side or to defeat her opponents at tennis. Sculling, of course, can be very hard work indeed, but given a reasonably fine, calm day, or water where there is no strong current, it provides excellent exercise for the woman unused to outdoor exertion. For indoor exercise there is nothing better than fencing. I know some middle-aged women who have benefited greatly from fencing; others have taken up badminton and enjoyed it thoroughly. Cycling, which my correspondent suggests as a possible hobby, I think she might find rather exhausting. To use a bicycle as a handy means of getting about in town or country is all very well, but I don't know that doctors would support me if I were to suggest that a woman of forty should make long journeys on a "push-bike" her chief open-air amusement. And motor-cycling, quite unlike motoring, of course, always seems to me to be a pastime for the young and adventurous.

Uncongenial Work

It is saddening to think how many people are engaged in occupations which they thoroughly dislike. I suppose, "Beatrice," that there is for all of us one thing we like doing better than anything else, and in an economically perfect world we should all be able to earn our livings by the doing of it. But it isn't so, and the next best thing is simply to regard our work as a means to an end, as the thing which gives us freedom to live as we like for at least a part of the day.

You are in business and you want to be an operatic star. You are somewhat in the same position as the writer whose problem is the first to be dealt with in this month's "Pages." My advice to you is to make yourself as perfect as you can in your business career so that you can secure for yourself such terms as will give you greater freedom, not to become an operatic singer, perhaps, but to sing and enjoy music. It is dull to have to do dull work, my dear, and I agree with you that nothing is going to make it brighter. Whatever you do it remains the same—uninteresting and uninspiring. Yet it is in a sense a challenge to your imagination, an invitation to you to get some kind of satisfaction out of knowing that you have done a dull job well. It is pretty easy to do well those things that capture our imaginations and please us, but it needs cleverness and strength and all kinds of highly interesting qualities to do a dull job well; to be interesting in spite of uninteresting work is no small achievement, is it?

"They Say . . ."

I think a definite respect for one's personal convictions is healthy and wise, "John E." At the same time a very large number of people make great nuisances of themselves by inflicting their opinions on other people, and a very large number of people who pose as "unconventional" are merely selfish. Some conventions are bad, and I would have them swept away with one touch of a broom. But many conventions are good. They were framed by society to make social life easier and pleasanter for all. It is only when conventions are exaggerated into morals or sentimentality that they become dangerous. What to many modern women remains the dreary business of calling and returning calls, with all the etiquette of leaving cards, had its origin merely in the desire to exchange graceful courtesies with one's neighbours. In modern times such courtesies are expressed differently, but unless safeguarded by mild conventions they become casual, and do not fulfil the object for which they were created. Society will gradually evolve new conventions to suit new needs, but in the meantime it is not going to make life pleasanter to see old men and women standing in crowded buses, to hear children being rude to their parents, to hear young and silly girls boast of their powers to attract married men, or to have your feet trampled on by people who cannot enjoy a play unless they arrive a quarter of an hour after the rise of

THE QUIVER

the curtain. I think you will find, if you think of the men and women whom you know, that those with the most charming and courteous manners observe a good many conventions, and that those who believe in the saying, "They say," "What do they say?" "Let them say," are often very difficult to live with, and achieve their unconventionalities at the expense of the comfort, and often of the happiness, of others.

A Problem of Place

Yours, "L. M.," is much more than a problem of place, as you call it. You are engaged to a man who is longing for the great open spaces of Rhodesia, which he knows and loves, and where he can make a living. And you are so attached to your town and your friends and the way of life that has been yours for so long that you cannot easily adapt yourself to the idea of making a home on the veldt. Well, my dear, I cannot see much happiness for either of you in the marriage which you say you hope will take place before long. If your fiancé remains in England, are you sure that you can compensate him for the sacrifice? And if you go to Africa are you going to be adaptable enough to find your happiness in a lonely homestead in an alien land? Yours is a grave problem, and neither of you ought to make the sacrifice which has to be made on one side or the other without being very sure that the price that has to be paid will not be too great. Your fiancé, whose business it will be to make a living for both of you, has the prior right of decision; he ought to decide where he can best earn his bread and yours, and it is then for you to decide whether you can go with him. If you have any doubts, do not

go. For it would be better to break off your engagement now than accompany your husband to a far land only to burden yourself and him with your personal unhappiness and regret for having left your home, and your ties, and all familiar things.

Getting into Debt

Before starting on what I agree might be a very promising venture, "C. B.," wait until you actually receive the money which you expect. You will find that taking a seaside boarding-house will involve you in enough worries without having the additional burden of debt. You must remember that trade depression, or sickness, or bad weather might during any year decrease your takings, and you ought to have a certain amount of money in reserve to provide against such contingencies. Also there are the rather lean winter months, when few boarding-houses can hope to have many of their rooms booked. If you take two or three permanent boarders you will find them a good stand-by, but don't, as I have known some seaside landladies do, expect them to give up their front rooms in August and retire to a topfloor back. And remember that hot baths and good fires in winter-time are worth all they cost, for they attract chilly people who would not otherwise leave the comfort of their own homes. You can make all kinds of plans now for the future; if you can get your linen in stock and mark it, make bedcovers out of lengths of chintz, cushion-covers and so on, it will mean so much less to do when you really begin the work. And as you are not likely to have to wait so very long for your money it is worth while to defer the venture until you can start with a clean bill.



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Too fagged to do anything

"What is the use of a spotless home, and a tired-out wife?"

That is what my husband used to ask me, when he came home in the evening, hoping I would go for a walk with him, or to see a neighbour, or to the films. Instead, he generally found me too tired and fagged to do anything but sit in a chair and rest after my day's housework.

COULDN'T BEAR DIRT

Like many another woman, I could not bear any dirt or untidiness in my house. By evening everything was spick and span, spotless—and I was worn out.



Over and over again I saw how disappointed my husband was that I could not undertake the smallest evening outing with him. And though he dutifully stayed at home, I began to worry over the inevitable day when he would go out by himself, because I was too tired to share his pleasures. And then, I thought, good-bye to our happy comradeship!

Need I tell you how I longed to be able to afford a servant? But then, as now, such an expense could not be thought of.

Moreover, my husband always maintained, perhaps with justice, that if I had ten servants I would still be running about the house all day making sure that everything was absolutely clean. It was in my blood, he said, and perhaps he was right.



HOW I SAVED MY STRENGTH

At last I determined that, if our married life was not to be spoilt, I must do everything I possibly could to save my time and my strength.

I adopted all the latest labour-saving devices my purse could afford, and I may say at once, that I have been so successful that, although my house is as clean and sweet as ever, I am always perfectly fresh and fit.

NOT ALL EXPENSIVE

It is not as if all these devices were expensive. Indeed, the best of them are the cheapest. Take Vim, for instance. Vim has been my greatest friend. In countless ways it has lightened my labours, and, thanks to it, I find my house-work done in half—nay, a quarter—the time.

Vim makes washing-up a much shorter and easier business. Vim cleans knives, burnishes saucepans, makes glass and

china shine. The scrubbing of tables and floors, paint and enamel, is done twice as easily, twice as quickly, and twice as efficiently with Vim, as it ever was before. Vim keeps wood-work white and in good condition, and—most important—Vim doesn't coarsen your hands.

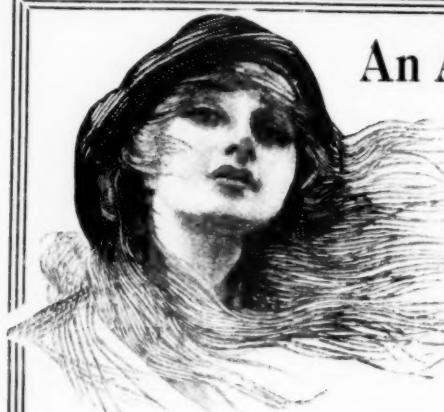
VIM KEEPS HANDS WHITE AND SOFT

There is nothing to learn about the use of Vim. All you have to remember is not to apply it dry. Shake a little on the cloth or on the brush that you are using; Vim only asks for a guiding hand—that is all. And when you have finished your day's work, don't scrub and scrape at your hands to get the grease stains off. Just apply a little Vim and they will be cleaned immediately, leaving the skin smooth and comfortable—and clean.



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Work Among the Deaf and Dumb

MY DEAR READERS,—It may well be that Marigold Day, on May 28, served to direct the attention of some of you to the fact that so many deaf and dumb people live unnoticed practically in our midst. Few, however, would guess that in this country alone there are 30,000 totally deaf, and throughout the world over one million, who are sorely handicapped in the battle of life, since they are without language, except for that which has been painfully hammered into them word by word and sentence by sentence. They are with us but not of us, being shut in completely alone in a strange, soundless, silent world, hearing nothing, assimilating nothing, although surrounded by multitudes engaged in their ordinary vocations.

The fact that their deafness is not apparent and that its effects are inward rather than outward seems to make their case all the harder, for in this busy, bustling world of ours only the obvious appeals to many, who require a big stretch of imagination to glimpse what it means not only to be deprived of speech and hearing, but also to be ignorant of, if not dead to, all the pleasures of music, poetry and literature. They are capable of appreciating beautiful pictures and are not indifferent to scenes of natural loveliness, but without language they cannot properly understand Art and Nature.

Their infirmity has been fittingly de-

scribed as inward blindness, and the spiritual condition of many of them is analogous to that of the heathen, since the wonderful revelation of the truths of Christianity is a closed book to them until they are taught, "line upon line, precept upon precept."

It is rather a sorry reflection on our Christian care for this section of handicapped humanity that there are under twenty clergymen set apart to their service and capable of making the truths of our religion really vital to them. True, there are a number of lay readers who act as missionaries and assist chaplains, but what are these among so many? It seems almost incredible, but "pity 'tis 'tis true" that there are several counties in England where nothing whatever is being done for them, and the Guild of St. John of Beverley, founded in 1806 and reconstituted in 1910, with Mr. Selwyn Oxley as hon. organizing secretary, aims at helping them in every possible way. Mr. Oxley very generously devotes his entire life to this service, has travelled as far afield as South Africa in their interests at his own expense, and has founded many branches in all parts. The deaf help themselves and each other in a marvellous manner, but Mr. Oxley and his fellow guildsmen and women are extremely anxious to arouse the sympathies of hearing people on their behalf, and to this end he has drawn up the following list of ways in which each and all may be of service in this respect:

How We May Help

By praying for the work and its numerous problems.

Learning the manual alphabet.

Employing a deaf tradesman, servant, dress-

THE QUIVER

maker, laundress, tailor, bootmaker, printer, photographer, etc. etc.

Reporting all cases of total deafness, or even serious hard-of-hearing cases, you come across to the local missioner.

Taking a practical interest in and trying to understand your deaf neighbours.

Joining the Guild of St. John of Beverley, thus showing your willingness to help this very real branch of Christian missionary work forward.

Taking every possible opportunity of helping, either by giving gifts in kind or personal service.

Being thankful for your own gifts of sight, hearing and speech, and remembering the deaf either on your birthday, on St. John of Beverley's Day (May 7), or on the 12th Sunday after Trinity—Ephphatha Sunday (*see* Gospel for day, St. Mark vii. 31), September 7, 1924

Their Patron Saint

The Guild owes its name to St. John of Beverley, who ordained the Venerable Bede as Deacon and Priest and was the first to interest himself in the deaf, and a famous historian relates that he is reputed to have made a deaf and dumb boy speak at Hexham in 685 A.D.

Within the past ten years the Guild has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes considerably. It now possesses branches in France, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland and South Africa, and has gathered together a membership of 19,000. It is absolutely interdenominational and international, and is unique in one respect, for it never asks for money, its policy being rather to encourage individual choice of methods and in taking advantage of opportunities and moulding them to its work. Any money given is administered by a committee, which applies it to the relief of necessitous cases among their members and for helping foreign and home mission and educational work, etc. Each year there are meetings and services at the mother church, Beverley Minster, Yorkshire, on the Sunday nearest May 7, being the anniversary of the death of St. John.

Arrived at Green Lanes, we were courteously welcomed by the clergyman, the Rev. Vernon Jones, M.A., who presided over the meeting and added greatly to the interest of the visitors by reading aloud the hymns (which, of course, could not be sung) and the Scriptures, and interpreting these and the speeches to the congregation by means of the sign manual. Mr. Oxley submitted the annual report, which was regarded as most satisfactory, and the Rev. W. Raper was installed as Warden of the London district.

A woman missionary and myself, the only strangers present, were invited to speak, but we both modestly declined the honour and contented ourselves with giving them, through the Chairman, kindly messages of sympathy and goodwill, which they warmly applauded and reciprocated. This meeting served as a preliminary to the evening service, which was largely attended by many who came from long distances. In the interval we gathered round the hospitable tea-table of Mrs. Vernon Jones, who herself is deaf, and some of us learned a good deal about the activities carried on so effectively and unobtrusively. Near by, at 19 Beauclerc Villas, Manor Gate, Finsbury Park, a hostel for Deaf Women and Girls is run on up-to-date lines by a committee, and deaf women visiting London are cordially welcomed as boarders.

One of the members, Miss Maud Randle, realizing the difficulties which confront the shorthand typist and other workers in City offices, has opened a club for such, where all sorts of circles, literary, photographic and rambling, are in full swing and afford untold delight.

It is good to know that one of France's leading deaf was entrusted with the task of correcting the proof of the recent Peace Treaty. A deaf missioner, in spite of insuperable difficulties, took his B.A. degree at Cambridge University. One is headmaster of a large northern institution for the deaf, and still another is a valued lay reader in south-east London.

It was a deaf-blind woman who, by denying herself tea, gave her hardly saved 5s. and so started the S.P.G. Missionary Candidates' Fund, which now has reached many thousands of pounds.

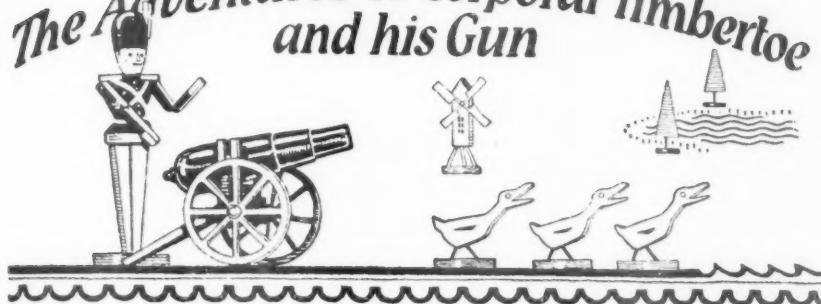
A Deaf Girl's Viewpoint

On the occasion of my visit I met a girl in her early twenties who has had the misfortune to lose her hearing. By means of an acousticon she can manage to hear a little, so that conversation is extremely laboured and difficult, but she can express herself by writing, and the following short extract from a letter may convey something of the pitiful case of thousands like herself.

"Very few people can comprehend the tragedy of deafness or the plight of the hard of hearing. Those who are born deaf are early taught the language of the fingers, and can thus converse with friends, but those who have enjoyed the sense of hearing and then lost it, carry a heavy cross.

"The sufferer may not at first show that there

The Adventures of Corporal Timbertoe and his Gun



"Stand still, you ducks!" the Corporal said,
As the ducks went marching by.
"I cannot aim my gun at you
No matter how much I try."
But they wouldn't do as the Corporal bid,
Those ducks they ran away, they did,
Into the pond, and there amid
The reeds and things they went and hid.
That made the Corporal cry.
But he dried his eyes when he heard this song
(Just listen how it runs)
"Far better than all the food shot with
Is the Food that's shot from Guns!"

The story of how these Foods are shot from guns is
told fully on the packets.

It is quite true. Puffed Wheat—or Puffed Rice, for that matter—"the Food shot from Guns," is tastier, lighter, easier to digest than any other food. The big, fairy-food-grains have had every cell in them exploded for easy digestion. For breakfast they

are a good, give-me-some-more dish. As a sweet, at lunch-time, with fresh fruit, they make a delicious change. For supper, with milk, they assure sound, sweet sleep. *And they don't need any cooking.* Get a packet of each to-day and see which you prefer.

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Your Grocer sells
both kinds.



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with four divisions—smooth, thick
chocolate outside, and delightful cream
inside.

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family. Buy Fry's Chocolate Cream
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folk. To-day!

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1d. & 2d.
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RATHMORE, IRELAND.

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J. CROKER ABBOTT, B.A.



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Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications
for admission and
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No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest
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It is lined at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when

it is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps.

It has a short (5 in.) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape
& is fastened at the top & bottom with non rusting Hooks & Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.
It does not interfere with the movements of the body, so that those who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., &c., there is nothing to hurt or
break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they
enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially
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every movement of the body, without giving beauty of figure are
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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

is anything abnormal, and often gives the impression of being merely stupid when she returns perfectly impossible answers to questions or remarks by trying to hide her affliction and appear as if hearing all that is going on around her. To awake to the reality of gradually losing the blessing of hearing is very depressing, and if ordinary people could realize the intense misery entailed, they would refrain from the impatient gesture or the audible sigh which implies so plainly, 'Oh dear, what a nuisance this person is!' They do not mean to be unkind, they may be tired or not very well, and their voices are unequal for the strain, but to those fighting against their affliction, and the consequent loneliness which must be their inevitable lot, these little things sting terribly.

"The thing I miss most is not having the care of little children, having to give up teaching them and the enjoyment of their happy prattle. Church services are apt to lose their significance to a great extent when one cannot hear a single word. One hears remarks about the atmosphere being still the same, but seldom is this the case.

"Our American cousins say that the best cure for depression is 'to get busy' and forget one's grievances, either real or imaginary. This doubtless is a splendid maxim, but few people care to employ a deaf person, even although they may have good references and are known to be excellent workers. I speak from personal experience, and know well the dreariness of searching for employment without avail."

Generous Responses

My appeal on behalf of clothes for the ex-service man in the July number met with a very ready and generous response, and he is now well supplied and begs me to return his grateful thanks to those who have so kindly given him a fresh start in life.

Through the kindness of a number of helpers, "Plucky Mother" has been endowed with quite a good outfit. "One mere man," according to his own description, most generously offered the entire wardrobe of a dear sister who had lost her life in an accident. The recipient is overjoyed at the goodness of so many, which far exceeded her highest expectations.

Through the thoughtfulness and sympathy of a Helper, I have been enabled to send several invalids and others sufficient for their railway fares, etc., so that they might enjoy a greatly needed holiday—a rare event in the lives of some. The Children's Holiday Fund has also benefited to a good extent as the result of my appeal.

A Poor Invalid Governess

Miss W., a middle aged woman, has been a governess all her life, but now is badly crippled by rheumatism, which has so stiffened her neck and deprived her of the use of one arm that it is impossible for her

to find employment, although she has made a very plucky effort. She has recently had an attack of influenza, which has made matters worse. Her only income is the sum of £40 per annum from a philanthropic society, and she is not eligible for the Old Age Pension for many years. She is warmly recommended by a personal friend of my own, who has known her for long, and I should much like to give her a little assistance.

A Strange Request

I am accustomed to all sorts of requests and to being regarded as a modern fairy godmother, who with one dash of her pen can touch hearts and work wonders in producing money, clothes, etc., for if there is one thing more than another which impresses the journalist who conducts a correspondence or similar page, it is the pathetic belief in the power of the press and all connected with it expressed in the letters received. Recently among the pile which lay on my desk was one from a man who has been frequently helped by THE QUIVER. I didn't know whether to laugh at his childish credulity or be annoyed at the suggestion of mis-spending the money entrusted to me, which I look upon as a sacred trust subscribed as a real act of self-sacrifice on the part of many.

It ran thus:

"Please excuse the liberty I am again taking in writing you, but as I am really desperate I cannot help doing so, being in dire straits, no work and impossible to get any. I intend purchasing a lottery ticket to try my luck. Perhaps I may strike off, and I would feel forever grateful if you would help me to purchase a half, which costs fifteen shillings. It's only a chance, but still I may win. Should I be so fortunate as win, I will not forget to send you a decent sum for your own private use."

Sounds like bribery and corruption! It seems to me that only an Irishman with a queer sense of humour would ever have dreamt of making such a request.

Various Needs

If any reader or helper has a pair or two of old curtains or a quilt to spare, I should be grateful, as I have two requests for same, one from the mother of "a large small family," as they say in Scotland, and the other from a semi-invalid over seventy.

Children's boots and shoes are urgently required by several mothers, and a pair of soft boots 4½'s or 5's by an elderly woman.

The mother in a lonely farmhouse sends

THE QUIVER

her grateful thanks to all those anonymous Helpers who sent magazines, books and games to herself and her little girl. These she has passed on to someone else, so that the gift has been made good use of.

Bead Necklaces and Ornaments

A clever home worker who makes very beautiful bead necklaces of uncommon design in shades to match any frock or jumper, also all sorts of hat and dress ornaments at very reasonable prices, would be glad of orders.

British Home for Incurables, Streatham

Lovely weather, crowds of visitors and much success attended the annual Garden Party at the above institution in June last. Readers and Helpers interested in this splendid work may care to contribute gifts in money or kind for the Sale of Work in October, the entire proceeds of which are divided among the patients for pocket money. Contributions may either be sent to Mr. E. Penman, the secretary, 72 Cheapside, E.C.4, or to the Matron at the Home, Crown Lane, Streatham, S.W.

A Day in the Country

Mr. T. Trevenen Mills, who devotes himself entirely to the interests of the poor little children of the East End, appeals for some help in order to give 3,000 little ones a day in Epping Forest. The sum of ten shillings will send as many children, provide food and fare, and mean a red-letter day to their memories for a very long time. There are no expenses, as all the help is voluntary, and every penny goes to this excellent object. Mr. Mills writes: "It is as if Paradise opened to them, even at the prospect of a single day in the country. The excitement in the morning of these dear little ones is amazing. The journey down by train or tram is an adventure; the singing of the children cheers up the whole district through which they pass. When they reach the beautiful forest, they are let loose to roam here, there and everywhere, and to do what they like. The joy of these children from 'The Underworld' and 'Black Spots' of this wonderful city called London knows no bounds.

It is difficult to say whether winter or summer is harder for the children of the slums whose playground is the street, and whose home is a wretched hovel, where they are

herded with adults in the greatest discomfort and misery throughout the year. In order to brighten their lives, Mr. Mills arranges tea parties and happy evenings for them. Ten shillings pays for tea and cake for eighty small guests, and ensures them several hours of amusement. Fully 40,000 were entertained in this way last winter, and Mr. Mills aims at 50,000 in the near future, so that if your shillings are a trifle late in arriving for the summer treat they will still be in good time for the winter one.

I have already sent on £1 and shall be delighted to forward any donations, but gifts in kind and offers of service should be made direct to Mr. T. Trevenen Mills, The Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton, N.1.

Gifts of Clothing, Reading Matter, Letters, etc.

Will the following Helpers accept my warmest thanks for the above:

Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Verinde, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Marsh, Miss Crouch, Mrs. E. MacDonald, Miss Broxholme, Miss Rooker, Mrs. Phillips, Miss M. M. Edwards, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Howard, Miss C. C. Shaw, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. E. Hosking, Miss Mann, Mrs. Holroyde, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Herman, Mrs. Pease, Mrs. Luke, Mrs. Andrewes, Miss Lepage, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Littlejohn, Miss Cope, Miss Potter, Mrs. Tombleson, Mrs. Bridger, Mr. J. Watson, Mrs. Cross, Miss Howson, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Weddle, Miss Shirley, Miss Harbutt, Mrs. Horsfall, Mrs. M. J. Newton, Mrs. G. L. King, Miss Penney, Miss C. Tilley, Miss M. Coley, Miss K. Young, Miss A. O. Stott, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Carruthers, Miss Emily Smith, etc.

S.O.S. Fund.—C. H. Lambirth, 5s.; Mrs. A. Parkes, 10s.; Mrs. E. Bruce, £1; Miss K. Richardson, 10s.; Miss G. W. Cooling, 5s.; Miss E. Kyle, 10s.; M. G. Potter, 5s.; Anon., 10s.; "A. F.", 5s.; "K. D.", 6s. 6d.; K. Panton, 2s. 6d.; Miss May Wilson, 5s.; "Stroud," 17s. 8d.; "E. P.", 2s. 6d.

Children's Country Holiday Fund.—"From two readers," 10s.; Anon., 5s.; Mrs. A. Littlejohn, £2; Anon., £1; Miss K. Richardson, 10s.; Miss F. Vernal, 5s.; Mrs. E. Davy, 10s.; M. G. S., £2; E. Kyffin, £2; A Well-wisher (Kendal), £1; "Tithe," 10s.; Miss Judge, £1 8s.; Miss Kent, £1 8s.

St. Dunstan's.—"A. E.", 10s.
Dr. Barnardo's.—"A. E.", 10s.

Save the Children Fund.—"A. E.", 5s.; Mother and Daughter, 17s. 4d.
British Home for Incurables.—"H. A.", £1; "A. E.", 10s.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist me in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,
HELEN GREIG SOUTER.



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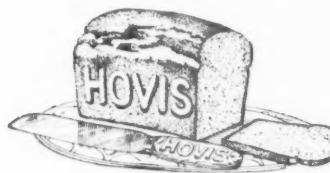
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THE WORKING MOTHERS OF OUR TOWN

bear a heavy burden WHICH YOU CAN EASE for a time.

£5 gives poor mother and three ailing children a fortnight at the Sea.

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Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—I hope it is not true, as someone has lately suggested, that the rising generation is irresponsible and careless where the comfort of others is concerned. There are, unfortunately, black sheep in every fold, and parents would be wise to try and inculcate early thoughtfulness and consideration for people.

Sometimes carelessness amounts to actual bad manners. For example, the egotistical young people who chatter loudly in omnibus or train about their own affairs are really guilty of a social solecism. A small child chatters in an unrestrained manner and often in high-pitched voice. It is comparatively easy to train a child at an early age to speak quietly in public and to realize that it is rude to be noisy in the road or a shop.

Lately there have been many complaints about the want of consideration shown by those who arrive late at an entertainment and who mar its progress by noisy chatter about their domestic affairs. Apropos of this, both artists and audience are annoyed, and on occasion show their indignation. The incident is well known of the conductor of a famous orchestra who was driven to distraction by the noisy buzz of conversation in the stalls. He therefore arranged for his band to stop dead in the middle of a bar. The gossipping audience was taken by surprise, and a shrill feminine voice was heard to say, "I always fry mine in oil!"

Sometimes it is the rest of the audience that is disturbed. I heard recently of an angry lady who could not enjoy the play because of the disturbing noises behind her. She suddenly turned round and said, "I did not come here to hear you talk." It is also distinctly annoying when fellow members of the audience rustle their programmes, or rout noisily for chocolates, cracking the paper packing as they do so.

Attention to these and similar matters would add considerably to everybody's comfort, and nowadays, when so many parents allow their children to be seen and heard everywhere, it would be well to try early to teach them the rudiments of good behaviour in public.

EVER YOURS,

PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

WHERE TO OBTAIN A BOOK. *Dee (Lewes).*—The book you mention by Miss Mabel A. Brown, called "Child Life in our Schools," is published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, Limited, 32, Fleet Street, London, price 4s. net.

FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY. *Rosamond (Filey).*—After a long and exhausting illness it takes time to regain good looks. These depend so much upon your health that really the two go hand in hand. You will benefit greatly by taking Phosferine. This is a wonderful tonic, and will enable you to eat better and also to sleep better, and it has a beneficial effect on the whole system. I strongly advise you to begin taking Phosferine at once, and I am sure you will soon derive the greatest benefit from it.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM. *Rita L. M. (Huddersfield).*—If you made no definite agreement to that effect the servant is not entitled to her return fare home when she leaves your service. The mistress may have paid the expenses of her journey, but as there was no agreement the girl cannot claim her expenses back. Sometimes a mistress agrees to pay the fares if the maid remains a certain length of time, but in the case you mention apparently the point was never raised.

ETIQUETTE PROBLEM. *Worried (Ealing).*—As you omitted to write at the time, I think it would be inadvisable to do so now. It is not a serious breach of good manners in any case, and it is unlikely that they will take offence at the omission.

MARKING A SCHOOL OUTFIT. *Materfamilias (Richmond).*—I think you will find it a general rule that every garment taken back to school must be marked with its owner's name. This is a wise precaution against loss. You will find that Cash's woven names are neat, fadeless and inexpensive. There are many styles to choose from, and you can order a supply through your local draper and obtain them in a few days. It is a few minutes' work to sew on these neat woven name-tapes, and it is a great safeguard against loss at school or at the laundry.

A PRETTY NURSERY. *Iris M. L. (Birmingham).*—It was a very good idea to turn the whole top floor of your house into nurseries.

THE QUIVER

You will find the rooms so light and airy, and now that you have knocked four rooms into two you have a really spacious day and night nursery. The pale yellow walls with a frieze introducing blue and white sound very attractive, and I like the idea of creamy-white paint-work. For the floor a rubber tiling would be nice. It is very soft to the touch, a consideration when small people may be falling on it. It also deadens sound, an advantage when the nursery is over a bedroom which may occasionally be used for rest during the day. I am glad you have solved the problem of heating the rooms by installing modern gas fires. It would be useful to the nurse if you added a small pedestal boiling ring, and, of course, you will have a really efficient fireguard.

A GIFT SUGGESTION. Pearl Maiden (Kensington).—Of course I will gladly make a suggestion. You tell me that one of your fellow students is to be married in the early autumn and that you and a few of her mutual friends want to give her some little personal gift, but that you cannot afford jewellery. Why not give her a "Swan" Fountpen? You can get one of the self-filling type for 15s. upwards, and if you want to give a really practical and useful gift this is quite ideal. A lady finds it so useful to have a "Swan" for writing her correspondence, shopping lists, etc., and it is a present that will serve as a constant reminder, as it will be in such frequent use.

HAND-PAINTED SCARVES. Dora B. (Huyton).—You do not give a pseudonym, but I hope you will see this. Yes, you can buy ready-made stencil plates at any art shop. If you wish to use *crêpe de Chine* for your scarf touch the material very lightly, and it is wise to place a sheet of clean blotting-paper between the material and the board over which you have stretched it. When you have finished colouring the scarf place damp cloth over it and press with a moderately hot iron. This fixes the colour and makes the work look fresh also.

LOOKING FOR A POST. Eager V. (Maidstone).—Personally I think you had better advertise in some of the big London dailies. You can state your qualifications briefly, and then if you get replies answer them very carefully by return, especially all questions, and give full details of your experience. Do not send originals of your testimonials, but make neat copies. This safeguards them from possible loss.

VARIETY IN PUDDINGS. Bluebell (Redhill).—It is not necessary to provide a hot pudding every day. Indeed, cold sweets provide a pleasant variety and are very tempting, especially when they follow a hot dish. You ought to make a point of offering Chivers' jellies. They are delicious and wholesome and so easy to prepare. Children always like jelly, and it is so refreshing, and these particular jellies are especially inviting because they are flavoured with ripe fruit juices. Another advantage from the point of view of the cook is that they can be prepared some hours before they are wanted, and this makes the last minute rush when dinner is being prepared much less arduous.

TO PAINT WOODWORK BLACK. Penelope (Dawlish).—As your walls are papered with a buff paper and you wish to paint the woodwork black, you can use a black japan enamel for the purpose. For the floor you can stain the surround, leaving the Axminster or Turkey carpet colourings in the centre as before. Blue curtains with a buff and orange stripe would be very effective, and your upholstered settee and chairs in blue rep will fit in nicely with the scheme.

THE CAUSE OF HEADACHES. Materfamilias (Redhill).—I am sorry you have been so much worried over your little girl's health. The time you tell me she devotes to school work and her home lessons is certainly not excessive, and she ought not to have those frequent headaches you mention. I am inclined to think that the root of the trouble may be defective eyesight, and it would be well to take her without delay to a qualified optician. He will test her eyesight, and it is quite possible that if she wears glasses when reading and writing it will remove the strain on her eyes which is the direct cause of headache and nervous strain.

FOR LIGHT CAKES. Cordon Bleu (Staines).—You are lucky to have such a good knowledge of cooking. Even if you have an experienced cook it is nice to know how to do things yourself; and you are very wise, as you like doing it, to have stipulated that you will make cakes and pastry yourself. To get always good results you should be careful whose baking powder you use. It makes all the difference to use Borkwick's baking powder. This is very economical and makes such light and delicious pastry.

CASEMENT WINDOWS. Ruby (Colchester).—I think quite the most practical pretty treatment is to have curtains reaching just to the window sill each side, surmounted by a small frill across the top of the window. This looks less formal than a pelmet. Cretonne would do quite well, but an alternative is unfadable rep or satin stripe poplin. Either would be effective. If you do not care for the parquetry pattern linoleum for the surround why not have a creamy linoleum with a matting design?

A PRACTICAL BEAUTY HINT. Rosebud (Ilfracombe).—What a healthy outdoor life you are lucky enough to lead! You tell me your skin is very sensitive and that wind and sun irritate it. I suggest that you buy a bottle of Reetham's La-rola and try the effect of using it morning and evening regularly. It is a wonderful protection to complexion, hands and arms, and will preserve your skin from the roughening effects of weather. You can get it from all chemists and stores for 1s. 6d. a bottle, and it would be wise always to keep a supply in use.

A QUESTION OF ETTIQUETTE. Lorna Doone (Brighton).—When you hear of a friend's illness you should call personally to inquire. You would ask the servant who opens the door how the invalid was and leave your card with the words "With kind inquiries" written above your name. If you like to leave some flowers you can do so.



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